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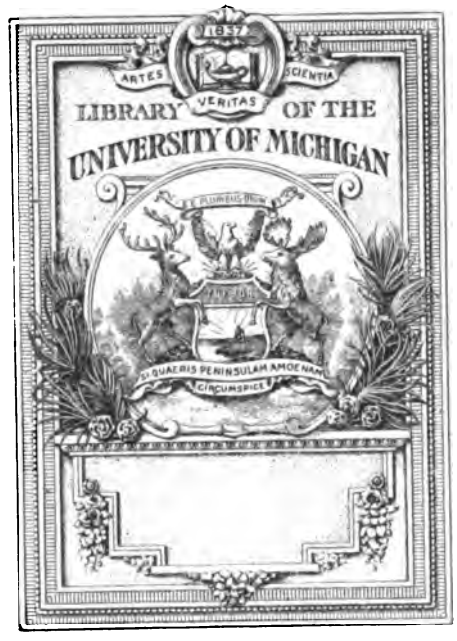
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READERS AND SINGERS, 90, 185, 277, 362, 451, 537

Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 16.

DESCRIPTIVE CONTENTS.

African Mother, The. A negress torn from her babe pleads to her master and dies under the lash of the slave-whip. Very dramatic.

Barbara Blue. Alice Cary. Fanciful poem narrating the fate of an avaricious old apple-woman.

Bashful Man, The. James Smith. A man tells of the trials and tribulations arising from his great diffidence. Humorous prose.

Bijah. Charles M. Lewis. Pathetic poem about two little boys.

Butterfly's Ball, The. Mrs. Henry Roscoe. Dainty poem describing a social event among the insects. Effective with waltz accompaniment.

Chariot Race in the Time of Christ, A. Edgar Saltus. Vivid picture in prose of a sanguinary race.

Christmas-Eve Redemption, A. Hamilton Aide. A forsaken wife meets her rival at the bedside of her dying husband, and orders her away. The outcast begs for mercy, and the wife, hearing the notes of a Christmas hymn from a neighboring church, is softened into promising to care for her husband's child. Dramatic and pathetic, affording opportunity for singing.

Crack-Mouthed Family, The. The ludicrous experiences of a family having a peculiar way of talking. The daughter marries a crack-mouthed man. One of the best pieces for facial business ever written.

Cupid's Arrows. Kipling. Prose account of a romance in India. A girl deliberately loses an archery contest, to jilt an old suitor for the man she loves.

Daughter of Herodias, The. Powerful monologue for a woman. Herodias's daughter repents of her part in the beheading of John the Baptist, and curses her mother and her own fate.

Deacon's Confession, The. N. S. Emerson. A humorous old-fashioned country story of a deacon who kisses a neighbor's pretty daughter. On explaining the circumstances at meeting, he is exonerated, and the poem ends with the chime of wedding-bells.

Death of Uncle Tom, The. Harriet Beecher Stowe. An effective arrangement from this author's famous story.

Death of Arnkel, The. Edmund Gosse. Strongly dramatic poem in blank verse.

Dilemma, The. Holmes. Humorous account in poetry of a lover's difficulty in choosing between a blonde and a brunette sweetheart.

Dr. Lanyon's Story. Robert L. Stevenson. A dramatic arrangement from "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," giving an account of the physical metamorphosis of the demon into the philanthropist. Very strong.

Egyptian Slippers. Edwin Arnold. Verse reverie induced by the sight of a pair of slippers from a mummy's casket.

Fairies The. William Allingham. Fanciful descriptive poem, suitable for encore.

Faithful unto Death. Clifford Harrison. Ten soldiers, lost in Siberia, strip the clothing from their bodies to save their commander from freezing. Strong and pathetic.

Falstaff and Prince Hal. Shakespeare. The rogue Falstaff's exaggerated account of one of his numerous adventures.

Fiery Ordeal, The. Short, humorous poem, suitable for encore.

Files-on-Parade. Kipling. Cockney dialect, descriptive of the hanging of a private soldier in India. Weird and impressive.

"Good Enough for Me." "An' the langwidge Shakespeare writ in is good enough fer me." Encore poem.

Hagar. Eliza P. Nicholson. Blank verse Biblical poem. Hagar, going forth into the wilderness, sees Abraham following her and vehemently accuses him of cruelly wronging her, ending with the prophecy that although she is now an outcast, the day will come when she will be avenged. Very dramatic.

Hostage, The. Schiller. A man condemned to death, asks for three days' delay to witness his sister's marriage, and leaves his best friend as a hostage. Innumerable obstacles beset him upon his return, but by terrible exertions he reaches the spot just as his friend is being bound to the cross. The King, touched by this fidelity, pardons them both. Recited by Charles Roberts.

House on the Hill, The. Edgar Fawcett. A woman magnanimously gives up her promised husband to the woman he loves. Very fine.

How Dot Heard "The Messiah." H. Butterworth. Dainty story of a soprano giving a ticket to a poor orphan boy whose presence so inspires her that she makes the triumph of her life.

In the Children's Hospital. Tennyson. A child, frightened at an impending operation, prays that the Lord will help the little girl "with her arms outside the counterpane," and dies while sleeping in that position.

In the Nursery. Jean Ingelow. Quaint little poem.

In the Royal Academy. Austin Dobson. A dialogue in blank verse between two lovers. Exceedingly bright.

Japanese Lullaby. Eugene Field. Artistic. Can be given with musical accompaniment.

Last Time I Met Lady Ruth, The. Owen Meredith. The story of an old sweetheart. Reminiscent and pathetic.

Lost Leader, The. Browning. A patriot's lament over the desertion of the man they had honored and trusted. Very impressive.

Mountain Tragedy, The. Dickens. A dramatic story of a man who drugs his rival and hurls him over the cliff. The injured man's sweetheart vainly risks her life to save him. A magnificent recitation.

Matrimonial Controversy, A. The husband meant "gimlet," but he said "corkscrew," and there is trouble in the Throckton household in consequence. Humorous.

Mr. Winkle's Adventure. Dickens. Mr. Winkle, clad only in dressing-gown and slippers, obligingly opens the door for a belated lodger, who turns out to be a lady. The embarrassing complications that follow are very amusing.

Nellie Walsh. Charles Barnard. An amusing society monologue for a man, telling of his infatuation for a young elocutionist, and the subsequent disenchantment. Elaborate business.

Paddy Moore. Fred Emerson Brooks. Dialect poem. An Irishman going to arrest a man for wife beating finds that the culprit has hanged himself, and makes an address to the corpse. Humorous.

Rhyme of Jennie Eaglehart, The. A poem written by a rejected lover to his sweetheart. Dainty and pathetic.

Ride of Ichabod Crane, The. Washington Irving. Description of a Yankee schoolmaster's pursuit by the Headless Horseman. Humorous. Excellent opportunity for dramatic work.

Sohrab and Rustum. Matthew Arnold. Sohrab is the commander of the Tartars and Rustum the champion of the Persians. Sohrab is Rustum's son, a fact unknown to the latter, who believes that his one child is a girl, his wife having forged this tale in order to prevent Rustum making a warrior out of him. Rustum challenges Sohrab to mortal combat, and slays him; Sohrab reveals his identity as he dies. No commendation can be too strong for this reading. Given by S. H. Clark, Walter V. Holt, and other well-known elocutionists.

Story of Ruth Bonyth, on, The. Whittier. One of the most dramatic poems ever written.

Surgeon's Child, The. F. E. Weatherly. Dramatic dialect poem telling how a doctor, although his own daughter lies at the point of death, leaves her to minister to a shipwrecked crew.

Tears of Tullia, The. Edgar Fawcett. A Roman youth having confessed his love for a patrician's daughter, Caligula orders him to be blindfolded, while twenty maids pass before him. If he can not tell, by touching her face, which is Tullia, they shall be bound together and cast into the sea. The youth at last recognizes his sweetheart by the tears upon her face. Recited by Marion Short.

To-morrow. Tennyson. Pathetic Irish dialect poem.

"Too Many Chillun, Pa!" A little child asks his father if the reason they are so poor is because there are too many children. Semi-pathetic, with pleasant ending.

Tricksey's Ring. Alice Cary. Bright little monologue for a young girl, telling of the visit of a city cousin, and an exchange of gifts.

Uncle Eph's Heaven. Fred Emerson Brooks. Darky dialect poem, with strong dramatic ending.

Unrest in Paradise. Humorous encore.

When Sparrows Build. Jean Ingelow. Pathetic poem. A woman laments the loss of her youth and lover.

Youth and Art. Browning. A wealthy and prosperous woman meets her old sweetheart, who has since become famous, and speaks of their both having missed the 'ove that is best in life. "This could but have happened once, and we missed it, lost it forever." A very popular recitation.

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WERNERS MAGAZINE

Bust in Trinity Church, Boston. Daniel Chester French, Sculptor.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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See page 87 of this issue.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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Vol. XXVI. SEPTEMBER, 1900. No. 1.

Thanatopsis.

Poem by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Poses by Lucy Harris, under direction of E. V. Sheridan, especially for Werner's Magazine.

[Photographs by Newman, N. Y.]

TO him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist

"And she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,

" Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart."

To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place

"Go forth, under the open sky."

Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,

"Thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course."

All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks

"Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears."

That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,

"Shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements."

Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,

"Thou shalt lie down
with kings."

Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down

**" The vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between."**

In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh

"Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man."

When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train

"The tribes
That slumber in its bosom."

Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

"Each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom."

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,

"Wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

One Month's Singing-Lessons.

By Frank H. Tubbs.

THE first step is to obtain the delivery of a firm, vibrant vocal tone on every note of one's proper voice, in such range as is called for by composers. Obtaining delivery of a firm, vibrant tone through complete range of voice requires daily practice—correct practice based on knowledge of voice and what makes it. Practice following exercises:

Exercise I.—Use scale of D. Begin to sing on a of scale, singing downward, a, g, f, e, d; then up the scale, a, b, c, d. Each tone is to be held four seconds. Is the tone breathy, throaty, nasal, blank, shrill, wobbly? Let no one feel discouraged if he has one or even all of these faults. Nearly all untrained voices are unable to carry perfect tune.

Exercise II.—Sing "one" on each note of scale five times, prolonging the fifth "one" several seconds. Sopranos and tenors will use the scale of D; altos and basses the scale of C. Do not sing rapidly. Begin each word promptly, without hesitation. Let lips round easily, as "wo" sound is made. Let "n" sound freely through nose. Connect words smoothly; speak them rather than sing them; never shout. During first week this exercise should be used five minutes, twice a day. During the other weeks of month, only once a day.

Exercise III.—Use scale of C. Begin to sing on lower c of scale, singing upward, two notes together, c-d, d-e, e-f, f-g, g-a, a-b, b-c. Sing with "ah." Higher voices use scale of D. Give each note four beats, each a second long, take breath after each couplet. Take a comfortable breath, avoiding raising shoulders or distending chest. The use of "ah" leaves organs very nearly in same position as when not singing. The tongue lies at rest; the throat is not drawn on; the lips part a little. As one approaches the higher voice the tendency is to sing louder and to hasten. Seek not to give way to such tendency; self-control is essential in all training. The time in which to sing this lets us use eight seconds in one breath—long enough for beginners. Same volume of voice is to be used throughout exercise, and only moderately loud voice should be used. Be sure to end second note of each grouping easily—without tension on throat. Connect the two notes smoothly. Practice five minutes, twice a day, during first week; once a day, later.

Exercise IV.—Use scale of C. Begin to sing on lower c of scale, singing upward, three notes together, c-d-e, d-e-f, e-f-g, f-g-a, g-a-b, a-b-c. This is the same exercise as No. 3,

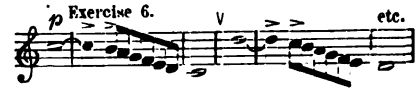
FRANK H. TUBBS.

Mr. Tubbs, ever energetic and progressive, gives singing-lessons not only in person but also in print. His course is in striking contrast to those teachers who are forever afraid that they may give out something without getting paid in spot cash. As a result of his liberal and enlightening activity, Mr. Tubbs is one of the busiest and most successful of New York teachers. —Editor.

only it has three notes in place of two; that means, it takes twelve seconds to sing each group. The same instruction applies. It is not to be used by young singers during first week of drill. The second week use it once a day, for five minutes; later, twice a day.

Such practice leads directly into use of melody. That is a long step into singing. Conversational voice steps directly into reciting, which in music is used in the form of recitative. Melody is the next step. Know that good melody is based on inflections of conversational voice. Singers, as a rule, do not know that. Most people have little idea that conversational voice covers enough range of pitch to give a melody. One can easily observe what great range the voice has by expressing in the most natural way various sentiments. Give a common remark, like "That dog, out there, is lively," and one will find himself pitching the voice on its middle notes (D, E, or F). Then if he assumes a very sympathetic tone, such as he would in saying "Poor doggie, I'm so sorry you hurt your paw!" the voice drops half an octave. Let him run and greet a long-absent friend with "Hulloa! I'm *so* glad to see you," and the voice will go an octave higher than the place it takes on the sympathetic tone. Now, if one cries out in fear, or in anger, up goes the voice another half octave.

EXERCISE V.—Use "Ah" on this and other exercises unless another vowel is given. Higher voices use scale of D. Sing in regular time. Be sure to give four beats (pulses) to the whole note. Attack first note promptly and end last note with freedom. Extend this short phrase into upper voice as far as it can be made with comfort. Low voices should sing it easily to D; high voices to G. Use five minutes twice each day on this during the first two weeks; after that, once a day. Take special care to join the fourth and fifth beats of each phrase neatly and without special stress.



EXERCISE VI.—The purpose of this exercise is to carry the higher registers (a term which will be fully explained as time goes on) downward. A note attacked easily will be pretty sure to be in the right register. Seek to carry the kind of voice used on that first note downward on all notes of descending scale. A very common fault of students in the early days (and often, years) of practice is to push notes of lower registers upward, beyond the places where nature intended a change to be made. That is the cause of those distressing sounds which many alto singers make. This exercise will make all voices sweeter. Some will think it makes their voices smaller; but they are made sweeter, even if they are smaller. Voices cultivated on right lines become very strong, although they may at first lose power. Good quality is essential to good singing. Seek good quality first. This exercise should be adjusted according to the kind of voice which uses it. All should begin their practice upon it in the key in which it is written. Higher voices should then transpose it higher, but not carry it higher than key of G. This gives them eight keys in which to sing it. Lower voices transpose it lower. It may be sung downward as far as the

voice can go. Very low voices will then have as many as fifteen points from which to start it. This exercise should be used every day for one month. Five minutes, if it is carefully sung, will be enough. Remember not to sing with very loud voice. Shouting is always something besides singing—shouting is uncouth and rude.

The exercises are all written with the treble clef, for convenience in writing. In actual pitch men are singing one octave lower than the exercise is written. Men are, however, so accustomed to the accompaniment of the piano that if they play it as written and sing at all, they will pitch the voice at the right starting-point.

EXERCISE VII.—" 1-2-3-4-5-6 ah, 1-2-3-4-5-6 ah."

Select the scale suitable for the kind of voice; that is, high voices use scale of D; low voices use scale of C. Attack the word "one" promptly, and say the numbers rapidly but smoothly. Hold the word "ah" four seconds, and proceed, in same breath, into second half of exercise. Select the character of voice which one would employ in greeting very pleasantly one's friend—it is the genial voice. First attempts may be ludicrous. They will certainly be artificial. Repeat attempts, on first note, until satisfied that the real conversational voice is found; only then should one try the exercise on second note, and he should not go higher into the voice except as he can bring each note into satisfactory conversational tone. He will find that the face will relax into a pleasant one. We wear a look of pleased interest when we greet a friend. This exercise should never be practiced with the face drawn and with a cross expression. Of course, it would be silly to try to laugh as one sings. Teachers used to tell their pupils to smile while practicing. It may be all right to smile in the right way, but pupils who try to smile while singing are liable to look very silly. Let them, instead, assume the genial mood of mind and be pleasant in speech, and they will get a result in tone which will surprise them. Again, remember that this exercise is only to be practiced on the notes on which one can speak pleasantly. It does no good to practice wrongly. First get a note right, and then is the time to work upon it. Practice this exercise ten minutes every day.

The object of singing is to express emotion. It is not, as some seem to suppose, to sing notes. Expressing emotion is the actor's art. When we think of acting in connection with singing we are liable to imagine ranting about stage or about room. But every motion, and even every expression of the face is acting. In directing our students to secure pleasant looks we are opening the first pages of the book on acting. It is an important opening, much more important than most singers think.

A second step relates to position while practicing. Do not, under any circumstances, sit at piano. Stand always. If you are where the piano is, strike a chord on the instrument so you may know the key. Then sing, without further playing. Do not have any one else play for you while practicing exercises. You should work alone, for much depends upon concentration of mind. The position you should take is: Advance one foot forward and lean forward far enough to have weight of body fall on forward foot. It does not make any difference which foot is forward. If one becomes tired of standing on one foot, change to the other, but always leaning forward far enough to let

weight fall on ball of forward foot. Shoulders should be released and comfortable; not thrown back, nor yet bent forward. Body should be erect, a little raised from hips. Do not strain upward. Let all be easy and comfortable. Now, in this position, with this feeling of comfort and with the genial voice, practice as directed the seven exercises of this lesson. During the month there will be improvement of every voice.

CHAUTAUQUA PRONUNCIATION MATCH.

THE annual prize pronunciation match in the Amphitheatre was won by Mrs. Tillie C. E. Wardwell, of Vermont, with Mr. O. R. Barnett, of Illinois, second. The prizes were $10 and $5, respectively.

The Amphitheatre was filled and the greatest interest shown. The contestants were seated on platform, twenty-five representing New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and twenty-five the rest of the world. Professor S. H. Clark was master of ceremonies. The words were thrown on the screen, and the contestants pronounced in turn.

The remarkable thing about the match was the speed with which the contestants went down, only 150 words being required. The words were as follows:

abject
acclimate
acumen
address
adept
adult
aeronaut
afflatus
albumen
allopathy
alternately
amenable
amenity
anchovy
anemic
antarctic
area
asphalt
assets
athlete
aversion
aye
awry
banquet
bestial
betroth
biography
blackguard
blouse
bouquet
bravado
broom
brigand
bruit
burlesque
certain
chasten
chastisement
clangor
clematis
clique
compeer
communist
cognomen
condolence
contumely
consummate
coterie
courtier
cyclamen
decadence
demolition
demoniacal
desperado
desuetude
daguerreotype
deficit
disputant
divan
direct
dolor
dolorous
donkey
dramatis personæ
edile
equipoise
esplanade
exponent
explicable
exquisite
facet
fecund
fetish
fief
flageolet
fulsome
gaunt
granary
grimace
gratis
halibut
harass
hirsute
holvenust
hypocrisy
homeopathic
ignoramus
implacable
indicatory
industry
indissoluble
indisputable
incomparable
incognito
inhospitable
interesting
intrigue
integral
inquiries
inexplicable
jocund
juvenile
lamentable
learned
lithography
lithographer
long-lived
lyrist
lyceum
magazine
Malay
marjoram
mediocre
mischievous
millionaire
misconstrue
misanthrope
monad
monadic
molecule
museum
mustache
naked
nasal
nectarine
nepotism
nescience
nuptial
objurgatory
obligatory
obsolete
occult
onerous
orotund
opponent
ordeal
overt
overseer
oxalic
organization
palmistry
parliament
pastel
paresis
pedagogue
pedagogy
pedagogical
persistent
peremptory
picturesque

From a Reader's Point of View.

By S. H. Clark.

SOME years ago James E. Murdoch wrote in "Analytic Elocution" that the greatest need of elocutionists is voice. Technically I am disposed to agree. Yet it seems hardly necessary for any one to go through the endless routine that is demanded of the pupil in Mr. Murdoch's treatise, and I believe that the result of reading it is more likely to be deterrent than otherwise. Still, the author's main contention is just: One must have a well-trained voice in order to do full justice to his conceptions.

Now, it is much to be regretted that the majority of our schools do not train voices; the average graduate shows comparatively little voice culture. I recognize full well that the majority of pupils have very poor voices at the beginning; that there are innumerable congenital defects and vocal mannerisms to be cured and eradicated; but, granted all this and even more, it yet remains an incontestable fact that most students have very ordinary voices when they leave our hands.

The chief reason seems to be that circumstances compel us to teach in classes, and large classes at that; hence our methods under such circumstances are at best miserable makeshifts. There is a plan which I have to suggest that thus far, and under auspices none too favorable, has produced fairly good results, and which, under more propitious conditions, promises much more. It is this: Devote five or ten minutes each day to a few fundamental exercises, and see to it that nothing interferes with this daily drill. These exercises may consist of practice in throat relaxation, breath control, and simple *gentle* voice-emission. The production of loud, forceful tones, or very high or very low tones, should never form a part of class drill. For the first few weeks, or until the student understands thoroughly what he has to do, he should not be permitted to practice except under the supervision of the teacher or some capable assistant. As soon as the exercise has been explained to the class, the teacher should pass constantly from one student to another, advising, suggesting, correcting, and, as far as possible, giving each student individual instruction. Slow as this process is, there is no other way to build a firm and solid foundation.

To repeat what was said above: The fundamental exercises must be repeated every day, not for a week or for a month, but during the entire period of training. Furthermore, the student should be given to understand that dry-as-dust, uninteresting and apparently useless as these drills are, they must never be neglected, and will in the end produce excellent results.

Apart from these few exercises, the main training of the voice must come through private, individual instruction. This is the great difficulty, and one that seems insurmountable. My plan is to divide the school or class into groups, so that no matter under what principle we group each member shall have at least ten minutes' special instruction twice each week. I recognize that such a procedure means time and expense; but there is no other way to make good voices. Twenty minutes a week for one hundred students means two thousand

minutes, or, roughly, six hours a day for five days in the week. This requires the entire time, and more than he ought to give, of one teacher. This is more than we ourselves can afford to give, and more than we can afford to pay for. Then let us raise our fees, or extend our course, or make less money, for by no possibility can we hope to train a voice solely through class instruction, and there's an end of it.

Put less time on frills, like Visible Speech (which is very well in a school for deaf-mutes), physical culture (which is also very well, but much overdone in our schools,—I believe, chiefly because it is tangible and, as it is generally given, easy to teach in class, and especially salable), statue-posing, show entertainments, and the like, and we shall have more time for those great essentials—literary interpretation and voice culture.

* * * * * * *

The term "tremolo stress" is found in nearly every text-book based on Rush's "Philosophy of the Human Voice," and, except those who reject entirely the principle of stress (with whom I do not agree), no one seems to have perceived that the "tremolo" is not a form of stress at all; it is simply a manifestation of lack of control, and may properly accompany the portrayal of childhood and old age, and any form of intense emotion in which there is a struggle between the feelings and what, for lack of a better term, may be called the muscles of control.

The "tremolo" is often expressive of passion, but a passion so intense that it bursts forth and passes beyond one's control in spite of all efforts to restrain it. All anger, all pathos, all joy are not expressed with the "tremolo;" the point to be borne in mind is that when it appears, it is a sign of lack of control. As one listens to the throb of a great engine, he can note the "tremolo," resulting from the struggle between the resistance of the metal and the expansion of the steam. So in expression. Up to a certain point, the muscles can stand the strain put upon them by the flow of nervous energy; but when this exceeds a certain quantity, as it were, then comes the conflict between force and control, and the result is a tremor. We should not forget, in this connection, that the "tremolo" is invariably a sign of lack of control, and, consequently, an expression of some phase of weakness; weakness in the sense of a failure to control absolutely the flow of energy. The use is legitimate in the expression of great joy, great anger, and, in fact, any intense emotion in which the speaker is carried beyond himself. It is extremely effective when used sparingly, for it is often most significant of intensity of feeling, for the very reason that it manifests a state of mind in which the powers of control are inadequate.

When we bear in mind that "tremolo" may accompany "radical," "final," or any of the stresses (that is, there can be a tremulous "final" or a tremulous "median"), it must be clear that we have been mistaken in terming it a form of stress.

HUMAN SINGERS TAKE NOTE: "The singing of most birds seems entirely a spontaneous effusion, produced by no exertion, or occasioning no lassitude in muscle or relaxation of the parts of action. In certain seasons and weather the nightingale sings all day, and most part of the night; and we never observe that the powers of song are weaker, or that the notes become harsh and untunable, after all these hours of practice. When the song-thrush retires to rest, there is no obvious decay of his musical powers, or any sensible effort required to continue his harmony to the last."—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

Francesco Lamperti and His Method.

THE names of Garcia and Lamperti stand as a connecting link between the brilliant fame of the singers of a past age, when the old Italian method reigned supreme, and the modern school of vocal art with its eclectic, quasi-scientific creed. Garcia is rather the representative of the latter school, Lamperti of the former, though it is not to be inferred that Garcia does not teach according to the principles of the "old Italian method" —what words to conjure with!

Signor Francesco Lamperti was born in Italy in 1813, and even as a child was an unusual character. Like so many other musicians, his infant years were spent amid musical surroundings, his mother being an opera singer of some repute. His real musical education was begun at an age when most children are still engrossed in picture-books and toys, and carried on under the pressure of severe poverty, a poverty that lasted far into his life. His first position was as organist at the munificent salary of $1 a month, followed by a position as director of an orchestra in the theatre yielding a little less than $4 a month. With a large and steadily increasing family—for the maestro was blessed with nineteen children—it was a hand to mouth struggle for many years. At last recognition came in the shape of an offer from the Royal Conservatory of Music at Milan to make him head of the vocal department at a salary of 1800 francs a year and in addition to educate his two sons. The offer was accepted, and for quarter of a century Lamperti's name was identified with the Milan Conservatory. From this time his reputation as a voice-teacher grew rapidly, until to be accepted as his pupil was the ambition of the singers of two continents, and it was felt that his name was almost talismanic.

The Lamperti method stands first and foremost for purity of tone. A beautiful quality of voice cannot be obtained without a correct method of tone-production. Therefore, Lamperti's oft-reiterated injunction, "Quality, quality, quality," is really the corner-stone of all true voice teaching. Breath, placement of tone, enunciation, are simply segments of the great circle of voice whose soul and life are quality.

So many have studied with Lamperti and gone forth to teach his method, and so much has been written descriptive of his personality and teachings, that it would seem as if everybody must know something of the man who was great even in his strangeness. Yet some points made by him cannot be too often repeated. Such a point is that of keeping the voice upon the breath, a phrase mystifying, perhaps, to those who demand a geometrically plain expression and demonstration of terms, but one full of meaning to the initiated. Why should the unlearned in vocal art expect to understand its "trade talk" any better than the unlearned in other professions understand their special terms? To keep the voice upon the breath means that the voice rests upon an elastic cushion that responds to the slightest tone-pressure, but with an instant resilience buoys up the tone, thus preventing rasping of the surrounding parts, squeezing of the throat, and a consequent thinness of

voice. Lamperti's half-dozen words express all this and more.

Another important point in the maestro's teaching was his emphasis of the legato style. To attack a note with the greatest possible limpidity, but with perfect accuracy of intonation, was his idea of a just emission of voice. To him, correct breathing for song was diaphragmatic breathing, which, to use his own words, "is a development of natural breathing," and cannot be acquired except by months of application and practice. Everything about his method was deliberate. "Often," says one who was privileged to know much of his method through listening to his instruction, "in a pupil's whole career he studied only one aria. He would spend a year upon a single one, for Lamperti would say: 'If you can sing one, you can sing all, provided that once your voice is placed in purity of tone.'"

Still another important point made by Lamperti was special attention to the middle register of the voice, especially in women. It is the part that gets hardest usage, the part on which the singer must be able to depend. Habitual singing on high notes weakens the compass and eventually produces a disagreeable inequality of registers.

Small tones perfectly controlled were another feature of Lamperti's teaching. Seldom were pupils allowed to sing with full voice. "As the small tone is, so will the large one be," was his theory.

In the midst of his many studies Lamperti found time to compose vocalizes, solfeggi, and other valuable vocal exercises, which are used by teachers everywhere. A work on the art of singing has been translated into English. In his early days, before the vocal art claimed his attention to the exclusion of all else, he had planned several operas and written some of the music for them. Unfortunately, none were ever completed.

At least three generations of singers owe their allegiance to the famous old Milanese teacher. It was one of his peculiarities rarely to praise a pupil's work. In this he is not alone, for with Marchesi blame lies much nearer the lips than commendation. "*Stupida!*" "*asina!*" and "*diavolo!*" were heard in his studio many times during the day. The rank of the pupil or the artist made little difference in the epithet applied.

Among those who have been numbered in his vocal family, the names of Albani, Thursby, Campanini, Shakespeare, Sims Reeves, Gayarre, Van Zandt, Sembrich, Scovel, Alvary, Carlotta Patti, Tiberini, Artot, Sophie Loewe, will spring to the mind of everyone. Lamperti's name can never die while vocal art is one of the factors of human enjoyment, an element in the grand sum total of esthetics that make life worth living. He died April, 1892.

FRANCESCO LAMPERTI.

Leaves from a Reader's Note-Book.

SIXTH ARTICLE.

[The first instalment, comprising Leaves I.-V.; the second instalment, comprising Leaf VI.; the third instalment, comprising Leaves VII. and VIII.; the fourth instalment, comprising Leaves IX. and X.; and the fifth instalment, comprising Leaves XI. and XII., appeared in the issues for January, May, June, July, and August, respectively.]

LEAF XIII.

WHO is there among our writers who can so stimulate us to rise above pettiness and meanness; to cling tenaciously to high ideals; to strive to surmount difficulties, and to gird up our loins in the hour of disappointment and defeat, like Thomas Carlyle? His leonine strength, Titanic energy, boundless courage, by a process of induction as mysterious as life itself, are transmitted from him to us, and fill us with his passionate hatred of sham,—almost idolatrous worship of truth and unswerving devotion to "Reality."

I love Carlyle because I love art. He inspires one to do his utmost; communicates to one's soul some of his contempt and loathing for the tricky cleverness that the barbarian and Philistine so often mistake for art. He encourages one to persevere in what he believes to be the path of art rectitude, truth, and honesty, though the heavens fall. But, above all, the Scottish sage teaches one "*to have an open, loving heart, and what follows from the possession of such.*" For how can jealousy, bickerings, fault - findings, slander, affectation, untruth flourish in the soil of *a loving heart?*

There is something to be greater than an Artist, and that is to be a Man. Or, better, in the true sense of the terms, the Artist can be no greater than the Man. If I am mean, or deceitful, or pessimistic, or dishonest, or mercenary, those failings must at some time become manifest in my art, and in the end destroy it.

It is well, then, to keep such seers and prophets as Carlyle near to our hearts, that the world may not be too much with us, and that we may hear iterated and reiterated the foundation principle of the art-life: Truth, Reality, Love.

LEAF XIV.

Grandiloquent definition, quasi-psychology, and pompous affectation of metaphysics have for a long time struggled in blissful ignorance of the ludicrous antics they were performing while laboring under the delusion that they were grave and dignified doctors laying down once and for all the final exposition and elucidation of eternal laws, to force us to accept the so-called doctrine of elocutionary art, that it was necessary to be possessed solely of a certain mechanical dexterity in order to represent the great ideals found in the pages of poet and dramatist. Fortunately for the young artist (the older ones simply sit quiet and listen and watch the efforts of the flea trying to draw the wagon, mistaking its own futile exertions for the movement of the wagon), the mechanical theory is absolutely barren of results, and therefore, fails for sheer lack of practicality. And the reasons for its failure are close at hand.

Literature is life, and to interpret

literature one must live. It is true one may assume a halting gait, a stammering utterance, a guttural quality, or a scowling brow; but these are accidents, not fundamentals. Let one attempt to place his tongue in a given position, to raise or lower the soft-palate according to a certain scale, in order to produce the heart-ache of "Othello's occupation's gone," and he will present the sorriest of spectacles. One must have touched at least one point of the periphery of Othello's experience or it is impossible to represent his anguish.

I shall never forget the way a well-known teacher damned his theory by reading the Lord's Prayer by rule, as it were. To one of a religious nature the reading was a sacrilege; to one who regarded it simply as a piece of art, it was supremely ridiculous. To read the Lord's Prayer, or any other piece of great literature, requires that one should be able to grasp its spirit. If he can not do that, to what end avail his theories? At the same time one must not forget that mechanics are necessary in order that the body may adequately transmit the within to the audience; but with a body thoroughly harmonious we may safely leave the rest to nature, always bearing in mind that the "nature" is not necessarily ourselves, but ourselves assuming and assimilating the thoughts and feelings of the author or of his creations.

Fortunately, the pompous definitions are surely coming to be recognized as windy suspirations of forced breath; the quasi-psychology is, under the bright light of science, dissipated as a mist at sunrise; and the high-sounding metaphysics are departing as the nightmare terror of a child under the soothing influence of the mother's voice.

The oratory of Phillips Brooks [1835-1893], Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts, was remarkable, first for its defect (it is said he stammered); and, secondly, for its effect. Speaking at a rate of utterance so rapid that it sometimes required an almost painfully close attention, he carried you on swifter and swifter until you seemed to be soaring away with him into boundless space. He had a habit of elevating his shoulders and keeping his head high in the air, while his face seemed to shine almost with divine radiance. It was an uplifted feeling that infused soul and body, and seemed to bring every listener to a higher plane. His style was direct and simple, and characterized by a straightforwardness and intense earnestness that were in keeping with the velocity of utterance; and, as you looked on him and listened to his words of burning eloquence, it seemed as if the speaker must be inspired,—inspired, indeed, as we imagine St. Paul to have been. Dr. Brooks was the orator of this generation. He came nearest to stirring the people, as did Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher. He seemed to touch humanity on every side. His sermons were characterized by a power that has been likened to that of Savonarola, infused with a finer Christian spirit of a finer age and endowed with a wonderful energy of spiritual life. On the front cover of this issue is a cut of the bust, by Daniel Chester French, sculptor, recently placed in Trinity Church, Boston, where Bishop Brooks was rector for many years.

Words Used at Chautauqua Spelling-Match.

data
halo
racy
zany
pean
fiat
pica
posy
epic
inky
deism
serum
silex
sinus
bolus
fagot
jalap
salvo
leper
petal
resin
ratan
hazel
secant
volant
barrel
gannet
parrot
rapine
ranine
tassel
pepsin
citron
pigeon
piston
coffin
oral
fossil
gospel
mullen or mullein
pollen
poplin
murrain
cuddle
muffin
mutton
marline (string for winding rope)
nubbin
sullen
turban
engine
gluten
firkin
gangrene
marine
tureen
terrene
obscene
vassal
vacillate
vessel
wrestle
waffle
missile
epistle
mussel (or muscle)
mural
reptile
collateral
chattel
cripple
drizzle
freckle
helpful
lattice
mortise
mattress
lettuce
poultice
chalice
missal (mass book)
snuffle
stencil
mussulman
morsel
bereave
believe
conceive
besiege
seize
caprice
blain
bleat
fosse
lees
glebe
skein
sieve
ruse
rouge
streak
steak
shriek
sheik (Arab chief)
treacle
clique
mosque
myrrh
niche
sluice
trope
wreathe
balk
conch
knoll
phlegm
salve
gyves
nymph
weal
shote
sloth
anoint
dace
writhe
jamb
lea
wry
bevel
bevy
cudgel
flambeau
fracas
gamut
molar
morass
muzzle
prestige
purview
talon
vestige
anneal
purloin
buoyant
poignant
rabid
succinct
besom
impinge
baize
bight
boll
calk
caul
corps
floe
guise
lief
neal
gneiss
ceil
sere
cere
slue
sloe
steppe
abscess
archives
cushion
villain
corsair
dungeon
eclat
funnel
gewgaw
gibbet
bawble
hawser
lodestone
mortgage
lien
pustule
receipt
reprieve
porridge
sortie
stucco
umbrage
vellum
vendue
adjure
bewray
contemn
disburse
vitiate
impede
prorogue
gauge
rescind
sojourn
surfeit
satiate
condign
fulsome
nauseous
gyral
subtile
viscous
chrome
blote
brake
breech
bruise
bruit
frays
frieze
glaire
gloze
leach
paced
pries
ratch
serge
throe
ewer
dauphin
viscount
victuals
cartouch
falchion
javelin
doubloon
guinea
bassoon
hautboy
spinet
bismuth
sapphire
slough (a miry place)
slough (to cast off)
tierce
scythe
palfrey
penguin
condor
curlew
anile
cozen
crewel
eyelet
senile
puisne
razing
session
cession
cygnet
tapir
venous
schism
cistern
durance
sirloin
coalesce
ductile
latten
bludgeon
charlatan
recrement
scoria
colossal
sulphurous
phosphoresce
abeyance
fallacy
piquancy
pungency
challis
dahlia
ginseng
daphne
fugacious
infectious
luscious
hyssop
lichen
capricious
edacious
garrulous
vexatious
pinnace
trireme
wherry
xebec
caloric
carrion
chorister
codicil
coeval
credentials
crystallize
diocese
disheveled
euphony
exchequer
flagitious
gazetteer
hemorrhage
labyrinth

licentiate
maneuver
mnemonics
muleteer
obloquy
obsequies
placable
posthumous
syllogism
anathema
idolater
machination
superficies
apostatize
asseverate
disseminate
compendious
ephemeral
aeriform
argillaceous
calcareous
indigenous
inimical
insatiable
sacerdotal
sedentary
surreptitious
penitential
scurrility
stereotype
supercilious
lascivious
malevolence
irradiate
sufficiency
panegyric
baobab
polemic

assiduous
isosceles
parabola
perimeter
periphery
benison
rhomboid
pertinacious
permeable
potency
corollary
empiricism
bombazine
cassimere
corduroy
kerseymere
rattinet
satinet
pilaster
legerdemain
obliquity
metacarpus
pancreas
pericardium
pylorus
sartorius
scapula
salubrity
spoliation
sclerotic
conscientious
evanescent
fortuitous
incipient
infallible
fusileer
fallacious
flageolet

tambourine
accoutrements
arbiter
palladium
diaphanous
opprobrious
perfidious
vacillating
translucent
scurrilous
effrontery
fanaticism
amaranth
barilla
chamomile
ubiquity
felicitate
variegate
eglantine
elecampane
hellebore
hyacinth
resuscitate
jessamine
lobelia
mignonette
mistletoe
rosemary
verbena
propinquity
ignominy
chimerical
obstreperous
prelacy
stoicism
obnoxious
synchronal
heterogeneous

notoriety
sensibility
spontaneity
catarrh
phthisic
salt-rheum
elasticity
judicatory
heresy
armadillo
chameleon
chinchilla
ichneumon
kangaroo
opossum
hyperbole
innuendo
repertory
cassowary
cockatoo
flamingo
penurious
deleterious
pelican
pusillanimity
garrulity
vacillation
manageable
metamorphosis
propitiation
assessor
chancellor
coroner
mandarin
illimitable
inaccessible
irrefragable
irreversible

preparatory
criticise
fertilize
gnomonics
conchiferous
lanigerous
gemmiparous
oviparous
ossivorous
vermivorous
cerography
chirography
conchology
xylography
zoology
promiscuous
imbroglio
daguerreotype
definitive
diphtheria
apocrypha
villain
villainous
diæresis
dilemma
dilapidate
disappoint
disappear
dissolute
apocalypse
lose
village
preference
preferring
tingeing
singeing
sirocco
siphon

silhouette
setigerous
serrulated
septuagenarian
septicidal
sententious
seneschal
sebaceous
scimeter
garefowl
gamboge
mucilaginous
tumefaction
tryst
czarina
trousseau
triglyphic
shellac
saxophone
saturnalia
sarcophagus
saponaceous
sacrilegious
chalybeate
dynamograph
empiricism
fascicle
guimpe
rabbet
seepage
spiculate
spiracle
sternutatory
suffragan
littoral

From year to year the spelling and pronunciation matches have been features of the Chautauqua program. There can be no doubt that we do not spell as well to-day as did our fathers, all things else being equal, and that, therefore, a spelling-match, conducted in the presence of five thousand people, is an excellent object-lesson, the result of which should be to bring home to us our deficiencies and urge us to throw our influence in favor of a more careful preparation in spelling in our schools. It is to be noted that most of the words are to be found in the reading of every one of culture. There are a few which are purely catch words, but, taken all in all, the list is a fair test of the spelling capacity of any cultured person. The pronunciation list (see page 19) is splendidly chosen. Almost every word is heard in common conversation, and the fact that but 150 words were necessary to complete the match, in which fifty contestants took part, is a striking, though by no means pleasant, commentary on the lack of attention to this feature of education. Of no other civilized nation can it be said that no regard whatsoever is had, and even among the well educated, for accurate and refined pronunciation.

Authors of the Nineteenth Century.

A SERIES OF CRITICAL STUDIES OF THE WRITERS AND THEIR WORKS, WITH SELECTIONS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED FOR READING.

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No. 7.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

AMERICAN LITERATURE, 1810-1840:

American literary history between 1810 and 1840 witnessed the rise and growth of a literature influenced by the revival of letters in England during the early part of the present century, represented by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Campbell, Shelley, Keats, and Moore. Most of these men were not only writers, but powers; they communicated spiritual life to the soul, as well as beautiful images and novel ideas to the mind; and, by touching the profoundest sources of imagination, reason, and emotion, they quickened genius into original activity by the magnetism they exerted, and thus stimulated emulation rather than imitation.

The revival of American literature began in New York with Washington Irving (see WERNER'S MAGAZINE, November, 1899), a lad of sixteen, who had read much but studied little, and who possessed fine observation, quick intelligence, genial disposition, and indolently original genius in detecting the ludicrous side of things. In New England, however, the greater and more sudden change from the old to the new school occurred. This change was made by William Cullen Bryant when he published, at the age of thirteen, a versified satire on Jefferson's administration, entitled "The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times; a Satire." The vigor, compactness, and ringing emphasis in its constantly recurring rhymes all seemed to show that a new Alexander Pope had been born in Massachusetts. The revival of American literature in New York differed much, however, in character from its revival in New England. In New York it was purely human in tone, while in New England it was superhuman in tone.

CRITICAL AND ELABORATE ANALYSES AND CRITICISMS OF THE FOLLOWING POETS AND POEMS HAVE APPEARED IN WERNER'S MAGAZINE:

Alfred Tennyson, "The Lady of Shalott." September, 1897.
Dante Gabriel Rossetti, "The Blessed Damozel." October, 1897.
Robert Browning, "My Last Duchess." November, 1897.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." December, 1897.
George Eliot. "How Liza Loved the King." December, 1897.
Sidney Lanier, "Hymns of the Marshes." January, 1898.
James Russell Lowell, "The Courtin'." February, 1898.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Nuremberg." March, 1898.
John Greenleaf Whittier, "Telling the Bees." April, 1898.
Edward Rowland Sill, "The Thrush." May, 1898.
Austin Dobson, "The Secrets of the Heart." May, 1898.
George Eliot, "The Spanish Gipsy." October, 1898.
Sir Walter Scott. July, 1899.
Oliver Wendell Holmes. August, 1899.
Rudyard Kipling. October, 1899.
Washington Irving. November, 1899.
J. Fenimore Cooper. December, 1899.
Honoré de Balzac. January, 1900.
Hebrew Literature and Drama. February, 1900.
John Ruskin. March, 1900.
Edgar Allan Poe. April, 1900.
Henrik Ibsen. May, 1900.

Any number sent post-paid for 25 cents.

BRYANT'S PLACE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE:

William Cullen Bryant holds a place almost unique in American literature, by the union of his activity as poet with his eminence and influence as citizen and journalist during an uncommonly long career. Two traits still further accentuate the peculiarity of his position—his precocious development and the evenness and sustained vigor of all his poetic work from beginning to end. As poet, he must be regarded as distinctly American, for there is in his verse an atmosphere, moral and material, which distinctly belongs to this country. The melancholy pervading his poems is the melancholy of the vast American landscape unpeopled yet, and impressive,—sadly impressive to the imagination. It is lonely poetry in which we hear the moaning of bleak winds among the desolate hill-tops of western Massachusetts, feel the silence and cold of the long winters, and the death in life which solitary nature is so apt to suggest. In a certain sense he may be said to be the poet of loneliness tempered by morality and religion. He regarded nature in its phenomenal aspect, careless of scientific realities. What he gained in this wise was absence of disillusioning fact, and a fuller understanding of the language of "nature's visible forms;" what he lost was the wide and various range opened by endless avenues of new-found truth.

Bryant's chosen measures were few and simple. Two were especial favorites, most frequently used for his pictures of nature and his meditations on the soul of things, and in the use of these measures he was master. One was iambic quatrain, in octosyllabic verse, of which the familiar stanza, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," may be recalled as example. The second form is blank verse. In this measure he was at his height, and he owes to it the most enduring portion of his fame.

The place of Bryant in prose differs materially from his place in poetry. In poetry he was a pioneer, but not in character or quality of his work, which was practically independent of its time. In prose he was a pioneer in every sense, doing what he could to further culture, learning, good manners, and sound politics in a new land. As writer of prose, he has one great merit: He tells what he sees, he describes it as it appears to him. There is no mixture of opinions of art-critics and amateurs; there is blunt delineation of the prospect as reflected on the retinas of his own eyes.

Considering his writings as a whole, Bryant has never written a line that approaches the soul through the avenues of the senses. He always appeals to principles in man that are pure, spiritual, and heavenly. The tenderness and depth of feeling, the purity, the healthy tone of sentiment, and the strong and cheerful religious views pervading his writings show him to be a man of undiseased and uncorrupted moral nature, and a heart sound to the core, to whom nature has been a mirror reflecting the countenance of God. His poetry has become classic in American literature, but his memory, as it lives in the popular heart, only recognizes his genius as incidental to his nature, and his poetical works as a single feature of his career. He was great in every way—in his gifts, in his religious faith, in his works, in his symmetry, in his practical handling of things personal, social, and political, in his experience of life, in his wisdom, in his goodness and sweetness, and in his modesty and simplicity.

HOW TO UNDERSTAND BRYANT'S POEMS:

Read the following poems in the order given, but read each one over and over again until you know and love it before proceeding to the next. In this way new beauties will be revealed which never would be revealed on a first reading:

"Thanatopsis," "To a Waterfowl," "Green River," "A Winter Piece," "The West Wind," "The Burial Place," "'Blessed Are They that Mourn'," "'No Man Knoweth His Sepulchre'," "A Walk at Sunset," "Hymn to

Death," "Monument Mountain," "Song of the Greek Amazon," "Rizpah," "March," "The Rivulet," "After a Tempest," "The Murdered Traveler," "Hymn to the North Star," "A Forest Hymn;" "O Fairest of the Rural Maids," "June," "Autumn Woods," "November," "The Gladness of Nature," "The Past," "To the Fringed Gentian," "The Conqueror's Grave," "The Wind and Stream," "The Poet," "May Evening," "The Flood of Years," "The Crowded Years."

Then read his panoramic pictures of nature: "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," "A Forest Hymn," "A Winter Piece," "The Fountain," "A Hymn of the Sea," "A Rain Dream," "The Prairies," "Summer Wind," "The Constellations," "The River by Night," "Among the Trees."

Then read his purely meditative pieces: "Thanatopsis," "Hymn to Death," "Earth," "An Evening Revery," "The Antiquity of Freedom," "The Flood of Years."

To get at the limit of Bryant's spontaneity in song read: "June," "The Death of the Flowers," "The Evening Wind."

Bryant's humor is limited to the following: "A Meditation on Rhode Island Coal," "Robert of Lincoln," and "To a Mosquito."

Poems contributing to Bryant's biography: "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," "To a Waterfowl," "Green River," "O Fairest of the Rural Maids," "Hymn to Death," "The Death of the Flowers," "The Future Life," "The Life That Is," "October," "A Lifetime."

Poems about Mrs. Bryant: "O Fairest of the Rural Maids," "A Summer Ramble," "The Future Life," "A Dream," "The Snow-shower," "The Twenty-seventh of March," "A Sick-Bed," "The Life That Is," "The Cloud on the Way," "The Path," "May Evening," "A Lifetime," "The Morn Hath Not the Glory that It Wore."

Poems of patriotism: "Seventy-Six," "The Antiquity of Freedom," "Oh, Mother of a Mighty Race," "Our Country's Call," "The Twenty-second of February."

On human slavery: "The African Chief," "The Death of Slavery."

BRYANT ANALYTICALLY STUDIED AS POET, TRANSLATOR, PROSE WRITER AND JOURNALIST, AND ORATOR:

I. As Poet.

A day comes in the intellectual life of most poets when their powers cease to be progressive and productive, or are productive only in the forms to which they have been accustomed, and which have become mannerisms. It was not so with Bryant. He enjoyed the distinction of proving himself a great poet at an early age; he preserved his distinction to the last, for the sixty-four years between writing "Thanatopsis" and writing "The Flood of Years" witnessed no decay of his poetic capacities, but rather growth and development of trains of thought and forms of verse of which there was no evidence in his early writings. His sympathies were enlarged as years went on, and the crystal clearness of his mind was colored with human emotions.

Bryant's poetical works may be divided into four periods: First period, 1802-1811; second period, 1811-1825; third period, 1825-1845; fourth period, 1845-1878.

1802-1811. The first period includes all of Bryant's juvenile efforts, and are mainly valuable for biographical purposes. They show better than any other records the influences under which the boy was educated; but they do not as poetry bear witness to the real bent of his genius, or even foreshadow the characteristics of his later writings—that minute and loving observation of nature which became with him almost a religion,—or that profound meditative interpretation of the great movements of the universe which amounted to a kind of philosophy. There is nowhere in them any of the inspiration or local coloring of the beautiful scenes in which he lived. They breathe only of facti-

tious passions, excited by political surroundings, and wholly unsuited to his tender years. In manner, too, they are imitative of Pope. From his tenth to his sixteenth year this boy, shut up among hills, away from social influences that kindle ambition, composed thirty pieces of verse still extant, besides many others that are lost—satires, elegies, odes, songs, and translations—work which certainly shows decided literary faculty. All of it bears marks of positive good augury in clearness, vigor, and dexterity of execution. The best poem of this period is "The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times; a Satire." Some excellent lines in it are:

> "Look where we will, and in whatever land,
> Europe's rich soil, or Afric's barren sand,
> Where the wild savage hunts his wilder prey,
> Or art and science pour their brightest day,
> The monster *Vice* appears before our eyes,
> In naked impudence, or in gay disguise."

1811-1825. Bryant was seventeen years old when he began the second period of his poetical development. His intellect had become most restless in question and daring. His old idols had lost their lustre, and he decided that Cowper, Southey, Thomson, and Burns were better guides than his former models, and henceforth he devoted his attention to them. These studies, however, did not seduce him from his rambles, during one of which his thoughts took a shape that proved of greatest consequence to his poetic growth. It was autumn; the blue of the summer sky had faded into gray, and the brown earth was heaped with sere and withered emblems of the departed glory of the year. As he trod upon the hollow-sounding ground, in the loneliness of the woods, and among prostrate trunks of trees, he thought how the vast solitudes about him were filled with the same sad tokens of decay. He asked himself, "What, indeed, is the whole earth but a great sepulchre of once living things; and the skies and stars but witnesses and decorations of a tomb? All that ever trod its surface, even they who preceded the kings and patriarchs of the ancient world, the teeming populations of buried cities that tradition itself has forgotten, are mingled with its soil; all who tread it now in the flush of beauty, hope, and joy will soon be down with them, and all who are yet to tread it in ages still unknown, 'matron, and maid, and the sweet babe, and the gray-haired man,' will join the innumerable hosts that have gone the dusky way." He hurried home, and began in the middle of a line:

> "Yet a few days, and thee
> The all-beholding sun shall see no more
> In all his course,"

and working through the various suggestions of his theme, ended it no less abruptly. The poem he called "Thanatopsis, a View of Death." For the first time on this continent a poem was written destined to general admiration and enduring fame; and, whatever great things have since been done or will yet be done, to "Thanatopsis" belongs the glory of the morning star.

In whatever light we consider it, "Thanatopsis" is without a parallel in the history of literature. The train of thought it awakens is the most universal that can touch the soul of man; belonging to no age, no clime, but to all ages, all climes, and embracing all that pertains to man on earth. It is his life-hymn and his death-anthem. There are moments in man's life when he stands face to face with nature and sees her as she is, and himself as he is, and the relation of everything in the universe. Such a moment is fixed for all time in "Thanatopsis." Its appearance in the *North American Review*, September, 1817, marks an epoch in American literature—the beginning of the true poetic history of the United States.

"Thanatopsis" as a work of art is almost perfect. Not a line is in it which does not bear the characteristics of the man visibly stamped upon it. The delicate and fanciful connections which may be traced between scenery and thought are touched with a wonderfully acute and sensitive hand. Its theme, the universality of death, contemplates death as a gracious fact in the economy of nature. It takes the idea of death out of its theological aspect, and restores it to its proper place in the vast scheme of things. The contemplation of death in the light of nature reveals two facts: All have died; therefore all shall die. In death we join a great multitude, and we shall be followed by multitudes; we should, therefore, meet the universal lot with fortitude and dignity. The excellence of the poem lies in the appropriate and beautiful development of these simple thoughts. The subject and its method of treatment place it in the class of elegiac verse. How uplifting are the lines:

"The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun
* * * * * *
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste
* * * * * *
Through the still lapse of ages."

It is remarkable how the thought is carried back to the beginning of the race and forward into the future. This is accomplished by the use of suggestive phrases, such as

"Barca's desert sands
* * * * * *
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
* * * * * *
As the long train of ages glide away."

A notable characteristic of the poem is self-control and reserve throughout. The temptation to expand is always successfully resisted. The poem is in blank verse, and Bryant is held the greatest master in blank verse that America has produced. In this poem, as in all good verse, the rhetorical pauses come where they give variety and beauty to the rhythm; with very few exceptions each foot is a perfect iambus. The exceptions, however, are frequent enough to avoid the monotony which absolute uniformity would cause. There are some beautiful examples of assonance in "Thanatopsis." Notice the effect of vowel sounds in lines 14, 18, 36, 53, and 54. In the last-mentioned line, especially, see how the open *o*-sounds suggest the rolling of the broad river, and the close *a* and *e* sounds the dashing of its rapids. Notice how the consonant sounds are repeated in lines 31, 48, 78. Alliteration is very skilfully and effectively employed throughout the poem, which originally began with line 17, and closed with line 66.

The next great poem of this period was "To a Waterfowl," which strengthened the impression that "Thanatopsis" had created. It was written at a time when Bryant was feeling particularly forlorn and desolate, and just when he was about to take up work as lawyer. Rambling as usual, he had reached the top of a mountain flooded with brilliant light. Glancing upward he saw a solitary bird taking its flight along the illuminated horizon. He watched the lone wanderer until it disappeared in the distance, asking himself, while doing so, whither had it come, and to what far home was it flying. Filled with such thoughts, he went home and poured forth his thoughts in lines as imperishable as our language.

The next poem of this period that added to Bryant's fame was "A Forest Hymn." It was a simple outpouring of his soul in worship to that Universal Spirit, which others, less simple and austere, find only in houses made with hands. The thoughts enshrined in it came to him as he wandered in the woods

at Great Barrington. How finely does he bring youth and age together! With how picturesque and poetic feeling does he evoke among the trees, which rise around him in their youth and glory, the shadows of those which have fallen, and whose limbs are rotting beneath them! With what magnificent contrast does he place "Life and Death" side by side, seating the former upon "the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre," and painting him as drawing nourishment from the triumphs of his "ghastly foe!" The purest and the broadest spirit of a syncretic religious faith is announced and evolved throughout the poem. It is upon this that its appeal is based to all whose piety is not merely based upon convention—the worn-out shibboleth of words and signs,—but a feeling whose impulse enters alike into their hearts and souls.

Other poems of this period worthy of note are: "The Ages," dealing with human progress and seeking to answer the question whether goodness is increasing or diminishing on the earth; "The Yellow Violet," teaching the lesson of humility; "June," a beautiful prophecy of Bryant's death; and "O Fairest of the Rural Maids," the only one of his love poems of this period he would permit published.

1825-1845: The famous poems of the third period are "The Death of the Flowers" and "The Antiquity of Freedom." It is not too much to say that "The Death of the Flowers" is the most exquisite poem of the kind in the language—as perfect, in its way, as Keats's "Ode to Autumn," which it resembles in grace and delicacy of conception, and surpasses in fidelity and picturesqueness of description. It is interesting also because of the light it sheds on a painful incident in the life of Bryant,—the early death of a beloved sister (read last four lines of the poem). How fine a landscape is condensed into the two lines:

> "When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
> And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill."

Stoddard calls it "an immortal dirge." Take the following lines from "The Antiquity of Freedom:"

> "O Freedom! Thou art not, as poets dream,
> A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs."

Does not this fine portrait seem drawn by a veritable master? And the following lines:

> "And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
> With which the Roman master crowned his slave
> When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
> Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
> Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
> Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
> With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
> Are strong with struggling."

Is not the image brought up before your eyes an admirable one? Does it not seem, actually, to float before you? How grand is his description of the early life of Freedom given in that passage which commences,

> "Thou wert twin-born with man."

Every line following this is clear and admirable painting, and justifies the valuation set upon his poetic powers.

Other poems of this period worthy of note are: "The Winds," unequaled by any other of his writings for force of expression and boldness of imagery; "To the Past," regarded one of the noblest of his meditative poems, and "The Future Life," a poem addressed to his wife, and which should be read frequently, and with deepest feeling. It is not one of his best, but it is one which

moves us most, and which we feel most grateful for; "The African Chief," a fine declamation; "The Evening Wind," an exquisite production showing less of the recluse and more of the philanthropist; "To the Fringed Gentian," teaching the lesson of Christian hope, and suggesting hope of heaven in the late autumn of life.

1845-1878: To the fourth and last period belongs that pendant to "Thanatopsis," his first great poem, "The Flood of Years," in which is shown the balanced and lasting nature of his faculty. Created in Bryant's old age, it is equal to "Thanatopsis" in dignity and finish, but is less original. It is an attempt to describe time and life as they are, and not as they appear to those who are in the midst of them. Other poems of this period worthy of note are: "The Planting of the Apple Tree," "Robert of Lincoln," "A Lifetime," "The Conqueror's Grave," "The May Sun Sheds an Amber Light," "Sella," "The Little People of the Snow," "The Poet," "The Path," "The Rain Dream," "A Day Dream," and "The Constellations."

II. As Translator.

As translator, Bryant is worthy of attention and study. He began translating as early as 1811, and continued, at different intervals, down to his death. His greatest and best translations are the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The best characteristics of his "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are: (1) General, though not invariable, fidelity to the text, as compared with former versions by poets of equal rank; (2) simplicity of phrase and style; (3) approximate transfusion of the heroic spirit; (4) purity of language. He naturally handled to best advantage descriptive passages, the verses in the Fifth Odyssey narrating the visit of Hermes to Calypso furnishing a case in point. Translators of Homer are shut up to choice of few forms deemed fittest representatives of the majestic movement of his song, which are the heroic rhymed couplet, the Spenserian stanza, the old ballad measures, the English hexameter, and blank verse. Bryant, in his translation, discarded rhyme, because, as he says, it offered a constant temptation to petty infidelities, and to employment of expressions which have an air of constraint, and do not adequately convey the thought. He made a trial of hexameter, but was not satisfied; his versions in that metre of the visit of Ulysses and in other passages show considerable ease in handling, but fall far below his versions of the same passages in blank verse, which he definitely adopted. This measure, as it has been written by Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Lander, Tennyson, and Bryant himself, though it does not adequately convey the movement of Homer, is yet in itself so free, full, musical, and grand, lending itself alike to most graceful and imposing narrative, and to most delicate as well as interesting utterances of passion, that (until the hexameter has attained a flexibility and fluency it has not yet reached) it must be our noblest vehicle for rendering Grecian epic.

III. As Prose Writer and Journalist.

Bryant's prose may be classified under six heads.

1. Literary Essays.
2. Narratives.
3. Commemorative Discourses.
4. Occasional Addresses.
5. Sketches of Travel.
6. Editorial Comments and Criticisms.

1. His Literary Essays are: "On the Nature of Poetry;" "The Value and Uses of Poetry;" "Relation of Poetry to Time and Place;" "On Originality and Imitation;" "Early American Verse;" "On Trisyllabic Feet in Iambic Measures;" "Nostradamus Provençal Poets;" "Moriscan Romances;" "Female Troubadours;" "Oldham's Poems;" "Abraham Cowley;" "Poets and Poetry of the English Language."

2. His Narratives are: "The Whirlwind;" "The Indian Spring;" "The Marriage Blunder;" "The Skeleton's Cave;" "A Story of Cuba."

3. His Commemorative Discourses are: "James Fenimore Cooper;" "Washington Irving;" "Fitz-Greene Halleck;" "Gulian Crommelin Verplanck."

4. His Occasional Addresses are: "Louis Kossuth;" "Our Native Fruits and Flowers;" "Music in the Public Schools;" "The Newspaper Press;" "Frederick Schiller;" "John Winthrop;" "A Birthday Address;" "The Academy of Design;" "Mexico and Maximilian;" "Freedom of Exchange;" "The Electric Exchange;" "The Metropolitan Art Museum;" "Translators of Homer;" "The Mercantile Library;" "Italian Unity;" "Samuel F. B. Morse;" "Negotiation vs. War;" "German Literature;" "Darwin's Theory;" "Municipal Reform;" "Literary Missionaries;" "Shakespeare;" "Sir Walter Scott;" "Robert Burns;" "The Princeton Library;" "Franklin as Poet;" "National Honesty;" "Goethe;" "Mazzini."

5. His Sketches of Travel are: "Illinois Fifty Years Ago;" "A Tour in the Old South;" "The Early Northwest;" "Glimpses of Europe;" "Cuba and the Cubans;" "A Visit to Mexico."

6. His Editorial Comments and Criticisms are: "On Writing Tragedy;" "American Society as a Field for Fiction;" "On the Dramatic Use of Scripture Characters;" "The Character of Sheridan;" "Bonaparte's Corsican Traits;" "Effect of Climate on Age;" "Abolition Riots; "Funeral of Aaron Burr;" "On Usury Laws;" "Mr. Webster's Wit;" "Slam Bang & Co.;" "New York Bird-Catchers;" "Sensitiveness to Foreign Opinion;" "A Reply to Attacks;" "John Quincy Adams;" "The Corn Law Controversy;" "Friar Tuck Legislation;" "Lord Brougham's Last Contribution to Social Science;" "The Utility of Trees;" "A Retrospective Glance."

As journalist Bryant possessed rare judgment in practical affairs no less than rare taste and power in verse. During his editorial life of more than fifty years he used his abilities and exertions in affecting the sentiments and aims of his fellow-men. Never a party man or a party editor, he was never subservient to party counsels, and never hesitated to oppose party managers when he could not sympathize with their views. On this account, the New York *Post*, his newspaper, passed through more than one crisis, at one time being threatened with destruction by a mob, at another suffering extreme financial straits, so that he thought seriously of going West to begin anew. But nothing changed his attitude for a moment. There was no letting down the high standard he had set for himself, and by which he persisted in judging others. Nor was his paper without success in the best sense. In all details he was a strict economist, and made economy the rule of his establishment by his example.

IV. As Orator.

As orator, another side of Bryant's literary character is presented. Although the newspapers of the day persisted in calling him "the old man eloquent," he was not an orator in the strictest sense of the term. He lacked the passion and enthusiasm necessary to the orator. But by perseverance and hard work in overcoming his shyness, he gradually acquired an easy and pleasant way of addressing public assemblages, and toward the latter part of his life was in great demand as public speaker. He was singularly happy in seizing the tone of the company, no matter what were the circumstances or the occasion; his remarks were not only pertinent, but eminently felicitous; with no pretension to eloquence, he was always impressive, often pathetic, and sometimes quietly humorous, with a zest and pungency that touched the feelings of the audience to the quick. On more important occasions, when the principal speech was assigned to him, he discharged the trust with tranquil dignity of manner, serene self-possession, and amplitude of knowledge and illustration that invariably won admiration. His last address, delivered on the day of his fatal attack, at the

unveiling of the bust of Mazzini, in Central Park, New York, is a masterpiece of descriptive oratory, unsurpassed by any of his previous similar efforts.

Bryant usually wrote at length and committed to memory what he desired to say; but he sometimes spoke on impulse, and generally with more animation and earnestness of manner than in his prepared addresses. But whether he delivered a prepared or an extemporaneous address, his remarks were sure to contain some wise observation, some scrap of learning, some agreeable historical reminiscence, some stroke of humor, or some felicity of phrase, which rendered them worthy of note.

Suggested Selections for Study: "On American Poetry," "Letters from the East."

Suggested Orations for Study: "Cooper," "Irving," "Morse," "Scott," "Mazzini."

Mastering his work to the very end, it was his lot at last to bow, as became a poet of nature, before her own life-nurturing forces, and thus submit to her kindest universal law. The question of a passage in "An Evening Revery" was answered and the prophecy fulfilled.

"O thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time—for ye are one!
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and Death
Come unforewarned."

CRITICISMS.

I—The Man.

"Simple in habits, plain and unassuming in address, slender in figure, with a slight stoop. He early became bald, and in late years his white beard and hair gave him a patriarchial look. His forehead was high, narrow and impending, eyebrows heavy, eyes dark and keen, nose aquiline. Some traces of New England country brogue remained in his conversational speech, but were not perceptible in his public addresses, which were eloquent and impressive."—*Hawthorne* and *Lemon.*

"The man was the soul of the poet and the patriot, and his life was marvelously consistent, his character and his works whole and without stain. His quick and gentle eye, his delicate and vigorous senses, and his apt and agile hand and foot showed the sensibility and strength that worked his career, and enabled his pen to paint his page with beauty, truth, and courage. He was more of a practical sage than a speculative philosopher. In his affections he was kindly and constant. He had many friends and kept and served them and made sacrifices for them. He never set himself above the lowliest of his associates, and was as free from arrogance as from servility. If not a very social man he came to be more than almost any in sympathy with his neighbors and the community by his hold upon the great principles and interests. He was, in his way, poet, editor, farmer, forester, herdsman, chemist, physiologist, political economist, naturalist, artist, historian, and somewhat of a theologian, and ready to say his word whenever called and able to comply. His social life deepened with advancing years, and in his enthusiasm for public interests and associations during the last twenty years he seemed to have a second youth more susceptible and sometimes more impulsive than his first youth."—*Samuel Osgood.*

"The strongest point in Bryant's character was simplicity. This is no more true of his poems than of his prose writings; no more true of either than of his daily pur-

suits and habits. In winter he rose at half-past five; in summer from half an hour to an hour earlier. With little clothing on his body he immediately began an hour's exercise with dumb-bells, a horizontal bar, and a light chair swung round his head. Sometimes he gave more than an hour to this exercise, but never less. When it was over he bathed from head to foot. In the summer, if living at Roslyn, he usually shortened the exercise in the chamber, and went out of doors to engage in work that required brisk exercise, such as pruning trees and cutting wood. After the bath, if breakfast was not ready, he sat in his library. No breakfast could be plainer than his —hominy and milk, or brown bread, oatmeal and wheaten cakes he did not refuse, but coffee and animal food he never took; occasionally he drank chocolate. After the meal he engaged for a while at his studies, and if in the city walked to the *Evening Post* office, a distance of three miles. After three hours he returned, always walking, whatever the condition of streets or weather might be. If living in the country, he studied or read until weary, and then went into the garden to prune pear-trees, or walked through the woods; he seldom drove. He dined early on vegetables, with a little meat or fish. At supper he never drank tea, but was satisfied with bread, butter, and fruit. Fruit formed a large part of his diet, and he ate it at almost any time without inconvenience. In the city he ate only two meals a day. Water was his almost exclusive drink, though he occasionally took wine. He once said that he was a natural temperance man, his mind being rather confused than exhilarated by alcohol. He retired early; in town at ten, in the country somewhat earlier. For several years he avoided in the evening any kind of literary occupation which tasked the faculties, such as composition, even to the writing of letters, because it excited his nervous system, and prevented sound sleep. He never used tobacco. 'I never meddle with it except to quarrel with its use. I abominate drugs and narcotics, and have always carefully avoided everything which spurs nature to exertions which she would not otherwise make.' "—*N. Y. Tribune.*

II.—The Poet.

"The true measure of Bryant's greatness is that he has written at least two score of pieces of which any one would wreathe a deathless halo around his head. In all of them we are impressed by the same absolute truth of tone and manner, the same chastity of thought and word, the same easy and pliant grace of movement, the same deep and grave and yet tender and almost plaintive spirit of humanity. Poetry with him was not a divine madness, but the deliberate exercise of his highest faculties. He was not whirled hither and thither by whims, but was always calm and steadfast. He saw clearly and he wrote clearly. His range of subjects is not large, but within that range he is supreme. He sings of nothing alien to the nature of man. The feelings he expresses, the experiences he describes are common to the race. It is not difficult to follow him in the highest flights of his imagination and the profoundest meditations of his soul; for his language is understood by plain, unlettered folk. One needs to be something of a scholar, however, to appreciate the exquisite grace and purity and precision of his diction; and one needs also to have a surer taste than is in vogue now to appreciate his poems."—*R. H. Stoddard.*

"The range of his poetic gift embraces with comprehensive sympathy the progress and struggles of humanity, seeking its vindication in universal and enlightened liberty,—the beauties and harmonies of nature in her many forms and the inspirations of art in its truthfulness to nature, and all these find their legitimate expression in productions of his muse."—*James Grant Wilson.*

"It is certain that Bryant has written some of the very best poetry that we have had in America."—*Emerson.*

"Bryant's name is classical in the literature of the language. Wherever English poetry is read and loved, his poems are known by heart. Collections of poetry, elegant extracts, school-books, national readers, and the like, draw largely upon his pieces. Among American poets his name stands, if not the very first, at least among the two or three foremost. Some of his pieces are perhaps greater favorites with the reading public than any others written in the United States."—*G. S. Hilliard.*

"Bryant's verse is always stately and impressive, with a deep, lingering music of its own, not with the subtle cadences of pas-

sionate outbursts characteristic of Poe, not with the pathos, variety or sweetness of Longfellow, or the homely grace and natural simplicity of Whittier, but with a deeper, more resonant and abiding note than any possessed by any of these. The impulse of Bryant's poetry is always fresh and natural; his reflections, grave, appropriate, stimulating; and in his finer pieces there is a depth of feeling fitly accompanied by the organ-tones of rhythm that subdues, while it holds ear and heart at time spell-bound." —*Thomas Bradfield.*

"No American has written better blank verse, and none, in hymns, or other sombre lyrics, has more effectually expressed his thought in iambic tetrameter four-line stanzas, with alternating rhyming lines or rhyming couplets. No American, furthermore, has made a worthier contribution to the accumulating literature of Homeric translation. Bryant's stately versions of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' have already endured without detriment the discussions and rivalries of many years."—*Charles Richardson.*

III.—The Translator.

"As standard English, the value of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' translations is beyond cavil. When they are compared with the most faithful and poetic blank-verse rendering which preceded them,—the work of Cowper,—they show accuracy and poetic quality."—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

"It has been a most delightful exercise to compare Bryant's version of the 'Iliad' with that of others, and point out its surpassing excellence."—*Taylor Lewis.*

IV.—The Prose Writer.

"Bryant has proved himself as great a master of prose as he is of poetry."—*Allibone.*

"Bryant's prose is admirable, a model of good English, simple, manly, felicitous, That its excellence has not been universally recognized is owing to several circumstances: (1) It appeared in crowded columns of a daily journal; (2) the Americans' appetite for works of travel demands more stimulating food than Mr. Bryant has chosen to give it; and (3) his poetry has overshadowed everything else that he has done."—*R. H. Stoddard.*

"Bryant's style in his 'Letters of a Traveler in Europe and America' is an admirable model of descriptive prose, without any appearance of labor, and finished with exquisite grace. The genial love of nature, and the lurking tendency to humor, which it everywhere betrays, prevent its severe simplicity from running into hardness, and give it freshness and occasional glow in spite of its prevailing propriety and reserve."—*Harper's Magazine.*

V.—Bryant's Style.

Bryant's prose has always received high commendation. The secret of it, so far as genius can communicate its secrets, may be found in a letter addressed by Bryant to the *Christian Intelligencer*, in reply to questions and published July 11, 1878:

"Roslyn, Long Island, July 6, 1863.

"It seems to me that in style we ought first and above all things to aim at clearness of expression. An obscure style is of course a bad style. In writing we should consider not only whether we have expressed the thought in a manner which meets our own comprehension, but whether it will be understood by readers in general.

"The quality of style next in importance is attractiveness. It should invite and agreeably detain the reader. To acquire such a style I know of no other way than to contemplate good models and consider the observations of able critics. The Latin and Greek classics of which you speak are certainly important helps in forming a taste in respect to style, but to attain a good English style something more is necessary—the diligent study of good English authors. I would recur for this purpose to the elder worthies of our literature—to such writers as Jeremy Taylor and Barron and Thomas Fuller—whose works are perfect treasures of the riches of our language. Many modern writers have great excellences of style, but few are without some deficiency.

"I have but one more counsel to give in regard to the formation of a style in composition, and that is to read the poets—the nobler and grander ones of our language. In this way warmth and energy is communicated to the diction, and a musical flow to the sentences. I have here treated the subject very briefly and meagrely, but I have given you my own method and the rules by which I have been guided through many years mostly passed in literary labors and studies."

In answer to a young man asking for criticism on an article he had written, Bryant sends this letter:

"My young friend: I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think that if you will study the English language you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I have found a better one in my own language.

"Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word, when a short one will do just as well.

"Call a spade by its name, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual labor; let a home be a home, and not a residence; a place, not a locality, and so on of the rest. When a short word will do you will always lose by a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of meaning; and, in the estimation of all men who are capable of judging, you lose in reputation for ability.

"The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be moderate and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but, in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straightforwardness are."

"His style is remarkable for its purity and elegance, no less than for the felicity of its illustrations. In controversy, he most frequently resorts to caustic but graceful irony. He is playful without being vulgar, pointed without grossness."—*Democratic Review.*

"As a writer of prose Bryant would have, perhaps, enjoyed a more brilliant reputation if he had been less distinguished in the walks of poetry. His acute political disquisitions, his admirable narratives of foreign travels, and his suggestive critical papers, which would have made the fame of a less eminent writer, are comparatively little known, and somewhat to the disadvantage of the younger race of writers in this country who would find in the study of these productions many choice lessons in the art of composition. The language contains few more perfect models of the simple graces of style, of chaste descriptive power, and of nameless felicities of expression which diffuse a subtle charm over the most unpretending prose like odors from a bank of violets."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

VI.—Bryant's "Index Expurgatorius."

On request, the New York *Evening Post* has furnished WERNER'S MAGAZINE the following list of words that Mr. Bryant forbade to be used in the *Post:*

Above and over (for "more than")
Artiste (for "artist")
Aspirant
Authoress
Beat (for "defeat")
Bagging (for "capturing")
Balance (for "remainder")
Banquet (for "dinner" or "supper")
Bogus
Casket (for "coffin")
Claimed (for "asserted")
Collided
Commence (for "begin")
Compete
Cortege (for "procession")
Cotemporary (for "contemporary")
Couple (for "two")
Darky (for "negro")
Day before yesterday (for "the day before yesterday")
Début
Decease (as a verb)
Democracy (applied to a political party)
Develop (for "expose")
Devouring element (for "fire")
Donate
Employé
Enacted (for "acted")
Endorse (for "approve")
En route
"Esq."
Graduate (for "is graduated")
Gents (for "gentlemen")
"Hon."
House (for "House of Representatives")
Humbug
Inaugurate (for "begin")
In our midst
Item (for "article, extract, or paragraph")
Is being done, and all passives of this form
Jeopardize
Jubilant (for "rejoicing")
Juvenile (for "boy")
Lady (for "wife")
Last (for "latest")
Lengthy (for "long")
Leniency (for "lenity")
Loafer
Loan or Loaned (for "lend" or "lent")
Located
Majority (relating to places or circumstances, for "most")
Mrs. President, Mrs. Governor, Mrs. General, and all similar titles
Mutual (for "common")
Official (for "officer")
Ovation
On yesterday
Over his signature
Pants (for "pantaloons")
Parties (for "persons")
Partially (for "partly")
Past two weeks (for "last two weeks" and all similar expressions relating to a definite time)
Poetess
Portion (for "part")
Posted (for "informed")
Progress (for "advance")
Quite (prefixed to "good" "large" etc.)

Raid (for "attack")
Realized (for "obtained")
Reliable (for "trustworthy")
Rendition (for "performance")
Repudiate (for "reject" or "disown")
Retire (as an active verb)
Rev. (for "the Rev.")
Role (for "part")
Roughs
Rowdies
Secesh
Sensation (for "noteworthy event")
Standpoint (for "point of view")
Start (in the sense of setting out)
State (for "say")
Taboo
Talent (for "talents" or "ability")
Talented
Tapis
The deceased
War (for "dispute" or "disagreement")

VII.—Bryant's Versification.

"The versification of Bryant is always correct, and often highly artistic and grand, abounding in fine though minute effects, which never could have been produced by any but a cunning word-artist, deep in the knowledge of language and its capabilities, and in sonorous rhythms and cadences. Smoothness and roughness, *seeming* roughness, but in reality *harmony*—as distinguished from and opposed to *melody*—alternate beautifully in many of his poems; after lines and passages of liquid softness, after melting cadences, come harsh words and lines, harsh, yet harmonious changes of cadences, which break the preconcerted flow of the rhythm, then becoming monotonous, and startle into delight from their very newness. His pauses frequently fall on the odd number of syllables, both in rhyme and blank verse, and the effect is fine. Throughout his volume are nicest points, rhyming sounds or artistic alliterations, which few save poets would see the fitness of and thoroughly appreciate." —*National Magazine.*

VIII.—Bryant's Religion.

"While not yet out of his teens, Bryant composed 'Thanatopsis.' It is solemn, awful in its solemnity, cheered by no ray of immortal hope; death, all death, death of all; sublime, but dreadful. He grows in years and wisdom; his mind expands with knowledge of truth; his heart is touched with the love of God and His Son Jesus Christ. He asked to be baptized, and to be permitted to receive the emblems of 'the sufferings He endured for our sakes.' No longer is the future black with 'Thanatopsis, a View of Death;' but the western horizon toward which his eyes now turn, is all aglow with the rosy dawn of immortality. The sun is setting in golden glory to rise in tenfold splendor on the world beyond; and the noble old bard, his vision filled with the image of one like unto the Son of God, exclaims: 'There can be no admiration too profound, no love of which the human heart is capable too warm, no gratitude too earnest and deep, of which He is justly the object. It is with sorrow that my love for Him is so cold, and my gratitude so inadequate.'"—*Leisure Hour.*

IX.—General Survey of Bryant.

"All Bryant's work, whether rhyme or blank verse, is carefully finished, and, with such consummate art, that it is perfect, simple, and natural, leaving no trace of the chisel; while his manifest keen enjoyment of the varied aspects of nature, and his powers of accurately describing them, are alike great and marvelous."—*A. J. Symington.*

"In reading Bryant's prose and verse, and in observing the poet himself, our judgments were the same. He always held in view liberty, law, wisdom, piety, faith; his sentiment was unsentimental; he never whined nor found fault with conditions or nature; he was robust, but not tyrannical; frugal, but not too severe; grave, yet full of shrewd and kindly humor. Absolute simplicity characterized him. Ethics were always in sight. His intellectual faculties, like his physical, were balanced to the discreetest level, and this without abasing his poetic fire. His genius was not shown by the advance of one faculty and the impediment of others; it was the spirit of an even combination, and a fine one."—*Stedman's "Poets of America."*

"Bryant's writings transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shore of the lovely lake, the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage, while they shed around the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes but splendid in all its vicissitudes."—*Washington Irving.*

"The only fault we have to find with Bryant is that he has written so little, and has chosen to scatter his brilliance amidst a constellation of little poetic stars, rather than to concentrate the light of his genius in some

immortal work, which would shine as a planet in the literary horizons to the latest generation."—*Allibone.*

"Although Bryant's enduring fame will rest chiefly upon his productions in verse, poetry was only his recreation—an intellectual pastime amid graver employments. The chief occupation of his life was that of journalist or rather of publicist, for he aimed rather to guide the public judgment than to furnish the community with news. He was an editor of the *Evening Post* for more than fifty years, and during this long period his influence was always actively felt in the politics of the country. Every journalist has reason to be proud of a profession, which so gifted and illustrious a man did not think unworthy of his abilities."—*N. Y. Herald.*

LIFE SKETCH OF BRYANT.

William Cullen Bryant, second son in family of five sons and two daughters, was born at Cummington, a new Massachusetts settlement, November 3, 1794, during second administration of George Washington. His head was of such enormous size that his father used to dip it in a cold spring, every morning, in hope that he might be able to reduce its size.

His father, Peter Bryant, called by his neighbors Deacon and Squire, a physician and surgeon of standing, and born of old Puritan stock, delighted in poetry. In his library were works of most of the eminent English authors. He wrote verses himself, mostly humorous and satirical. He was not unskilled in Latin poetry, the odes of Horace being favorites. He was fond of music, played well on violin, took great interest in politics, and belonged to the Federalists. He represented Cummington several successive years in the Massachusetts legislature, and was afterward member of the State senate. Bryant's mother, Sarah Snell Bryant, a careful economist and lover of good books, was lineal descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, both of whom came over in the "Mayflower."

1796 (16 months old). Knew all letters of alphabet.

1797 (3 years old). Began to read Bible and completed Book of Genesis.

1798 (4 years old). Finished reading Bible; was sent to district school; was kicked in forehead by a horse, the scar remaining all his life.

1799 (5 years old). Declaimed certain of Watts's hymns, always selecting those having sombre sentiments.

1802 (8 years old). Began to write verses.

1804 (10 years old). Converted first chapter of "Job" into verse; also paraphrased 104th Psalm. Wrote a rhymed address, choosing for theme the progress of knowledge in general, and of the school in particular, saluting each class of his hearers with graceful compliment, and delivering the same before teacher, clergyman, deacons, selectmen and visitors. This address became popular for recitation immediately after its publication in the *Hampshire Gazette* in 1807. Wrote in blank verse (his first effort in this measure) "David's Lament over Saul and Jonathan." Published other translations from Latin poets.

1806 (12 years old). Celebrated in verse the great eclipse of the sun.

1807 (13 years old). Wrote poem "The Embargo; or Sketches of the Times, A Satire;" also poems, "Reward of Literary Merit" and "Drought."

1808 (14 years old). Published "The Embargo; or Sketches of the Times, A Satire," by a Youth of Thirteen. Went to North Brookfield, Mass., to the Rev. Dr. Thomas Snell, his mother's brother, to begin Latin. Wrote "Ode to the Connecticut River," "Song," "The Contented Ploughman," and eleven enigmas.

1809 (15 years old). Published second edition of "The Embargo," corrected and enlarged, together with "The Spanish Revolution," and other poems. Completed his Latin studies and returned home. Went to the Rev. Moses Hallock, of Plainfield, Mass., to study Greek. At end of two months knew the Greek Testament as if it had been written in English. Returned home.

1810 (16 years old). Returned to Mr. Hallock for a course in mathematics. Completed the course and then entered sophomore class at Williams College. While there wrote poem "The Genius of Columbus," which shortly appeared in *Hampshire Gazette*; wrote also poem the "Indian War Song," and translated Anacreon's "Ode to Spring." After staying at Williams seven months he returned home and took a course of studies for entrance to junior class at Yale; but, when the time came for examination, his father could not afford to let him go, and as his father did not care to have him study medicine, he decided to take up law.

1811 (17 years old). Wrote "Thanatopsis, a View of Death" and "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," and hid them away in his father's desk. In December, went to Mr. Howe, of Worthington, to read Blackstone. Translated poem "Danaë."

1814. Wrote "Fourth of July Ode," and poem "The Yellow Violet." Was appointed adjutant in the Massachusetts militia.

1815. Admitted to the bar at Plymouth. Began to practice law at Plainfield and eight months later practiced also at Great Barrington. Became successful lawyer, and while at these places acted as tithing man, town clerk and justice of the peace, with authority to try small cases. Wrote poems "The Hunter of the West" and "To a Waterfowl."

1817. Bryant's father discovered "Thanatopsis" in his desk and took it to Boston. It appeared in the *North American Review*. "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood" also appeared under the title of "A Fragment." During this year he wrote his first elaborate effort in prose, "An Essay on American Poetry," published in the *North American Review* in 1818. Translated poem, "Love's Power."

1818. Wrote poem "The Burial Place." Published "To a Waterfowl" and "Version of a Fragment of Simonides" in *North American Review*.

1819. Wrote poem "Green River." Degree of A.M. conferred on him by Williams College. Wrote essay, "Nostradamus Provencal Poets."

1820. Bryant's father died. Wrote poems "A Winter Piece," "Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids," "The Earth is Full of Riches," "His Tender Memories Are Over All His Works," "Blessed Are They That Mourn," "No Man Knoweth His Sepulchre," "Hymn to Death," "A Broken and Contrite Heart, Oh, God, Thou Wilt Not Despise," "How Amiable are Thy Tabernacles." Delivered Fourth of July oration at Stockbridge. Published, in *The Idle Man*, "Green River," "A Winter Piece" and "The Burial Place." Became engaged to Miss Frances Fairchild.

1821 (27 years old). Married Miss Fairchild June 11, at Great Barrington. She was the light of his household for nearly half a century. It was to her that he addressed "Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids," "The Future Life" and "The Life That Is," and her memory and her loss are set forth in "October." Read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, of Harvard College, "The Ages," his longest and most ambitious poem. Wrote and published in *The Idle Man* poems, "The West Wind" and "A Walk at Sunset." Published his first collection of poems containing "The Ages," "To a Waterfowl," "Version of a Fragment of Simonides," "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," "The Yellow Violet," "Song," "Green River" and "Thanatopsis."

1822. Wrote "The Freeman's Hymn" and translated "Spain," a poem.

1823. Wrote for the *United States Literary Gazette*, "The Indian Girl's Lament," "Ode for an Agricultural Celebration," "The Rivulet."

1824. Wrote "The Massacre at Scio," "March," "Rizpah," "The Old Man's Funeral," "To a sonnet;" "An Indian Story," "Summer Wind," "An Indian at the Burial Place of His Fathers," "Love's Seasons," "I Broke the Spell That Held Me Long," "Hymn of the Waldenses," "Monument Mountain," "After a Tempest," "Autumn Woods," "Mutation," a sonnet; "November," a sonnet; "Song of the Greek Amazon," "To a Cloud," "The Murdered Traveler." Edited (with R. C. Sands, anonymously) *The Atlantic Magazine*.

1825. Gave up the practice of law for literary profession. Wrote poems, "Hymn to the North Star," "The Lapse of Time," "The Song of the Stars," "A Forest Hymn," "June," "The African Chief," "The Greek Partisan," "A Song of Pitcairn's Island," "The Firmament," "Lines on Revisiting the Country," "To a Mosquito," "The Death of the Flowers." Removed to New York and edited (with R. C. Sands) *The New York Review and Literary Magazine*. His leisure moments he passed in perfecting Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. Prepared lectures on "Poetry."

1826. Became assistant editor of New York *Evening Post*. Was appointed professor at National Academy of the Arts of Design. A volume of poems was published under the title of "Miscellaneous Poems." It contained poems taken from the *United States Literary Gazette*, and twenty-three of them had been contributed by Bryant. Wrote poems, "A Meditation on Rhode Island Coal," "The New Moon," "The Journey of Life," "The Gladness of Nature," "Midsummer," "A Summer Ramble," "The Two Graves," "The Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus," "The Damsel of Peru." Translated poems, "Springtime," "Mary Magdalen," "The Life of the Blessed."

1827. Delivered course of lectures on mythology at the National Academy of the Arts of Design. Repeated the lectures in 1828, 1829 and 1831. Wrote poems. "Spring in Town" and "The Discontented Warrior."

1827-1830. Conducted *The Talisman*, 1828, 1829, 1830, contributing fifteen poems and thirteen prose sketches. His poems were (1827), "A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson," "The Hurricane," "William Tell," "The Close of Autumn." (1828) "To the Past," "The Hunter's Serenade," "The Greek Boy," "To the Evening Wind," "The Lament of Romero," "Upon the Mountain's Distant Head." (1829) "To the River Arve," "To Cole, the Painter, Departing for Europe," "Eva" and the translations, "Love and Folly," "The Siesta," "The Death of Aliator" and "The Alcayde of Molina." His prose: "An Adventure in the East Indies," "The Cascade of Melsingah," "Recollections of the South of Spain," "The Story of the Island of Cuba," "The Indian Spring," "The Whirlwind," "Early Spanish Poetry," "Phanette

des Gantelmes," "The Marriage Blunder," "The Devil's Pulpit" and "Reminiscences of New York."

1829. Became editor-in-chief and part owner of New York *Evening Post*. From now until death, in his eighty-fourth year, he was the central figure in the literary world of New York. His newspaper, while he controlled it, was an advocate of free trade and a bold champion of human liberty. Wrote poem, "To the Fringed Gentian" and the essay, "Moriscan Romances."

1830. Wrote poem, "Hymn to the City" and essay, "Female Troubadours."

1831. Wrote "Song of Marion's Men" and prepared new edition of his poems, comprising all published since 1821, and his 1821 collection.

1832. Published new collection of poems first in New York, later in Boston. Sent a volume to Washington Irving at London. Irving wrote a preface and had it brought out in London. Edited "Tales of the Glauber Spa," by several American authors; and contributed introduction and tales, "The Skeleton's Cave" and "Medfield." Visited his people in Illinois. Wrote poems, "The Prairies," "The Arctic Lover," "The Hunter of the Prairies" and "The Robber," and sketch, "Illinois Fifty Years Ago."

1833. Visited Canada with his wife.

1834-1837. Visited France, Italy and Germany. A third edition of his poems appeared in Boston and in New York. During this time he wrote may poems. (1834), "Earth;" (1835), "Seventy-six," "To the Apennines," "The Knight's Epitaph," "The Child's Funeral," "The Living Lost," "The Hunter's Vision," "The Strange Lady" and "Life." (1836), "Earth's Children Cleave to Earth," "The Green Mountain Boys," "Catterskill Falls" and "A Presentiment." (1837), "The Battlefield." His translations during this period (1834), "The Serenade;" (1835), "Song;" (1836), "The Count of Greiers." Wrote sketch, "Glimpses of Europe."

1838. Was poet at celebration of fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of Washington as President. Wrote poem, "The Death of Schiller."

1839. Wrote poems, "The Future Life," "The Fountain," "The Winds," "In Memory of William Leggett."

1840. Published "The Fountain and other Poems." Edited "Selections from the American Poets." Wrote poems, "The Old Man's Counsel," "An Evening Revery." Translated poem, "I Think of Thee."

1841. Visited the West, going again to Illinois; then visited the South. Wrote poem, "A Dream."

1842. Entertained Charles Dickens at his home. Attended ball given in his honor by the fashion and wealth of New York City at Park Theatre. Published a new edition of his poems and wrote poems. "The Painted Cup," "The Antiquity of Freedom," "The Maiden's Sorrow," "A Hymn of the Sea," "The Return of Youth," "Noon," "The Death of Channing."

1843. Visited the South again. Purchased a home at Roslyn, L. I. Wrote poems, "The Crowded Street," "The Whitefooted Deer." Wrote sketch, "A Tour in the Old South." Delivered address in behalf of American Copyright Club. Translated poems, "A Northern Legend" and "The Paradise of Tears."

1844. Published "The Whitefooted Deer and Other Poems." Wrote poem, "The Waning Moon."

1845. Visited England and Scotland. Wrote and published "The Stream of Life" and "The Unknown Way."

1846. Published illustrated edition of his poems. Wrote poems, "The Land of Dreams," "Oh, Mother of a Mighty Race." Visited the West and also his people in Illinois. Wrote sketch, "The Early Northwest."

1847. Mother died. Published the two poems written in 1846.

1848. Delivered funeral oration on Thomas Cole before National Academy of Design. Wrote poem, "The Aged Pastor."

1849. Visited the South again, then England, Scotland and the Continent. Wrote "The Planting of the Apple-Tree" and "The May Sun Sheds an Amber light." Wrote sketch, "Cuba and the Cubans."

1850. Published "Letters of a Traveler in Europe and America" and translated poems, "The Lady Windeck" and "The Saw Mill."

1851. Delivered address on Louis Kossuth.

1852. Delivered address on "Character of James Fenimore Cooper." Sailed for the Orient.

1853. Wrote poems, "The Burial of Love," "The Conquered Grave" and "The Voice of Autumn."

1854. Published two editions of his poems. Wrote poems, "The Snow Shower" and "A Rain Dream."

1855. Wrote and published poems, "Robert of Lincoln" and "The Twenty-seventh of March."

1856. Wrote and recited a hymn during celebration of the 200th anniversary of the settlement of the town of Bridgewater, June 3. Wrote and published poems, "Brooks Canada Song" and "In Memoriam." Delivered addresses, "Our Native Fruits and Flowers," and "Music in the Public Schools."

1857. Sailed for Europe with Mrs. Bryant and their younger daughter. Wrote poems, "An Invitation to the Country," "The Wind and the Stream," "A Song for New Year's Eve," "The River by Night," "Song."

1858. Wrote poems, "A Sick Bed," "The Life That Is," "A Day Dream." Returned to America. Translated "The Lost Bird" and "The Swallow." Delivered address, "The Newspaper Press."

1859. Published "Letters of a Trav-

eler," second series. Delivered ode at 200th anniversary of the settlement of Hadley, Mass. Wrote poems, "The Song of the Sower," "The New and the Old," "Waiting by the Gate," "The Cloud on the Way," "The Third of November," "Other Sheep I Have, Which Are Not of the Fold." Delivered address, "Frederick Schiller."

1860. Delivered discourse, "The Life, Character and Genius of Washington Irving." Was elected to fill vacancy left by Irving's death, in honorary membership of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Was presidential elector of Abraham Lincoln. Wrote poems, "The Constellations," "The Tides," "Italy" and "A Forest Hymn." Delivered address, "John Winthrop."

1861. Wrote poems, "Not Yet" and "Our Country's Call." Translated poems, "The Song Sparrow" and Civil War."

1862. Published revised edition of his poems and wrote poems, "Sella," "Blessed Art Thou Among Women and "The Better Age."

1863. Wrote poems, "The Little People of the Snow," "The Poet," "The Path," "A Tale of Cloudland" and "Fifty Years."

1864. Published "Thirty Poems," containing his more recent poems and a translation of a part of the fifth book of the "Odyssey." Wrote poems, "The Return of the Birds" and "My Autumn Walk." Festival was given in his honor by the Century Club. Bancroft, the historian, was president and delivered address of greeting. Holmes read a poem composed for the occasion. Whittier and Lowell sent poems to be read. Longfellow and other famous people sent letters of congratulation on his having attained his seventieth birthday. Ralph Waldo Emerson made a speech. Delivered "Birthday Address."

1865. Wrote poems, "Dante" and "Abraham Lincoln," and delivered address, "The Academy of the Arts of Design."

1866. Wrote poems, "The Death of Slavery" and "October." Began translation of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Sailed for Europe with younger daughter. Delivered funeral ode at obsequies of Abraham Lincoln in New York. Wrote poems, "Castles in the Air" and "Receive Thy Sight." Delivered address at dinner given in honor of Señor Matias Romero, minister from Mexico, March 29.

1867. Wrote poem, "A Brighter Day." Delivered address, "Mexico and Maximilian."

1868. Wrote poems, "Among the Trees" and "The Pastor's Return." Printed without publishing a small volume of hymns. Delivered addresses, "Freedom of Exchange" and "The Electric Exchange."

1869. Published "Letters from the East." Delivered address, "Life of Fitz Greene Halleck;" also addresses, "The Metropolitan Art Museums" and "Burns, the Poet."

1870. Published translation of the "Iliad." Delivered address, "Life and Character of Gulian C. Verplanck," May 17; also addresses, "Translators of Homer" and "The Mercantile Library."

1871. Published translation of the "Odyssey." Edited "Library of Poetry and Song." Published new edition of his poems, adding most of his new and later ones. Translated poem, "The Order of Nature." Delivered addresses, "Establishment of Italian Unity," "The Benefits of International Negotiations," "The Progress of German Literature," "Samuel F. B. Morse," "Negotiation vs. War." "Darwin's Theory" and "Burns."

1871-1874. Edited "Picturesque America; or the Land We Live In."

1872. Visited the Bahamas, Mexico, Cuba and New Orleans. Wrote poems, "The Tree Burial" and "A Legend of the Delawares." Wrote essay, "Oldham's Poems" and sketch, "A Visit to Mexico," and delivered addresses, "The Newspaper Press," "Municipal Reform," "Literary Missionaries," "Sir Walter Scott."

1873. Published a collection of orations and addresses. Wrote poem, "Two Travelers." Delivered address at inauguration of Ward's statue of Shakespeare in Central Park; also addresses, "The Princeton Library" and "The Newspaper Press." Was elected honorary member of Russian Academy, St. Petersburg.

1874. Delivered addresses, "Franklin as a Poet," "National Honesty" and "Free Trade." Celebration of his eightieth birthday.

1875. Honored by reception given by New York State Legislature. Was guest of honor of Gov. Samuel J. Tilden, at the executive mansion, Albany. Prepared an edition of Shakespeare (assisted by Mr. E. A. Duyckinck). Wrote poems, "The Mystery of the Flowers," "A Lifetime," "Our Fellow Worshippers," "The Star of Bethlehem." Translated poem, "The Ascension." Delivered address, "Goethe."

1876. Received commemorative vase prepared for his eightieth birthday. Was appointed on committee to receive Dom Pedro, of Brazil, on his visit to New York. Wrote "Centennial Hymn." Published collection of poems and wrote introduction to a Bryant text-book, "Sudies in Bryant." Wrote poem, "The Flood of Years," and essay, "Poets and Poetry of the English Language."

1876-1881. Wrote and published (with Sidney Gay) "Popular History of the United States." Delivered address, "Burns."

1877. Delivered address at unveiling of Fitz-Greene Halleck statue. Wrote poem, "The Captive Loose," "The Battle of Bennington," "In Memory of John Lothrop Motley." Wrote essay, "Abraham Cowley."

1878. Edited "New Library of Poetry

and Song," and wrote its introduction. Wrote poems. "The Twenty-second of February," "Cervantes" and translated nine fables. May 29, delivered address in Central Park at unveiling of Mazzini statue. Left shortly after his speech, feeling completely exhausted: walked across Park to house of a friend, and on the stoop fell and struck his head. He became unconscious; then, recovering slightly, he asked to be taken home. He was taken home and lived, though unconscious, until June 12, when he died, leaving behind the things which should accompany old age. The Mayor of New York ordered flags at half mast. The people mourned him. He was buried at Roslyn, N. Y., beside his wife.

BRYANT'S HOME AT ROSLYN, N. Y.

QUOTATIONS.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
"A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson."

If thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart.
"Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood."

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.
"The Battle Field."

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see,
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.
"Our Country's Call."

For "Thanatopsis" see page 3 of this issue.
For "The Death of the Flowers," "The Antiquity of Freedom," and "To a Waterfowl" see Recitation and Declamation department of this issue, pages 58, 60, 62.
For "The Fountain" and "A Forest Hymn" see "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 5." (35 cts.)
For "The Planting of the Apple-Tree" see "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 4." (35 cts.)
For Bryant's translation "Hector's Farewell to Andromache" see "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 14." (35 cts.)

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION

THIS DEPARTMENT PRESENTS THIS MONTH.

Dramatic Selection ..... "THE SUNKEN BELL."
Werner's Magazine Study Club Pieces..... "THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS."
"THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM."
"TO A WATERFOWL."
"THANATOPSIS" (page 3).
Humorous Selections ..... "A WOMAN WHO HAD A HISTORY."
(child's piece).. "WHEN PA PUTS UP THE STOVE-PIPE."
"MARY'S COMPOSITION ON COLUMBUS."
Oration (Pro-Boer)..... "LIBERTY AND EQUALITY."
Halloween Pieces..... "GHOS' STORIES."
"HALLOWEEN."
Action Recitation (child's piece)..... "THE PIG'S TAIL."
Commemorative Selection..... "COLUMBUS."

I.

The Sunken Bell.

BY GERHART HAUPTMANN.

Translated into English by Charles Henry Meltzer.

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CHARACTERS:

HEINRICH, *a bell-founder.*
MAGDA, *his wife.*
TWO CHILDREN, *boys,* aged 5 and 9.
THE VICAR.
OLD WITTIKIN.
RAUTENDELEIN, *an elfin creature.*
THE NICKELMANN, *an elemental spirit.*
THE WOOD-SPRITE.
TROLDS AND DWARFS.
VILLAGERS.

ARGUMENT: Even as Icarus fell after his flight into the sun, so did Heinrich fail in his endeavor to attain the unattainable. He was a man, a bell-founder, a dreamer, fettered as we are all fettered, by ties, affections, facts. He longed to reach the sun, to ring out a grand message from the sun to sorrowing humanity. He loved a radiant elf, Rautendelein, who had nursed him when he lay dying, put new strength into his veins, and gifted him with a new vision of life. And at her bidding, he deserted his village, his poor wife and little children, for the dizzy heights. He paid the inevitable price of man's abandonment of the immediate, for the remote and visionary, duty. If he sinned, he was punished. If he dreamed, he was awakened from his dream. He died. But the dawn of a new day streamed into his face as he took leave of life, and the bright elf who had beguiled him from the earth knelt by his side.

ACT I.

SCENE: A fir-clad glade in mountains. A hut, an old well. RAUTENDELEIN on edge of well combs her thick golden locks and addresses a bee.

RAUT. Thou buzzing, golden, wight—
whence com'st thou here?
Nay! Tease me not, thou sun-born good-for-naught!
Dost hear? . . . Begone! . . . 'Tis time I combed my hair.
Am I a rose-bush? . . . Are my lips a rose?
Away! Away! [*Bee flies off.*] . . . At last! . . . [*leans over well, calls down.*] Hey! Nickelmann!
I'm dull. . . . Wilt keep me company and tell
Me tales? Why then, to-night, perhaps, as a reward . . .
I'll creep into some farmer's yard and steal
A big, black cock for thee! . . . Ah, here he comes!

Ho! Nickelmann! Come—help me pass the time!

[NICKELMANN, *a water-sprite, half emerges from well. He is streaming with water. Weeds cling to his head. His eyes blink as if the daylight hurt them.*]

NICK. [*croaking*]. Brekekekex!

RAUT. [*mocking*]. Brekekekex! Ay, ay! Ha, ha, ha!

NICK. [*touchily*]. Brekekekex! Thou tom-tit, irk me not!

I say, beware! . . . So, Quorax! Quack, quack, quack!

RAUT. If Master Uncle's cross to-day,
I'll leave him all alone to play
And I'll go dance a ring-a-round.
Partners a-plenty, I'll be bound,
For pretty maidens may be found. [*Calling.*]
Heigh-y-aye!

WOOD-SPRITE [*heard without*]. Heigh-y-o!

RAUT. My merry fawn, come—dance with me, I pray!

[*The* WOOD-SPRITE *enters. They dance merrily till he seeks to embrace her, when* RAUTENDELEIN *flees to the hut.*]

WOOD-SPRITE [*flinging himself beside the well, tells* NICKELMANN *great news.*]

This morning roaming through brier,
Then climbing higher,
At last I reached the topmost wood.
There I espied a hateful brood
Of mortals, who did sweat and stew,
And dig the earth, and marble hew.
A curse upon their church and creed—
Their chapels and their clanging bells—
A devil of a joke! I stood on the brink
Of the cliff, chewing sorrel, to help me think,
As I rested against a stump of birch,
'Mid the mountain grasses, I watched the church.
With tower and spire, and, overhead,
The cross that you and I do dread.
All of a sudden, I saw the wing
Of a blood-red butterfly, trying to cling.
I called. On my hand I felt it light.
I knew the elf. It was faint with fright.
I calmed its fears.
It spoke.
"O, they're cracking their whips,
"And they gee! and they whoa!
"As they drag it aloft
"From the dale below.
"'Tis some terrible tub, that has lost its lid,
"All of iron! Will nobody rid
"Our woods of the horrible thing? 'Twould make
"The bravest moss-mannikin shudder and quake.
"They swear they will hang it, these foolish people,
"High up in the heart of the new church steeple,
"And they'll hammer, and bang, at its sides all day
"To frighten good spirits of earth away!"
I hummed, and I hawed, and I said, ho, ho!
As the butterfly fluttered its wings to go,
Then making my way to a swirling stream,
I hid in the brush, as a sturdy team
Came snorting, and panting, along the road—
Eight nags, tugging hard at their heavy load.
Quoth I to myself, the Fawn will play
Them a trick that will spare them more work to-day,
One clutch at the wheel—I had loosened a spoke—
A wrench, and a blow, and the wood-work broke.
A wobble, a crack, and the hateful bell
Rolled over—and into the gulf it fell!
And oh, how it sounded,
And clanged, as it bounded,
From crag to crag, on its downward way;
Till at last in the welcoming splash and the spray
Of the lake it was lost—for aye!

[*During the* WOOD-SPRITE'S *speech faint cries for help have been heard, coming from the wood. Enter* HEINRICH. *The* WOOD-SPRITE *vanishes in the wood and the* NICKELMANN *disappears in the well.*]

HEIN. Good people—open! Quick! I've lost my way! [*He sinks unconscious. The sun has set. Enter from wood, carrying basket on her back, old* WITTIKIN.]

WIT. Rautendel! Come and help me with my load! [*She sees* HEINRICH.]
What's this! A stranger? Well, well, I declare!
Plague take you! Are you dead?
A rare time I'd have of it, I'll be bound,
If they should find this fellow lying here,
They'd burn my house about my ears. Rautendel!

[RAUTENDELEIN *enters.*]

We have a visitor. Go! Fetch a truss of hay
And make a litter. He's still enough.

[WITTIKIN *exits into hut.* RAUTENDELEIN *kneels by* HEINRICH, *who recovers.*]

HEIN. Where am I, maiden?
RAUT. Why, in the mountains.
Lay down thy head, and take the rest thou need'st.
HEIN. Yes, yes! Tell me, child, what happened?
RAUT. Thou art not used to mountain ways. Thy home
Lies in the vale below, where mortals dwell.
Thou hast climbed far too high.
HEIN. Speak on, my child.
And look into mine eyes with thy strange eyes.
For lo, the world, within thine eyes renewed
Doth draw me back to life.
RAUT. [*uneasy*]. Then . . . as thou wilt. And yet . . .
HEIN. I'll tell thee all. I fell into the gulf;
Was hurled to the abyss—and died!
And even now I'm dead. The bell fell too.
We two—the bell and I. Sweet, how sweet, thou art! . . .
Nay, do not fear my hand. Thou'rt sacred!
Where have me met? . . . I surely know thy face.
I wrought for thee, and strove—in one grand Bell,
To wed the silver music of thy voice
With the warm gold of a Sun-holiday.
It should have been a master-work! . . . I failed.
Then wept I tears of blood.
RAUT. Wept tears of blood?
I cannot follow thee. What be these tears?
HEIN. Thou lovely picture! . . . Help me to sit up.

[RAUTENDELEIN *supports him.*]

Dost thou bend down to me? Then with love's arms,
Do thou release me from this cruel earth.
Whereunto the hour nails me, as to a cross.
Release me! For thou canst. I know thou canst!
And with thy tender hands pluck off the thorns
That crown my head. No crown! Love —only love!
How beautiful it seems. The darkling arms
Of the great firs move so mysteriously.
The very soul of fairy fantasy
Sighs through the wood. Come closer! Touch my eyes!
Thou art my fantasy! . . . Kiss me, sweet fantasy! [*He faints.*]

RAUT. Grandmother! Help him! Help him! He is dying!

[WITTIKIN *enters.*]

WIT. Well—mortals all must die.
So let him die. He'll be the better for 't.
See how life irks him, how it rends his heart,
Wi' pain and agony.

[*Voices of* VILLAGERS *heard without.*]

Come. Be warned, or thou wilt rue!

[*Exits into hut. Cries of "Heinrich! Heinrich!" outside.* RAUTENDELEIN *breaks a twig, and draws a circle with it round* HEINRICH.]

RAUT. Lo, I draw the magic ring!
Safe from every harm and ill,
Thus thou art. It is my will!

[*She hides. Enter* VILLAGERS *from the wood. They are weary and frightened. After much confusion they espy* HEINRICH. *The magic ring stops their approach to him, and at last they summon from the hut* WITTIKIN, *whom they believe to be a witch.*]

Who's there? [*She appears in the doorway.*]
VIC. A Christian.
WIT. What's your will?
VIC. In God's name, woman, whom thou dost not know—
Have done with all thy devilish juggleries,
And help this man! Here lies a child of God,
A Master, gifted with a wondrous art.
WIT. You're welcome to the creature. Take him hence.
VIC. Thou wicked, scolding hag! Thy way shall lead to Hell.
WIT. O spare your sermons. I ha' heard ye preach.
I know, I know. 'Tis sinful to ha' senses.
The Lord should take a rod to ye—poor fools!
Ay, fools are ye—all, all! and nothing more!

[*She breaks the spell of the magic ring and exits. Much frightened, the* VILLAGERS *bear* HEINRICH *away. The moonlight shines. Presently wood elves flutter on; they dance and sing;* RAUTENDELEIN *joins them. Their dancing is interrupted by the Faun, who rushes among them, and pursues them when they flee.* RAUTENDELEIN *is left lonely. The* NICKELMANN *rises from well as before.*]

NICK. Brekekekex! Brekekekex! Hey! Ho!

RAUT. Thou, dear water-sprite—alas, I am so sad.
NICK. Brekekekex! And which eye hurts thee, dear?
RAUT. But, perhaps, thou think'st I jest?
NICK. Ay, surely, surely.
RAUT. [*pointing to a tear in her eye*]. Look—what can it be?
NICK. What dost thou mean?
RAUT. A warm, wet drop has fallen on my lid.
A tiny, pure, warm, glitt'ring drop of dew.
There, only see!
NICK. By Heaven! 'Tis beautiful.
RAUT. What can it be?
NICK. A wondrous gem!
Within that little globe lies all the pain,
And all the joy, the world can ever know.
'Tis called—a tear!
RAUT. A tear! . . . I must have wept.
So now at last I've learned what these tears be . . .
NICK. Come to me, dear child!
RAUT. What good were that to me?
The edge of thine old well is wet and rough;
It irks me—so dost thou.
Another of those drops! How strange!
NICK. Still pouting?
RAUT. Do but go!
NICK. Speak thou, I pray.
RAUT. I long to leave you all and go away!
[*Her eyes fill with tears. She stares into distance.*]
NICK. [*with anguish*]. What have I done to thee? Where would'st thou go?
Is it the world of men that thou would'st know?
I warn thee, maiden. Man's a curious thing,
Who naught but woe to such as thou could bring.
Half he's our brother; yet, this many a day,
A foe he's been, and lost to us for aye.
Woe, woe to all who our free mountains flee
To join these mortals, hoping bliss to see!
Pry thou no further, but let Man alone;
Lest thou should hang about thy neck—a stone.
Man will but sadden thee with his grey skies,
And turn thy happy laugh to tears and sighs.
I know a rare crown, all of crystal so green,
In a great golden hall, thou shalt wear it, my queen.
[*She turns to go.*]
Where art thou going?
RAUT. Oh, whither I will
Go I.
NICK. And whither would'st go?
RAUT. Away and away!
NICK. Away and away?
RAUT. [*flinging her arms aloft*]. To the world of men!
[*She vanishes in the wood.*]
NICK. [*terrified*]. Quorax!
[*Whimpering.*]
Quorax!
[*Softly.*]
Quorax!
[*Shaking his head sadly.*]
Brekekekex!

ACT II.

SCENE: HEINRICH, unconscious, is brought home to his wife MAGDA. Recovering under her care, he tells her something of what has happened to him. When she protests her love, and the splendor of his latest work, the bell, he answers:

HEIN. 'Twas for the valley—not the mountain-top!
I only know 't. Thou Magda do not know.
So I must die—I wish to die, my child.
For, look now: Should I heal—as men would call 't—
I'd be at best a botch, a crippled wretch;
And so the warm and generous draught of life—
Would turn to a stale, flat, unsavory brew,
Thin, and grown cold and sour. I'll none of it!
MAGDA. For God's sake, husband, tell me what to think!
What has come over thee—a man so strong,
So blessed, so weighted down with Heaven's best gifts;
Respected, loved of all—of all admired,
A master of thy craft! . . .
HEIN. My latest work has failed.
It fell a hundred fathoms deep, ay more,
Into the mere. There, in the mere, now lies
The last and noblest work my art could mould!
Not all my life, as I have lived it, Magda,
Had fashioned, or could fashion, aught so good.

While I lie drinking the poor dregs of life,
Deep in the waters of the lake it's drowned.
My heart's desire was bound up in the tones—
The buried tones I never more shall hear.
And now the life to which I clung so tight
Is turned to bitterness, and grief, and rue,
Madness, and gloom, confusion, pain and gall!

. . . . . .

Well, let life go! The service of the valleys
Charms me no longer, and no more their peace
Calms my wild blood. Since on the peak I stood,
All that I am has longed to rise, and rise,
Cleaving the mists, until it touched the skies!
I would work wonders with the power on high;
And, since I may not work them, being so weak;
Since, even could I, with much straining, rise,
I should but fall again—I choose to die!
Youth—a new youth—I'd need, if I should live:
Heart-health, and strength and the mad lust of triumph,
Steeling my hand to work none yet have dreamed of!

MAGDA. O Heinrich, Heinrich, don't, I am afraid!

HEIN. [*tormented, collapsing, and delirious*]. Leave me, Magda. . . . Leave me . . . and . . . let me . . . die! . . .

[*He becomes unconscious.*]

[RAUTENDELEIN *enters disguised as a village girl, for whom* MAGDA *mistakes her.* MAGDA *hastens for help, leaving* RAUTENDELEIN *to care for* HEINRICH. *She bustles about the hearth, then throws open the windows.* HEINRICH, *recovering, sees her.*]

HEIN. [*amazed*]. Tell me . . . Who art thou?

RAUT. I? Rautendelein.

HEIN. Rautendelein? I have seen thee once before.
Where was it?

RAUT. Why, 'twas on the mountain-side.

HEIN. True. . . . Nay! I must be dreaming.

RAUT. Art thou so sure?

HEIN. Ah, be what it will: or dream, or life—
Real or unreal, within me or without,
Child of my brain, or whatsoe'er thou art,
Still I do love thee, for thou art thyself.
Stay with me, sweet spirit. Only stay!

RAUT. So long as thou shalt choose.

HEIN. Then . . . I do dream.
But tell me whence thou'rt sprung and who has sent thee!
What would'st thou of a broken man?

RAUT. I like thee.
Whence I did spring I know not—my home's the wood,
The mountain-side, the crag; the storm-swept moor—
Where the wind moans and rages, shrieks and groans,
There thou wilt find me, whirling through the air;
There I laugh loud, and shout for sheer, mad joy;
And who should anger me had best beware.
I'm thus, or thus, and change with each new whim.
But thee I am fond of . . . Yet were it best
Thou camest with me to my mountain home,
I'd serve thee—I'd hang upon thy lids!
Froward, unruly, lazy I may be;
Yet ere thou'dst time to speak, I'd nod thee —yes.

HEIN. Thou dear, dear child!

RAUT. To me is given
The power to open every eye I kiss
To the most hidden mysteries of earth
And air.

HEIN. Then kiss me!

RAUT. [*kissing his eyes*]. Ye eyes, be opened!

HEIN. Ah, thou lovely child,
Sent to enchant me in my dying hour—
How I would press thee to this leaping heart!
Mine eyes were blinded. Now, they're filled with light,
And, as by instinct, I divine thy world.
How golden gleams thy hair! How dazzling bright! . . .

[*He swoons.*]

RAUT. Master, sleep is thine!
When thou wakest, thou art mine.
One, two, three. A new man be!
For the future thou art free!

HEIN. [*awakening*]. What's happened to me? . . . From what wondrous sleep

Am I aroused? . . . What is this glorious sun
That, streaming through the window, gilds my hand?
O breath of morning! Heaven, if 'tis thy will—
If 'tis thy strength that rushes through my veins—
If, as a token of thy power, I feel
This strange, new, beating heart within my breast!
Then, should I rise again—again I'd long
To wander out into the world of life;
And wish, and strive, and hope, and dare, and do . . .
And do . . . and do . . .

[RAUTENDELEIN *has moved back.*]

MAGDA [*rushing in and crying eagerly*]. How is it with thee?
HEIN. [*his eyes fixed on* RAUTENDELEIN]. Well, ah, well! I'll live!
I feel it. I shall live . . . Yes! I shall . . . Live!

[*He gazes fixedly, not at* MAGDA, *but at* RAUTENDELEIN.]

ACT III.

SCENE: High among the mountains. The scene is marred and desolated by sign of man's toil, trees lie hewn, rocks broken and bared. There is a rough water-trough. The WOOD-SPRITE is complaining to the NICKELMANN, who rises from the trough.

WOOD-SPRITE. Accursed wight!
He crowds us from our hills. He hacks and hews,
Digs up our metals, sweats, and smelts, and brews.
The earth-man and the water-sprite he takes
To drag his burdens, and, to harness, breaks.
Our fairest elf's his sweetheart.
She steals my red-brown ores,
My precious stones, my resinous stores.
She serves him like a slave, by night and day.
'Tis he she kisses—us she keeps at bay.
Naught stands against him. Ancient trees he fells.
The earth quakes at his tread, and all the dells
Ring with the echo of his thunderous blows.
His crimson smithy furnace glows and shines
Into the depths of my most secret mines.
What he is up to, only Satan knows.
NICK. Brekekekex! Hadst thou the creature slain,
A-rotting in the mere long since he had lain—
The maker of the bell, beside the bell.
WOOD-SPRITE. By cock and pie! That, truly, had been well.
NICK. [*whimpering*]. He makes her rings, and chains and bracelets rare—
Kisses her neck, her breast, her golden hair.
WOOD-SPRITE. He has a fancy for the child? What then?
'Tis plain she does not love you water-men.
NICK. I'll have his blood, I say!
WOOD-SPRITE. Thou'rt powerless.
NICK. I'll tear him limb from limb.
WOOD-SPRITE. She will not have thee.
RAUT. [*heard singing without*]. A beetle sat in a tree
Zum! Zum!
A coat all black and white had he!
Zum! Zum!

[*She enters.*]

Oho! We've company. Godden to you,
Hast washed that gold for me, good Nickelmann?
Hast brought the pine-stumps, as I ordered thee,
Dear Goat's-Foot? . . . See: I bend beneath the weight
Of the rare treasures I have found to-day.
Oh, I'm no laggard when I set to work!
NICK. Brekekekex.
RAUT. Go, get thee whence thou cam'st.

[*The* NICKELMANN *sinks silently.*]

WOOD-SPRITE. Ods bobs!
RAUT. Go—get thee gone!
WOOD-SPRITE. Thou'rt in a hurry? . . .
Tell me first—what is the Master doing?
RAUT. He's working a great work!
WOOD-SPRITE. Come to the hazelwoods with me!
What he could be to thee, I'll be.
RAUT. O thou beast! Thou rogue! Thy strength is vain.
Here he, the Master, and his will must reign!
WOOD-SPRITE. What's that to me? . . . My greeting to thy love.
Some day, thou'lt see, I'll be thy turtle-dove.

[*Exits laughing.*]

RAUT. What ails me? . . . Here the air seems close and warm.
Up yonder by the falls I trod on a snake
As it lay sunning itself on a stone.
It bit at me. . . . Heigho! . . . How close it is! . . .
Steps! Hark! Who comes?

[VICAR *enters breathless.*]

VIC. The road was rough. I've come to do God's work.
My pains will be repaid a hundredfold
If, like the Blessed Shepherd, I should find
One poor, lost sheep, and bring him safely home.
So courage! Courage! Is there no one here?

[*He sees* RAUTENDELEIN.]

Ah, there thou art.
RAUT. [*frightened*]. What do you seek?
VIC. I pray thee, tell me—art thou here alone?
RAUT. Thou hast no right to question me!
VIC. Oho!
Thou creature! Now my course is plain.
RAUT. Man, beware!
VIC. My heart is pure.
I fear thee not!
Think not to daunt me with thy scornful glance—
Thou devilish thing hast lured him to thy hills!
RAUT. Whom?
VIC. Whom? Why, Master Heinrich. Canst thou ask?
Thou hast witched him, till he obeys thee like a dog.
A man so upright, pious to the core;
A father and a husband! Thou insolent jade,
Not me alone, not only his wife and boys—
No—all mankind thou hast cheated of this man!
RAUT. Ah, look before thee! See who comes this way!
Dost thou not hear the free and even sound
Of his firm footsteps? Hail! O Master! Thee I greet!

[*She runs to meet* HEINRICH *and throws herself into his embrace.*]

HEIN. [*to* VICAR]. Welcome! Thrice welcome, friend!
VIC. Now God be praised!
You, who but lately came so near to death,
Now stand before me, beaming with rude strength,
Straight as a stout young beech. What wrought this change?
How, in a moment, has the grace of God,
With but a puff of His all-quickening breath,
Helped you to spring from your sick-bed to life.
HEIN. 'Tis even as you say. In all my frame I feel
Wonders are being worked.

[*To* RAUTENDELEIN.]

Go thou, my dear,
The Vicar must be thirsty. Bring some wine.

[*She goes.*]

This is my first encounter with a friend
Since I released myself from the distress
And shame that sickness brings.
VIC. Now God be thanked!
They lied, who, in the valley, had proclaimed
You were no more the man that once we knew.
HEIN. That man am I, and yet . . . another man.
Open the windows—Light and God stream in!
Give me your right hand! Here comes the wine.
I drink our good health—thine and mine.
VIC. Good health to him so wondrously healed.
HEIN. Yes. I am healed—indeed. I draw
Strength and new rapture with each living breath.
It is as though the very youth of May
Gladdened my heart and streamed into my being.
I feel it in my arm—'tis hard as steel;
My hand, impatient for great deeds.
See yonder tree? Freya once rested in its boughs.
Hark to the hum of countless bees—
Eager to sip sweet draughts from every leaf!
I feel that I am like that wondrous tree . . .
Even as he came down into these boughs,
So did the god descend into my soul,
And, in an instant, it was all a-bloom.
VIC. Whether your fruit shall ripen rests with God!

HEIN. Surely, dear friend, does He not order all?
What's germed within me's worthy of His blessing.
A work of noblest metals wrought, a chime
That, of itself, shall ring, and, ringing, live.
VIC. For what church are you making your great work?
HEIN. For no church.
VIC. Then, who ordered it, my friend?
HEIN. He who commanded yonder pine to rise.
VIC. Who pays you for your work?
HEIN. Who pays me? Father! Father!

[HEINRICH *now unfolds the full splendor of his dream. He is building a temple whence a golden chime of bells shall bid the world to worship the all-vivifying sun. The* VICAR, *horrified, denounces him, and commands him to return to his right creed, his duty, and his home.*]

VIC. Awake! Arise! Come back, my son, to Christ!
It is not yet too late. You have a wife and children.
Renounce this wanton hag. You shall be saved!
HEIN. What time I fevered lay, a prey to death,
She came, and raised me up, and made me well.
VIC. 'Twere better you had died—than live like this!
HEIN. I live anew, and, till death comes, must thank
Her who did give me life.
VIC. Now—I have done!
Too deep, yea to the neck, you are sunk in sin!
Yet mark this, Master: Wrong is never right, nor evil good.
The hemlock of your sin no man may hope
To rid your soul of. There's a word named rue!
And some day, some day, as your dreams you dream,
A sudden arrow shot from out the blue
Shall pierce your breast! In that dread day you'll curse
All you now cherish—God, the world, your work,
Your wretched self you'll curse. Then—think of me!
HEIN. The things you rave of never shall come true,
And I am guarded well against your arrow.
No more it frets me, nor my heart can shake,
Than that old bell, which in the water rolled—
Where it lies buried now, and hushed—forever!
VIC. That bell shall ring again! Then think of me!

ACT IV.

SCENE: Same as before; the desolation is increased. HEINRICH is seen driving the trolds and dwarfs to work at the forge. He rules them fiercely, and they are mutinous. At last, angry and discouraged, he dismisses them, and flings himself to rest beside the trough.

HEIN. My work. . . . My work. . . . When will it end? . . . I'm tired!
I love thee not, sad twilight hour, that liest
Pressed 'twixt the dying day and growing night.
At noon we're kings . . . at dusk we're only beggars.

[*He falls asleep.*]

NICK. [*rising from the trough*]. Quorax! . . . Brekekekex! So there he lies—
This Master Earth-Worm. In sleep he toils.
Give over, fool! Thou canst not fight with God.
'Twas God that raised thee up, to prove thy strength;
And now, since thou art weak, He casts thee down!

[HEINRICH *tosses about and moans in his sleep.*]

Thou hast not wrung from God the right to change
Evil to good—for sin is sin.
Now, call thou ne'er so loud, the gentle hand
That might have washed thee clean, thou'lt never see.
Black spirits gather in the hills and dales.
Frowning and grim, they move against thy heights,
Eager to crush thy work, and thee, and all.
HEIN. [*half asleep*]. Help . . . Help. Rautendelein. I choke. I choke.
NICK. She hears thee—and she comes—but brings no help!
Thou must be vanquished. Hear me!
A sunken bell in the deep mere lies,
Under the rocks and the rolling:

And it longs to rise—
In the sunlight again to be tolling!
The fishes swim in, and the fishes swim out,
As the old bell tosses, and rolls about.
It shudders and sways as they come and go,
And weeping is heard, and the sound of woe.
Woe, woe, to thee, man, when it tolls again!
Bim! . . . Boom!
The Lord save thee from thy doom!
Bim! . . . Boom!
Hark to the knell!
Death is the burden of that lost bell!
Bim! . . . Boom!
The Lord save thee from thy doom!

[*The* NICKELMANN *sinks into the well.*]

HEIN. Help! Help! A nightmare chokes me!

[*He awakes.*]

Am I living?

RAUT. I'm here! Did'st call?

HEIN. Yes! Come! Come here to me.

Lay thy dear hand upon my forehead so,
And let me stroke thy hair . . . and feel thy heart.
Come. Nearer. Kiss me!

RAUT. Ah! What ails thee, dearest?

HEIN. Now let them come! My nameless enemies—
I stand upon my feet, as once I stood,
Ready to brave them.

RAUT. Thou'rt fevered, Heinrich!

HEIN. 'Tis no matter. Put thy arms around me.

RAUT. Thou, dearest! dearest!

HEIN. Dost trust in me?

RAUT. Hero! God!

HEIN. Make me believe it—make me know it, child!

Give my faint soul the rapturous joy it needs,
To nerve it to its task. For, as the hand,
Toiling with tong and hammer, on and on,
Now bungles here, now there, yet may not halt,
So do we ofttimes lose our passionate faith,
Feel the heart tighten, and the eyes grow dim,
Till, in the daily round of drudging work,
The clear projection of the soul doth vanish.
That lost, all's lost. Defrauded, we are tempted sore,
To shirk the anguish that foreruns fruition.
What, in conception, seemed all ecstasy,
Now turns to sorrow. Lights! And show thine art!
Enchantress! Fill the winecup! We will drink.
With resolute hands our fleeting joy we'll grip!
Who raved of arrow that should pierce my heart?

RAUT. No one. Thou'rt proof against all ill—thou'rt proof.

Yet, since by dark fierce foes we are beset,
Wilt thou not flee into the earth with me?

HEIN. Peace, child. No more. My work doth wait.

I'll have one look, light thou my way.
Haste! Haste! Dost linger? . . . Have I grieved thee?

RAUT. No! No!

HEIN. What ails thee?

RAUT. Nothing!

HEIN. Thou, poor child!

RAUT. Master, am I child? . . . No more than that?

HEIN. Ay, truly, thou art more! . . . That to forget
Were to forget the brightness of my life.
Thou hast equipped me for the game anew.
Given me courage for one more last throw.
Nay—do not weep so. Lead on! And light my path!

[*Voices are heard without. A mob of* VILLAGERS *approach to threaten* HEINRICH, *who rushes out to battle with them.* RAUTENDELEIN, *sore afraid, calls on the* NICKELMANN.]

RAUT. Help, Nickelmann!

[*The* NICKELMANN *rises from well.*]

Dear Nickelmann, I beg of you—
Bid water, quick, come streaming from the rocks.
Let thy wild waters sweep them from the abyss!

NICK. 'Twould suit me if the fools should strike him down!

RAUT. Oh, help him—help! Or it will be too late!

NICK. What wilt thou give me, dear?

RAUT. Ah, what thou wilt!

NICK. Come down into my well—
I'll spirit thee a thousand leagues away.

RAUT. I would not look at thee!

NICK. Then . . . he must die!

RAUT. Thou liest! . . . I'm sure of 't. Thou liest! Hark!

[*The* NICKELMANN *disappears in well.*]

[*Enter* HEINRICH *in triumph.*]

HEIN. They came at me like hounds, and, even as hounds,
I drove them from me. Come, give me drink!
The warm blood rushed through my veins. Once more
My pulse throbs joyously. Hate and love make new.
RAUT. Here, Heinrich, drink!
HEIN. I am athirst
For wine, and light, and love, and joy, and thee!

[*He drinks.*]

I drink to thee. Again I do thee wed.
Without thee, my invention would be clogged,
I were a prey to gloom—world-weariness.
My child, I entreat thee, do not fail me now.
Thou art the very pinion of my soul.
Fail not my soul!
RAUT. Ah, do not thou fail me!
HEIN. That God forbid! . . . Ho! music!
RAUT. Hither! Hither!
Come hither, little people! Elves and gnomes!
Come! Help us to make merry! Leave your homes!
Tune all your tiny pipes, and harps, and flutes.

[*Faint elfin music heard without.*]

And watch me dance responsive to your lutes!
With glowworms, gleaming emeralds, lo, I deck
My waving tresses and my dainty neck.
HEIN. [*interrupting*]. Be still! . . . Methought . . .
RAUT What?
HEIN. Did'st not hear it then?
RAUT. Hear what? Ah! dearest, what is wrong?
HEIN. I know not . . . But, commingling with thy music . . .
Methought I heard . . . a strain . . . a sound . . .
RAUT. What sound?
HEIN. A plaint . . . a tone . . . a long, long, buried tone . . .
Give me thy rose-red lips. From this fair cup
I drink forgetfulness!

[*He kisses her.*]

Wrapped in thy strange loveliness I feel,
A joy akin to pain—now can I play with Heaven.
Canst understand?
RAUT. Yes.
HEIN. Yet thou eyest me
So wildly. Why?
RAUT. I'm filled with dread—with horror!
HEIN. With dread? Of what?
RAUT. Of what? I can not tell.
HEIN. 'Tis naught. Come, let us rest. Child! Didst hear nothing?
RAUT. Nothing!
HEIN. Dost thou not hear?
RAUT. Oh, help him, mother!
HEIN. There! There! Below . . . what drags its way
Slowly and painfully along . . . There . . . See!

[*To* HEINRICH *now appear the wraiths of his two little children, bearing between them an urn filled with their mother's tears. They tell him of his wife's death, and his soul is torn with anguish, pity, and dread. Suddenly the buried bell tolls loudly. The children vanish.*]

RAUT. Help! Help him!
HEIN. The bell!
RAUT. What bell?
HEIN. It tolls! . . . God help me! How the buried tones
Swell louder, louder, till they sound as thunder,
Flooding the world! . . .

[*Turns to* RAUTENDELEIN.]

I hate thee! I abhor thee!
Back! Lest I strike thee! Hence! Thou witch! Thou trull!
Curst be thou and I! Curst be my work!
And all! Now may God pity me! . . .

[*He tears himself away.*]

RAUT. Stay! Heinrich! Stay! . . . Woe's me! Lost! . . . Lost for aye!

ACT V.

SCENE: Same as Act. I. Between midnight and dawn. The NICKELMANN and the WOOD-SPRITE are telling each other of their searching for RAUTENDELEIN, whom each hopes now to possess since HEINRICH is gone. The WOOD-SPRITE tells also of how he has set fire to HEINRICH's temple on the heights, and the NICKELMANN recounts the

dread spectacle of the bell tolled by the hand of the dead wife. Their talk is over, the NICKELMANN is descended into the well, and the WOOD-SPRITE is gone.

[*Enter* RAUTENDELEIN, *slowly and wearily. She drags herself toward the well. Her voice is faint and strange.*]

RAUT. Whither? . . . Ah, whither? . . . I sat till late,
While the gnomes ran wild in my halls of state.
They brought me a red, red cup to drain—
And I drank it down, in pain.
For the wine I drank was blood!
Now, Water-man, unbar thy gate—
I bring thee home, thy dead, dead mate.
Deep down in the cold, damp darkness, see—
With the silver fishes I come to thee . . .
Ah, my poor, burnt, aching heart!
[*She descends slowly into the well.*]

[*Enter* WITTIKIN.]

HEIN. [*heard without*]. Rautendelein!
WIT. Ay, call her!
HEIN. I come. Dost thou not hear?
[HEINRICH *worn and weary appears. He is pale and in tatters.*]
WIT. That way is barred. So halt! And climb no more.
HEIN. Woman, what burns up yonder?
WIT. Nay, I know not.
Did I not tell thee, man, the road was barred?
He who would pass that way had need o' wings.
And thy wings have been broken.
HEIN. Ah, broken or no,
I tell thee, woman, I must reach the peak!
Dost understand me? . . . I am he who built it.
And all I was, and all I grew to be,
Was spent on it . . . I can . . . .I can . . . no more!
[*He falls.*]
Water! I thirst! I thirst!
WIT. Go draw, and drink!
[HEINRICH *moves to the well. A faint sweet voice is heard from below, singing mournfully.*]
THE VOICE. Heinrich, my sweetheart, I loved thee true.
Now thou art come to my well to woo.
Wilt thou not go?
Love is all woe—
Adieu! Adieu!
HEIN. [*to* WITTIKIN]. Woman, what voice was that? Speak—answer me!
WIT. Thou'lt learn that soon enough.
HEIN. Nay, I'll begone.
Show me a way will lead me upward, to the heights!
Lonely I'll live where erst I Master stood.
WIT. Thou'lt never win up to thy heights, I trow.
Thou wast a sturdy shoot, and mighty—yet too weak.
What thou wouldst seek, by now's a heap of ashes.
Up yonder thou shalt find it nevermore.
HEIN. Then let me perish here, where now I stand!
WIT. Ay, so thou shalt. He who has flown so high,
Into the very Light, as thou hast flown,
Must perish, if he once fall back to Earth.
HEIN. So be it. Shall I not see her once?
WIT. It is the end, and thou shalt see her once again.
HEIN. Art thou so mighty? . . . Canst thou do so much? . . .
Once I was ready for the end, as now:
Hoping each breath the last.
But then she came, and I grew well . . .
WIT. I place three goblets on the table. So.
Now, shouldst thou drain the first, thy vanished power
Shall be restored to thee. Shouldst drink the second,
Once more thou shalt behold the spirit bright
Whom thou hast lost. But an thou dost drink both,
Thou must drain down the last.
[*She exits.*]
HEIN. [*raises the first goblet*]. Come, goblet, ere the horror come!
So be it. [*He drinks.*] And now to thee, thou second cup!
[*He raises the second goblet.*]
And, wert thou missing, thou delicious draught,
Whose fragrance tempts to madness, the carouse
Whereunto God has bid us in this world
Were all too poor, meseems. [*He drinks.*] The drink is good.
[RAUTENDELEIN *rises slowly from well, weary and sad.*]
RAUT. Who calls so softly?
HEIN. I.

RAUT. Who'rt thou?
HEIN. Why—I. Do but come nearer—ah, why wouldst thou fly?
RAUT. I dare not come! . . . I know thee not. Away!
For him who speaks to me, I am doomed to slay.
HEIN. Come, lay thy hand in mine, and thou shalt know me.
RAUT. I have never known thee.
HEIN. Thou know'st me not?
RAUT. No!
HEIN. Then may God cast me off!
I never kissed thee till thy lips complained?
RAUT. Never.
HEIN. Thou'st never pressed thy lips to mine?
NICK. [*from below*]. Rautendelein!
RAUT. I'm coming!
NICK. Come, I wait.
HEIN. Who called to thee?
RAUT. That Water-man—my mate.
HEIN. The goblet! . . . Magda? Thou? . . . So pale! . . .
Give me the cup. Who brings it, I will hail
My truest friend.
RAUT. I bring it.
HEIN. Be thou blessed.
RAUT. Yes. I will do it. Leave the dead to rest!
[*She gives* HEINRICH *the goblet.*]
HEIN. I feel thee near me, thou dear heart of mine!
RAUT. Farewell! Farewell! I never can be thine!
Once I was thy true love—in May, in May—
Now all is past, for aye! . . .
HEIN. For aye!
RAUT. For aye!
Who sang thee soft to sleep with lullabies?
Who woke thee with enchanted melodies?
HEIN. Who, who—but thou?
RAUT. Who am I?
HEIN. Rautendelein!
RAUT. Who poured herself into thy veins, as wine?
HEIN. Thee, surely thee!
RAUT. Who am I?
HEIN. Rautendelein!
RAUT. Farewell! Farewell!
[*He drinks.*]
HEIN. Nay; lead me gently down.
Now comes the night—the night that all would flee.
[RAUTENDELEIN *clasps him about the knees.*]
RAUT. The Sun is coming!
[*She presses her lips to his and gently lays him down.*]
Heinrich! The Sun, the Sun!
HEIN. Hark! . . . 'Tis the music of the Sun-bell's song!
. . . The Sun . . . draws near! . . .
The night is . . . long!
[*Dawn breaks. He dies.*]
CURTAIN.

II.

A WOMAN WHO HAD A HISTORY.

A WELL-DRESSED and sharp-faced woman passed into the lawyer's office and very shortly was standing by his desk.

"I beg your pardon," she said in salutation, "but can you spare a few moments of your valuable time?"

"I am very busy, madam," he replied; "but, if you have anything of importance to communicate, I shall be glad to hear it. Pray be seated."

"Thank you, no," she said, looking around at a clerk or two in a nervous fashion. "I am a woman with a history, and—"

"Excuse me," apologized the attorney, seeing a fee appearing on the horizon; "possibly you had better step into my private office with me, where we will not be interrupted."

She thanked him, and they went into the adjoining room.

"Now," he said, when they were seated, "I presume you wish to consult me on this matter of your history?"

"Yes, sir; that is why I am here."

"Very well, proceed. Anything you say to me will be held in the strictest confidence. You were saying you were a woman with a history?" This very sympathetically, as an encourager.

"Yes, sir," she began, as she laid a document before him. "It's a history of Napoleon Bonaparte, in eighteen monthly parts, at fifty cents a month, and—"

He threw up his hands; but she had him, and he couldn't get away until he had put down his name; and now, when "a woman with a history" is mentioned in his hearing it makes cold chills run down his back.

III.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

By William Cullen Bryant.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searched for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

IV.

WHEN PA PUTS UP THE STOVE-PIPE.

WHEN pa put up the stovepipe, then
My ma would say, "I'll come again
'Bout next' week Friday." Then she'd go,
An' I—I wished I could, you know.
'Twan't no use wishin'; I must stay
And hear the things my pa would say
When that there stovepipe had no fit—
But pa he had one, I'll admit.

Firs' pa he'd take a joint of pipe
An' say, "Now hit that end a swipe."
An' when the soot his bald spot mussed,
My pa he mostly up and cussed
Until he thought about his swears
An' says, "That, Alfred, was my prayers,
Fer I drink from devotion's cup
Whene'er I put a stovepipe up."

An' then he'd take a biggish joint
An' try to pound it to a point
To drive it in some little end.
And when the pipe would seem to bend
An' sort o' swipe him on the jaw,
The things my pa said then, why, law!
I couldn't tell you if I tried,
But I jus' laughed until I cried.

An' when my pa said, "Son, commere!"
But I—I didn't come real near,
Because just then he slipped and fell
And six joints tumbled, too, as well,
An' soot came, too, straight in their track
An' poured three gallons down his back
An' in his mouth an' served to calk
Him up so tight he couldn't talk.

An' that is all, except I got
A pail of water, middlin' hot,
An' washed him out an' washed him off,
An' all that pa could do was cough

Until he said, "Now get a man
To fix this dang pipe ef he can!"
The man he fixed it pretty soon —
An' ma came home that afternoon.

V.

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

By Webster C. Davis.

[From a speech at the Democratic National Convention, Kansas City, July 5, 1900.]

LIFE, human life, is but a narrow one between two great unknown eternities, and life is too short for a man to sacrifice principles for money or for public office.

Old conditions have passed away, old questions have passed and gone, and new questions are now before the American people. I care not a snap for party or for criticism. I care nothing for office. I love liberty. I love equality of rights, and I love justice.

In every part of Europe and Africa the charge is made that there is a secret alliance between this country and Great Britain, to the effect that in case of any foreign nation attempting to intervene in behalf of the poor Boers the great Republic will stand by Great Britain with its army and navy. Is it a fact that this great Republic must chain itself to the chariot wheels of the British empire in its mad race for land and gold?

Liberty we all love, the splendid word, the sweetest word that ever blossomed and came upon human ears. Is liberty to become obsolete in the American lexicon?

I sympathize with people struggling for liberty everywhere. I sympathized with them as they struggled for liberty in Armenia. I sympathized with them as they struggled for liberty in Greece, and when the war broke out with Spain we said then that it was a war, not for conquest, not for territory, but for carrying liberty to people who were crying for help at our feet.

And the boys marched up from the Northland whose fathers once marched in tattered blue with the song their fathers loved, "My Country, 'tis of Thee." And the boys came from the Southland whose fathers once marched in ragged gray to the music of "'Way Down South in Dixie." They followed the men who at once led the Northern and Southern armies down to Cuba and into other lands and islands of the sea. They marched under one flag in behalf of one country to the music of one splendid melody as they felt in their hearts the music that had inspired the men in the days gone by.

Up until that point the war was right, but when we passed beyond that point we went too far. But it was another indication of following the footsteps of Great Britain that when our flag rose over the flag of the rotten Spanish monarchy the American Republic could not resist the temptation to follow in the footsteps of Great Britain. It thirsted for land and for gold. We should have stopped at the end of the Spanish victory, when we brought liberty to the people who were being ground to death under the heel of Spain's tyranny.

We do love liberty. The masses of the American people stand for the blessed idea of liberty, and if it were possible to get the news over the British army to the Boer farmers in the two South African republics that the representatives of six or seven million American voters send a word of sympathy to them, many a Boer would shout for joy in the hills of the Transvaal.

Grander struggle for liberty was never made in the world's history than the struggle being made by the Republicans and Democrats in South Africa. Let us sympathize with them. Let American principles ever live. Let them go on down for ages to come, to generations not yet born. Liberty, love of country, one flag, one country, one splendid destiny—all one.

VI.

MARY'S COMPOSITION ON COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS was a great man and died being hung. He was so great that he discovered a cat's island in the ocean. And when he saw the cats he knelt and prayed he was so thankful. Cats are as old as the hills—I don't mean the Hills that live across the street. Oh, no; I mean the hills that are made from dirt, but then mamma says "we are made from dirt." If that is true, then I don't know how to explain myself, except that I know cats are really as old as the hills. And that is all I have to say about Columbus.

VII.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

By William Cullen Bryant.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks and gnarlèd pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale-blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailèd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven;
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison-walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrow on the mountain-side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age—
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest-trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

VIII.

COLUMBUS.

[America discovered October 12, 1492.]

WE mark a tiny ship with canvas furled,
Tossed by the steady gallop of the sea,
And high upon the heaving prow he stands,
Shut round within the circle of a fog;
With moisture beaded on his dripping locks,
He breathes the heavy dampness of the air,
The shuddering vessel cleaves the roaring tide,
About him swing the waves, all shining black
With curling crests that shatter into foam.
Not now the apathy of blank despair
He feels, not now the courage born of strife;
Rent with the sickening war of hope and fear,
He sees behind him lie the conquered past—
The toil, the strain, the anguish, the delay;
The terror at the wonderful events
When the eternal laws of nature failed,
Their guide, the unerring compass, proving false;
The mutiny, the thousand skilful tricks
By which he kept the courage of the men.
He bore it all; but this is worst of all,
This vacillating pendulum of thought.
He dares not trust his hope, a cobweb bridge
Spun from his own desires—it would not hold.
He hears the crack of footsteps, and he turns
To see young Pedro in the uncertain light
Advancing slow across the slippery deck.
The fog has put a halo around the lamp
Swung from the masthead, and the rising wind
Strikes keenly in his eyes and drives the fog
In clouds across the sea, till on before
Looms up the black bulk of the "Pinta's" stern.
Is it the fancy of his longing eyes,
So strained and fixed by gazing ever on,
Or is it—can it be—indeed a light?
Does it not vanish? Lo, it moves, it moves!
"I dare not yet believe; I will not hope.
Let me not thus arise to fall again!
Pedro, my boy, look, look! Thou seest naught;
There's nothing there?—there?—there?"
His trembling hand
Points to the dim horizon, and the boy
Leans forward with knit brows and starting eye,
An instant's pause, and then—"I see a light!"
"A light? O Pedro, is thy vision sure?
O God! O God! Hark! hark! I hear a cry,
" 'Tis from the 'Pinta,' " "Listen!" On the wave
Comes, faint but clear, the shouting: "Land! land! land!"

IX.

"GHOS' STORIES."

By Flavia Rosser.

[Suitable for Halloween.]

THESE nights 'r sort 'r gray an' still;
The frogs sing awful ahin' the hill,
'N' all the chil'ren in our end o' town
Jes' hurry their bread 'n' butter down,
'N' come to our ol' apple tree
Tuh tell ghos' stories, after tea.

Ef we get tuh stay till in the night,
We huddle all tuhgether tight—
Cos its shivery down your back, yuh know,
When th' leaves an' shadders wiggle so.
But we're alluz a-wishin' 'at we could see
Th' ghos' come from ahin' th' tree.

They never come—we've spells and things,
An' words tuh say, an' magic rings;
We say 'em, an' do 'em, an' talk, an' talk,
'N' if a cricket hollers under the walk,
Th' girls all squeal, an' then, yuh know,
We're afraid tuh stay, an' afraid tuh go.

I tol' ol' Mister Crooked Green,
Th' one wot walks with a stick, I mean,
About th' ghos' stories, an' he stopped at that,
An' patted me on top my hat.
He said we'd see 'em, when we're men,
An' wouldn't want 'em a-coming' then.

He talked a lot about spirits o' sin,
An' ghos'es o' things wot might o' been;
He said, a-comin' 'round every tree
Would be ghos'es o' things wot used tuh be.
I don't much believe thet he is right,
But it's a good un tuh tell th' boys tuhnight.

—*Truth.*

X.

TO A WATERFOWL.

By William Cullen Bryant.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?
Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hast sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

XI.

THE PIG'S TAIL.

[Action Recitation.]

1THREE funny old pigs went 2"Grunt! grunt! grunt!"
3Six little ones said, 4"Squeak! squeak! squeak!"
With their dear little 5trotters and snouts so blunt—
6Oh! I wish the poor creatures could speak.

Motions: 1. Raise two fingers on one hand and one on the other. 2. Make the voice deep and low. 3. Show three fingers on one hand and three on the other. 4. Pitch the voice a little high and pronounce rather faintly. 5. Point with both forefingers at the feet. 6. Stand in position.

7Be kind to the pigs, whatever you do,
For though you may know they don't speak,
There's a good deal of meaning in
8"Grunt! grunt! grunt!"
9As well as in "squeak! squeak! squeak!"

Motions: 7. Look very pleadingly; 8, 9, imitate motions for 2 and 3.

10Then their small twisted tails will go wag, wag, wag,
11And their trotters will trot, trot, trot;
12Dumb animals ought to be thought of by us,
For they're the best friends we have got.

Motions: 10. Raise the right hand and move it to and fro. 11. Droop the hands and imitate with them the action of trotting. 12. Stand in position.

XII.

HALLOWEEN.

OH, dem wuz happy Hallere'ens we had in ole Virginny,
W'en me an' Chloe wuz co'htin' long ago;
W'en ebery one emong us toe de smallest pickaninny
Would huddle in de chimbley cohnah's glow
Toe listen toe dem chilly win's ob ole Novembah's
Go a-screechin' laik a spook aroun' de huts,
'Twell de pickaninnies' fingahs gits to shakin' o'er de embahs,
An' dey laik ter roas' dey knuckles 'stead o' nuts.

An' once w'en Chloe cum skittin' frough de do'-way ob de shanty,
Her face ez white ez any sheet—a'most,
She done skeered all dem niggahs inter feelin' mighty ha'nty
Bah 'lowin' dat she bin kissed bah a ghost!
'Twell m'dnight by de fiah all dem coward niggahs tarried,
Expectin' ebery minute sumfin' orful fo' ter see;
But Chloe she nebah 'spicioned 'twell long arter we wuz married
Dat de niggah spook w'at kissed 'er den wuz me!

ENTERTAINMENTS

I.

THE NEW WOMAN'S ENTERTAINMENT.

BY STANLEY SCHELL.

[SUITABLE FOR LAWN, BARN, OR HALL.]

STAGE-SETTING: Arrange seats to form three sides of hollow square. In centre place platform, on which are six high-back chairs for judges and one ordinary chair for hostess. Back of platform place a tent or dressing-room for performers, and in it on a table the materials required for contest.

Invitations should be simple in form; and, when sent to ladies, should contain a request "to wear a dainty summer skirt, a shirt-waist, cuffs, standing collar, four-in-hand cravat, and man's straw hat." Six sedate young ladies are to appear in tent or dressing-room at required time.

Something like the following may do for Hostess's speech:

"Dear Friends: I am glad to welcome you here. This is an auspicious occasion. For a long time the public mind has been agitated by the New Woman question, and newspapers have discussed what the New Woman can and can not do. Now, since the newspapers are man's mediums for expressing his views about the New Woman, and since we have no such medium, we will give a social, and in this way learn what the New Man can and can not do. To judge of man's capabilities we have selected six impartial judges, who here on this platform will name the victors in the different contests shortly to follow."

ARTICLES NEEDED.

1. Four good-sized pieces of cloth, 48 buttons of 12 different sizes (12 for each person), four needles and 4 spools of thread, for Button Contest.

2. Five pairs of scissors, five large sheets of paper (newspapers will do), for Pattern Contest.

3. Three band-boxes containing three lady's hat-frames, flowers, feathers (all most old-fashioned), for Hat-Trimming Contest.

4. Six lead pencils, and six tablets, for Recipe Contest.

5. Four brooms, for Sweeping Contest.

6. Three pieces of cloth, three spools of thread, three needles, three thimbles, three pairs of scissors, a coat, a pair of trousers, a shirt or lady's waist, for Patching Contest.

7. Four long aprons, four paper caps, two large dish-pans, two tables, a number of old dishes, for Dish Washing and Drying Contest.

8. Six Oxford gowns, and six white wigs, like those worn by English judges, to be worn by judges.

Keep all preparations and contests secret, and have no programs.

ORDER OF ENTERTAINMENT.

When guests are seated, Hostess mounts platform and delivers speech. As judges are mentioned they enter in solemn and dignified manner and take their places on platform. At end of speech Hostess begins contests, announcing them in their order.

1. Button Contest—Four men are called to platform, receiving what they need for contest. They strive to show who can sew buttons on quickest and best. After suitable time, judges announce winner.

2. Pattern Contest—Five men are called to platform, receiving what they need for contest. They strive to show who can cut best pattern of a fashionable sleeve for a woman. After suitable time, judges announce winner.

3. Hat-Trimming Contest—Three men are called to platform, receiving what they need for contest. They strive to show who can trim a woman's hat most artistically. After suitable time, judges announce winner.

4. Recipe Contest—Six men are called

to platform. Two are asked to write a chicken-salad recipe, two a bread recipe, and two a coffee recipe. When ready, Hostess reads recipes out loud, and judges announce winners.

Intermission, Refreshments and Music.

5. Sweeping Contest—Four men are called to platform, receiving brooms. The one that holds broom most gracefully and handles it with greatest facility is declared the winner.

6. Patching Contest—Three men are called to platform, receiving what they need for contest. The one that puts on the neatest looking patch is declared winner.

7. Dish-Washing and Drying Contest—Four men are called to platform, receiving what they need for contest. Two are asked to wash and two to dry dishes. After suitable time, judges announce winners—one washer and one dryer.

Hostess may now propose dancing. Printed programs may be used for this part of entertainment.

II.

AN EVENING WITH FATHER RYAN, POET-PRIEST.

By H. L. Piner.

Father Ryan is uplifting and refining. He is not of the earth, earthy. All his thoughts and sentiments are ethereal. He is the poet of the heart. His poems stand out because of their absolute purity, lofty sentiment and genuine poetic principle. But they are sombre, and an entire evening with them, unrelieved, would not be enjoyable. The evening should be opened with a brief talk about the life and character of the poet, followed by some of his poems, set to music, or pantomimed, or arranged as tableaux, or in chant form or responsive, or in prayer form, or made a part of a drill, etc.

The following poems may be used with good effect: "The Song of the Mystic," "Reverie," "Lines," "A Memory," "Life," "Rhyme," "Out of the Depths," "A Land Without Ruins," "A Child's Wish," "Tears," "The Master's Voice," "The Rosary of My Tears," "A Thought," "My Beads," "Song of the River," "Night After the Picnic," "The Conquered Banner" (in Werner's Magazine," February, 1899). Cull the gems of thought from "Their Story Runneth Thus."

[Father Ryan's poems complete can be obtained from Edgar S. Werner Publishing & Supply Co., bound in silk cloth, with plain edges, $1.50; the same, with gilt edges, $1.85.]

III.

WHICH—SONG OR RECITATION?

[Dialogue for Two Boys.]

Characters: Will,
Tom.

W. [*sings*]. "Columbia, the gem of the ocean!"

T. [*recites*]. "The shades of night were falling fast."

W. Excuse me——

T. Excuse me! What are you doing here?

W. That is just the question I was going to ask you.

T. Why! I've come out here to recite my piece, but what are you doing here?

W. Doing here? I've come here to sing; and, as to your reciting, I think you've made a slight mistake. It's my turn.

T. Oh! I've made no mistake. I know what I'm doing. It's you who haven't made your calculations correctly. Later on we'll be pleased to hear from you, so please retire and let me go on.—"The shades of night were falling fast."

W. Hold on! Hold on!

T. That's what I'm doing, holding on. Why, what's the matter? Why do you interrupt me? Don't you see I'm busy? You ought to be polite enough to let me do my work when it is my turn.

W. But it's not your turn. It's mine. I'm sorry, very sorry, that I'm forced to act in this manner and that I'm prevented——

T. Ladies and gentlemen, so am I sorry, very, very sorry that I'm not allowed to go on with my recitation by this unmannerly fellow, but I suppose he don't know any better.

W. "Doesn't know any better!" Here, young man, don't be saucy; you'd better get some one to teach you manners before you appear in public again.

T. Well! I don't look for you to do it,

any way. Now say—like a good boy, run home. The audience is waiting for me, and I must recite—"The shades of night"——

W. Stop! I don't care whether it's shades or curtains, you'll not recite it now; it's my turn to sing, and——

T. It isn't your turn.

W. I say it is.

T. It is not.

W. It is.

T. Now, look here, I'm getting mad and when I get mad I look awful.

W. You look that anyway without getting mad, but I'll sing in spite of you—"Columbia, the gem of the ocean"——

T. "The shades of night were falling fast"——

W. I wish they'd fall on you and do something to keep you quiet—are you going to let me sing?

T. [*quietly*]. What did you come here for?

W. [*astonished*]. What did I come here for? To sing of course—do you hear me?

T. I'd be pretty deaf if I didn't.

W. Yes, I came here for the purpose of singing.

T. What?

W. Singing.

T. I'm glad to know it.

W. To know what?

T. That you were singing.

W. Why! What on earth did you think I was doing?

T. Giving an imitation of a man with a toothache.

W. Say! Do you know what I ought to do?

T. Yes, get off the stage.

W. You'll get off in a hurry. Ladies and gentlemen, this is a shame.

T. So it is, for a fellow who has a voice like a hand-organ to come out here and scare people to death. Now, young man, let me talk to you calmly and quietly—don't get excited—you might burst a blood-vessel, and then think of all the trouble we'd have with you. Like a good child, run away and leave me to recite. Go inside there to my jacket pocket and you'll find a piece of candy—amuse yourself till I've finished.

W. [*walking up and down*]. Oh! this is too much.

T. I'm glad you admit it—run away and don't give us any more of it.

W. [*very angrily*]. Ladies and gentlemen, I claim the right to sing for you——

T. Ladies and gentlemen, I claim the right to recite to you——

W. And I will.

T. And I will.

[*Both recite and sing together very loud.*]

W. Will you keep quiet?

T. When I've finished, not before.

W. Well, of all the impudent, impertinent fellows, you are the worst. Can you not understand me, once for all, that you have no right here?

T. "The shades of night were falling fast"——

W. That you are ruining the program.

T. "As through an Alpine village passed"——

W. And if you don't leave here quickly I'll take the means to make you.

T. "A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice"——

W. Be silent! I say, ladies and gentlemen, cannot this nuisance be stopped? I came here to sing for you because my name is on the program for this turn, and this chap——

T. What's that you say? It's your turn on the program? Young man, go and borrow a pair of spectacles, and after spending about ten minutes spelling out the program—for I don't believe you can read—you'll find my name is mentioned to recite now. Understand?

W. It's my name; you look closely at the program.

T. Do you mean to tell me I don't know your name from mine?

W. Perhaps you don't.

T. Get a program and satisfy your dull brain that I am correct.

W. You want proofs, do you? [*searching pockets*]. I'd like to show some people that the idiots in this world are not all dead.

T. Not while you're alive.

W. Here's a program. Now look and see.

[*Both come together and look at paper. Both whistle in astonishment and drop the paper.*]

T. It is——

W. Well, I'm satisfied, I did not let that would-be orator recite.

T. I'm glad I spared the audience the infliction of hearing that howling misery.

W. "The shades of night were falling fast"—pooh!

T. "Columbia, the gem of the ocean"—bah!

Graded Physical Exercises.

FOR USE IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

By Bertha Louise Colburn.

[Copyright, 1900, by the Edgar S. Werner Publishing & Supply Co.]

SIXTH ARTICLE.

[The April, 1900, number of Werner's Magazine contained the introduction to this serial. The exercises have been arranged with special reference to the mental as well as the physical needs of school children. Six years in schools have demonstrated their value. They have also been used with benefit by older persons whose physical training has been neglected, and all who desire systematic exercise at home will find in them some complete set of exercises adapted to their needs. They are arranged in eight groups, one for each year in graded schools; each group consists of ten lessons, one for every four weeks. Additional lessons in marching, games, etc., are also given. Each lesson contains exercises for all parts of the body; but, as it is only from frequent repetition of a movement that benefit can be derived, only one or two new exercises are given in each lesson, and these are a natural outgrowth from the preceding ones. Thus, the eighth year exercises contain all the movements of the preceding grades.]

Grade III.—Third Year in School.

[Teachers are referred to "Note to Teachers," page 264 of Werner's Magazine for May, 1900.]

LESSON IV.

1. Position Exercise: *pushing downward front.*
2. Poising; *forward and back, and rising on toes, rocking from side to side.*
3. Foot and Leg; *stretching front, half side, side, back.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing down with clasped hands.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending to side.*
6. Neck; *head circling.*
7. Reaching; *downward at side.*
8. Respiratory; *arm stretching upward and pushing downward.*
9. Arm Swinging; *up and down.*
10. Floating; *front and above shoulder level.*

8. Respiratory.

Stand on both feet. Inhale while raising both arms upward in front until vertical, letting forearms lead strongly; hands relaxed. Hold breath while pushing downward front with forearms, until they reach position at sides. Exhale and repeat.

Time: Both feet! 2-3-4. Inhale! 2-3-4. Hold! 2-3-4. Exhale! 2-3-4. Effect of exercise is described in Lesson I.

LESSON-TALK.

Keep mouth closed and breathe inaudibly through nostrils. Stand erect, keeping head and chest high, while pushing downward. Imagine pushing down against some buoyant, resisting body, like a huge rubber bag nearly filled with air.

Marching.

1. *Right foot; sidewise—place! Heels—raise! Pivot—right! Front! Left! Front! Heels—sink!*
2. Skip—*right foot!*
3. March—*four—dejection—four!*

1. Place right foot one foot's distance straight to right side, and stand with the weight on both feet. Rise steadily on balls and without lowering heels turn to right, at same time transferring all weight to right foot. When facing right the left foot is directly behind right foot. Still, without lowering heels, describe a half circle to left, at same time transferring weight to left foot. Pivot to front, weight on both feet; let heels slowly sink to floor. This pivoting is the natural method of turning when one stands correctly with weight on balls of feet. Hence, it should be taught and practised before military pivoting upon heel, which is the precise movement of a body of men.

2. The movement of Lesson III., but with right foot leading, instead of left.

3. March four steps, starting with left. During next four counts stand in attitude of dejection, hands clasped at low front, head and shoulders drooping forward. Carry arms to position, and step forward with left on next count.

LESSON V.

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward front.*
2. POISING; *rising on toes, rocking, lowering heel.*
3. Foot and Leg; *stretching front, half side, side, back.*
4. ARM AND HAND; *pushing downward front and back with clasped hands.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending to side.*
6. Neck; *head circling.*
7. Reaching; *downward at side.*
8. Respiratory; *arm stretching upward and pushing downward.*
9. Arm Swinging; *up and down.*
10. Floating; *front and above shoulder level.*

2. POISING.

Standing on left foot, put right foot forward as in a short step. Rise on toes of left foot, rock steadily forward, transferring weight to toes of right foot; lower right heel; rise again on toes; rock backward to left foot and lower left heel. Repeat three times.

Time: Right foot! 2-3-4. Rise! 2-3-4. Forward! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Rise! 2-3-4. Backward! etc. Left foot! 2-3-4. Rise! etc. The purpose of this exercise is explained in Lesson I.

LESSON-TALK.

Stand with weight on ball of foot, raise heel slowly, and rock forward steadily, lowering right heel without allowing weight to settle back upon it. Keep body erect, and let movement be slow and rhythmic. Let the children imagine they are in little boats crossing the swell from a big steamer. They ride up over a wave and down into a hollow; then over another and down again.

4. ARM AND HAND.

Clasp hands with fingers interlocked in front of chest; turn them so palms are downward and push down as hard as possible. Clasp hands behind back and push down in the same way. Repeat.

Time: Hands! 2. Turn! 4. Push! 2-3-4. Back! 2. Turn! 4. Push! 2-3-4. This exercise strengthens muscles of arms, straightening fingers bent during performance of school tasks.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not allow head and chest to bend forward while pushing down; lift chest and hold head erect.

Marching.

1. HIPS—*firm! Heels—raise! Sink! Position!*
2. KNEES—*bend! Knees—stretch!*
3. HOP—*left foot!*
4. MARCH—*four—each arm position—four!*

1. Place hands on hips as in Lesson III., then slowly raise heels from floor, keeping them together. Lower again. Remove hands from hips, and carry arms to position.

2. Standing in fundamental position, bend knees to right angle, keeping trunk erect. Extend bent knees and stand upright.

3. Slightly bend right knee, lifting right foot from floor, and hop forward on ball of left foot. Keep body erect and do not take more than a dozen steps.

4. March four steps, starting with left foot; stop and hold position of supplication for four counts; march four; hold salutation; march four; hold defiance; march four; hold dejection.

LESSON VI.

1. Position Exercise; *rushing downward front.*
2. Poising; *rising on toes, rocking, lowering heel.*
3. Foot and Leg; *stretching front, half side, side, back.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing downward front and back with clasped hands.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending to side.*
6. Neck; *head circling.*
7. REACHING; *downward at side, arm over head.*
8. Respiratory; *arm stretching upward and pushing downward.*
9. Arm Swinging; *up and down.*
10. FLOATING; *at shoulder level from front to sides.*

7. REACHING.

Stand with weight on left foot. Extend right foot to right side as far as possible, touching inner edge of toe to floor. Bring left arm up in a graceful curve over head and reach straight down at side with right arm, allowing body to bend. Come up into position, floating left arm down to side. Stand on right foot and repeat exercise to left.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Right! 2-3-4. Arm! 2-3-4. Reach! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. Glide right, 2-3-4, etc. For purpose of exercise and Lesson-Talk see Lesson III.

10. FLOATING.

Stand lightly on balls of both feet. Float both arms upward toward each other in front, meeting at shoulder level, then float out to sides; together with palms meeting; out and together four times; down to position. Forearms must lead and movements be continuous.

Time: Floating! To slow waltz music upward in one measure, outward in one! together in one, etc. For effect of exercise and Lesson-Talk see Lesson I.

Marching.

1. FORWARD; *run! Halt!*
2. HOP; *right foot!*
3. MARCH; *four—rising on toes—four!*

1. Stand with weight on right foot, ready to start on left as soon as executive word is given. Let arms be bent at elbows, which touch sides of body, forearms in horizontal line, hands closed; hold head erect and chest high. Bend knees more than in walking, and run lightly on balls of feet. On account of limited space short steps must be taken.

2. Same as in Lesson V., with hopping on right foot instead of left.

3. March four steps, left, right, left, right; bring left foot beside right, heels nearly together, and rise on toes in two counts; lower heels in two counts.

LESSON VII.

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward front.*
2. Poising; *rising on toes, rocking, lowering heel.*
3. FOOT AND LEG; *stretching and touching toe.*
4. ARM AND HAND; *pushing downward and upward with clasped hands.*
5. Trunk; *twisting, with bending to side.*
6. Neck; *head circling.*
7. Reaching; *downward at side, arm over head.*
8. Respiratory; *arm stretching upward and pushing downward.*
9. Arm Swinging; *up and down.*
10. Floating; *at shoulder level from front to sides.*

3. FOOT AND LEG.

Place hands on hips. Stand on left foot and extend right foot straight forward, touching toe to floor as far away as possible without moving trunk. Still stretching leg, carry it around to right until half way between front and side and touch toe to floor; carry it directly to right side and touch toe; back to point half way between back and side, directly backward. Stand on right foot and extend left.

Time: Front! 2. Half side! 4. Side! 2. Half back! 4. Back! 2. Position! 4. For effect and Lesson-Talk see Lesson II.

4. ARM AND HAND.

Clasp hands with fingers interlocked in front of chest; turn so palms are downward and push down as hard as possible. Clasp hands behind back and push down in same way. Clasp hands above head and push directly upward.

Time: Hands! 2. Turn! 4. Push! 2-3-4. Back! 2. Turn! 4. Push! 2-3-4. Up! 2. Turn! 4. Push! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. See Lesson V.

Marching.

1. ON TOES—*march!*
2. ON HEELS—*march!*
3. SKIP—*left foot four—right foot four.*

1. Rise on toes and march steadily without swaying body.

2. A more difficult movement, which should not be tried for more than twelve steps at a time. *Keep body erect.* The command, march! will indicate change to plain step.

3. Starting with left foot, skip forward four steps; on fourth, instead of bringing right toe up to left heel, carry it forward and let it lead during next four counts. Continue alternating left and right.

LESSON VIII.

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward front.*
2. Poising; *rising on toes, rocking, lowering heel.*
3. Foot and leg; *stretching and touching toe.*
4. Arm and hand; *pushing downward and upward with clasped hands.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending to side.*
6. Neck; *head circling.*
7. Reaching; *downward at side, arm over head.*
8. Respiratory; *arm stretching upward and pushing downward.*
9. ARM SWINGING—*Outward circling.*
10. FLOATING—*At shoulder level from front to sides.*

9. ARM SWINGING.

Stand firmly on balls of feet. Raise arms in front until forearms are horizontal at waist-line with elbows near body and hands hanging passive. Swing forearms around in a circle with vigorous outward movement for a minute or two, then drop easily to position.

For time and purpose of exercise, see Lesson I.

10. FLOATING.

Proceed as in Lesson VI. After floating out to sides and together four times, turn arms and float out and together with backs of hands meeting four times; then down from front to position at sides.

Marching.

1. *Hips—firm! Heels—raise! Knees—bend! Knees—stretch! Heels—sink! Position!*
2. *Hop—left four—right four!*

1. Place hands on hips, and raise heels as in Lesson V. Without lowering heels, and still keeping them together, bend knees to a right angle, keeping trunk erect. Straighten knees; lower heels steadily; return arms to sides.

2. Hop forward four times upon left foot; then four times upon right.

LESSON IX.

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward in front.*
2. POISING; *leg swinging forward and back.*
3. Foot and Leg; *stretching and touching toe.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing downward and upward with clasped hands.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending to side.*
6. Neck; *head circling.*
7. Reaching; *downward at side, arm over head.*
8. Respiratory; *arm stretching upward and pushing downward.*
9. Arm Swinging; *outward circling.*
10. Floating; *at shoulder level from front to sides.*

2. POISING.

Standing upon left foot, swing right leg lightly forward and back from the hip four times; transfer weight to right foot and swing left leg.

Time: Forward! Backward! Forward! Backward! Giving one count for each movement. The effect of the exercise is described in Lesson I.

LESSON-TALK.

The leg must not be allowed to swing body. Thinking of pendulum will be helpful in this exercise also. Imagine the body to be an old-fashioned tall clock, and the leg the pendulum, swinging steadily.

Marching.

1. *In place—run! Halt!*
2. *March four—bend knees four!*

1. Left foot is lifted and knee bent as in forward running, but foot is replaced beside right instead of advancing; the right is lifted and replaced in same way. The command, Halt! may be given when either foot touches floor. The other foot is again lifted and replaced and the movement stopped.

2. March four steps, left, right, left, right; bring left foot beside the right, heels nearly together, and bend knees in two counts; straighten in two.

LESSON X.

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward front.*
2. Poising; *leg swinging forward and back.*
3. FOOT AND LEG; *stretching and circling.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing downward and upward with clasped hands.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending to side.*
6. Neck; *head circling.*
7. Reaching; *downward at side, arm over head.*
8. Respiratory; *arm stretching upward and pushing downward.*
9. Arm Swinging; *outward circling.*
10. Floating; *at shoulder level from front to sides.*

3. FOOT AND LEG.

Place hands on hips. Stand on left foot and extend right foot straight forward, pointing toe toward floor without touching it; carry the fully-extended leg around to side and to back in a large half circle. Repeat three times. Stand on right foot and circle left.

Time: Right foot! 2, side! 4, back! 2, position! 4. This exercise strengthens muscles of thigh and hip which should do most of work in walking; it gives free action at hip-joint, which is necessary in order to acquire a buoyant, graceful manner of walking.

LESSON-TALK.

Insist on a motionless trunk and a stretching equal at every point in the circle.

Marching.

1. *Feet—sidewise—place! One, two! Together —place. One, two!*
2. *Hips—firm! Feet—sidewise—place! Together—place! Position!*
3. *Hop and skip—left and right!*

1. Place left foot straight out at side one foot's distance on first command, One! On second, Two! place right foot out to right side the same distance. The weight is then evenly balanced on both feet. Replace left foot, then right.

2. Place hands on hips; then place feet sidewise.

3. Starting with left foot, leap forward, bringing right foot up behind and transferring weight to it, then hop forward onto right again; repeat, starting with right foot.

GAMES.

WOLF.

One child is chosen for the wolf; the others are sheep and are supposed to be grazing in a pasture. At some distance is a place selected for the barn, but between sheep and barn are two walls, which may be designated by objects or marks. The wolf standing at a certain distance howls and runs toward sheep; they start to run to barn, but as they are hindered by being obliged to stop and *jump over the walls* they are quite likely to be caught before reaching shelter. If wolf succeeds in catching any of them before they reach barn he becomes a sheep and his victim has to take his place as wolf next time. If playground is small, one of the fleetest runners may be chosen for the bell-sheep; he runs ahead crying, "Ting-a-ling-ling;" the others must follow him around and across yard on way to barn.

A BUSY DAY.

Strolling up the avenue;
  Hurrying down the street;
Wheeling on the boulevard;
  Greeting those we meet;
Driving up the river-side;
  Running in the park;
Calling on our neighbors;
  Never stop till dark.

The children form in a row and repeat first line, walking slowly, with hands held in front of body in conventional attitude. During second line they walk fast, swinging arms at sides. During third and fourth lines, hold arms straight down in front as if grasping handle-bars and bow toward sides. During fifth line hold hands out front as if driving. Run during next; then stop, bow and shake hands with child behind.

THE HELPERS.

All the children stand in a circle facing outward. One child is chosen to be leader, and all ask:

"Little Willis, what do you need?
  Answer with the greatest speed."

If he replies "Shoes," all say:

"Little Willis wants new shoes,
  So he will his helpers choose."

The calf is the first helper, so Willis goes to one child, bows, and repeats:

"Calf, kindly lend me your help to-day;
  My grateful thanks shall be your pay."

The one addressed bows and replies:

"I want no pay; I'll gladly do
  Whatever I can to accommodate you."

Then he leaves his place and follows leader, running and leaping to one side as a calf might do. The leader stops before another child and says:

"Kind tanner, lend me your help to-day,
  My grateful thanks shall be your pay."

Tanner makes usual reply and follows behind calf, making motions as if lifting hides from one vat to another with pole. Leader stops again and says:

"Kind shoemaker, lend me your help to-day;
  My grateful thanks shall be your pay,"

and receives former reply.

Shoemaker follows behind tanner making motions of driving pegs or sewing shoes. Leader stops before shopkeeper and says:

"Shopkeeper, give me your help to-day
  And for your shoes I'll gladly pay."

The reply is:

"Oh surely, I will willingly do
Whatever I can to accommodate you."

The most indispensable helper becomes Needy Child next time; but, as it is usually impossible to decide which helper is most necessary, he is chosen by "counting out" the Helpers. If the Needy Child wants stockings or clothes all repeat:

"Little Willis wants new hose,
And a suit of nice new clothes."

Or,

"Alice needs some stockings new,
So she will choose her helpers true."

If bread,

"Alice is hungry, so she shall be fed;
Where are the helpers to give her some bread?"

Helpers are chosen like the others and perform actions of whatever they represent.

MERRY ELVES.

Oh, merry, merry elves are we,
Tripping o'er the grass;
With garlands gay we deck ourselves,
And thus the moments pass.

But hark! we hear a fearful sound,
A mortal doth draw near;
We'll hide ourselves down in the grass,
And then we'll have no fear.

The children, singing, skip around in a circle, first with hands on hips, then waving garlands. On "hark!" they stop and stand in listening attitude; on "hide" they scatter and drop upon grass. A blindfolded child approaches and repeats:

"I thought a fairy then I saw,
But it has flown away.
I'll see if I can find it now,
That pretty little fay."

He hunts about for fairies; first one touched is the mortal next time.

SWAPPING TAG.

Two children are chosen for sheriffs. The other children are seated. Two of them signal to each other that they wish to swap seats; as they run to do so, the sheriffs run to catch them. As many of the children as wish may be swapping seats at the same time, but no child is allowed to take any other seat than the one for which he signaled, even to save himself from being caught. As soon as one is made a prisoner by the sheriff he is put in confinement, viz., either sits on platform or remains in his own chair. The game is to swap as many times as possible during play period without being caught.

PRANCING PONIES.

Prancing ponies all are we,
Prancing ponies of high degree;
Now our flowing manes we shake;
And a springing leap we take;
Now with dainty feet we paw,
Better ponies you never saw.

Angry shouting now we hear,
See! a man is drawing near.
What's that he's holding in his hand?
Whip! Ah, now we understand.
Run, ponies, run! We'll never be
Whipped by any man, not we!

The children standing in groups prance, toss heads, jump, paw with foot, then stand still. One child, who has been chosen for coachman, approaches, shouting from the rear, children turn toward him as they sing "See!"; toss heads on "a whip!" When coachman reaches a certain distance all run until one is caught, and becomes coachman next time.

ACTION STORIES.

The action stories are to be at first read by teacher and illustrated by her with motions; afterward the children join in movements. They soon learn words of stories and may join in their repetition; but they must not be allowed to give words in a sing-song manner; it would be better to let each child, in turn, tell the story alone.

THREE WAYS.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

[From "Rhymes and Jingles." By permission of author.]

"How sweet," said the swan,
"To glide and plash! 1
And not, like a frog,
To dive and dash." 2.

"How fine," said the frog,
"To dive and dash! 2
And not like a swan,
To glide and plash!" 1.

"But better than either,
To float with grace," 3
A pond lily whispered,
"Yet keep your place."

1. Thumbs nearly touching, palms down, in front of body; extend hands straight forward with gliding movement; separate hands slightly and give them a quick downward dip with wrist movement.

2. Palms together in front of chest; extend arms quickly; separate hands quickly and carry arms outward and slightly downward at half sides.

3. Sway body slightly from side to side, changing weight slowly from one foot to the other; continue through stanza.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

By A. H. B.

[From *Youth's Companion*. By permission.]

A great yellow sunflower grew so tall 1
It looked right over the garden wall. 2
"Bless me," cried he, "What a marvellous sight! 3
Wonderful meadows to left and right, 4
And a hill that reaches up to the sky, 5
And a long, straight road where the folks go by. 6
'Twas lucky for me that I grew so tall 7
As to see the lands that lie over the wall. 8
I hadn't the faintest idea," said he, 9
"How much of a place the world might be!" 10

1. Stand straight and stretch up neck.
2. Bend neck over front.
3. Lift both hands in surprise.
4. Point outward with open hand to left and right.
5. Reach both arms straight upward.
6. Hold hands, one foot apart, palms facing, in front of chest; then extend straight forward.
7. Clasp hands earnestly in front of body.
8. Open and carry outward to half sides, with palms upward.
9. Raise hands in surprise.
10. Turn arms and carry down at half sides to waist line, palms upward.

BUD-BABIES.

By Bertha Louisa Colburn.

On every tree in spring,
Bud-babies small and brown 1
In tiny cradles swing. 2
Though March winds rave about,
In haste to blow them down, 3
They cling with courage stout;
Until they hear spring call: 4
"Throw off your wraps so warm,
Put on new garments all."
So out from blankets deep, 5
Which hid from wintry storm,
They take a timid peep. 6
But gone is every fear,
When sunlight warm they see, 7
And cheerful birdnotes hear.
Now each bud swells with pride, 8
And robing fast in glee,
Throws useless wrap aside. 9

1. Raise arms at sides above head, and shut palms, fingers pointing upward, to represent the bud. Hold till 5.

2. Feet apart, sway from side to side.

3. Put one foot slightly forward and sway forward and back.

4. Stand still and tip head slightly to side in listening attitude.

5. Open palms very slowly, lowering elbows until the upper arms are horizontal at sides on 6.

7. Tip head backward, looking up and smiling.

8. Forearms open out a little at sides to show swelling of bud.

9. Bring arms downward in front, and then to sides as if throwing off wraps. Joyful expression of face.

THE WEATHER-VANE.

By Mary Mapes Dodge.

[From "Rhymes and Jingles." By permission of author.]

There was an old weather-vane high on the shed, 1
The wind came a-courting and turned his head; 2
And all it could utter for lack of a mouth
Was—East and West and North and South. 3

1. Tip head back and reach both arms up above head, palms front.

2. Turn head slowly around to right; then to left.

3. Arms extended at shoulder level;

twist trunk slowly to right until left arm points to normal front position; twist around to left until right arm points to normal front.

FROGS.

By Bertha Louise Colburn.

A dozen frogs, who sat on logs, 1
  Around a shallow pool, 2
Were seen with joy by a cruel boy
  Coming home from school.

A stone he threw, 3 and hit one too,
  The cruel, wicked lad;
Then threw another, 3 and hit his brother.
  Was ever boy so bad? 4

Then all the frogs who sat on logs, 1
  Dove into the shallow pool; 5
And they had need to swim with speed, 6
  To escape the boy from school.

1. Bend trunk slightly forward from hips, and hold arms down in front at an angle of thirty degrees with body, palms down and parallel to floor, chin lifted high—to represent sitting frog.

2. Arms raised to mid-line, elbows bent and palms in—to indicate the round pool.

3. Motion of throwing.

4. Hands raised in astonishment.

5. Bring palms together and shove them forward, bending neck forward, in diving movement.

6. Spread arms to sides; together; and out again, with swimming movement.

OUR SON.

By Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.

[From *Youth's Companion*. By permission.]

Our son has been a grocer,
  With tea and spice to sell, 1
He's been a scissors-grinder, 2
  With klinking, klanking bell; 3
For weeks he was a milkman,
  A-calling "milk" below; 4
Then he became a farmer,
  With many seeds to sow. 5

And next he was a butcher,
  With beef and mutton-chops; 6
And next he was a toy-man
  With balls and singing-tops. 7
He's been a stage-coach driver,
  With prancing, coal-black steeds; 8
He's been a traveling peddler,
  With pocket-combs and beads; 9
He's been a gallant soldier
  In battles not a few; 10
He's been a ship's commander,
  And sailed the ocean blue. 11
Just now he is a doctor, 12
  And says he likes it best.
The cause of all his changes
  Perhaps you may have guessed.

His father thinks he'll settle
  Before it is too late;
For this small son of ours
  As yet is not quite eight! 13

1. Point to "tea" on right, and "spice" on left.

2. Work pedal of grindstone with right foot and extend arms, holding scissors against stone.

3. Wave right arm up and down, as if ringing bell.

4. Turn head to sides and look up at houses.

5. Hold a measure against chest with left arm and make motion of putting right hand in, then swinging arm out to side and forward, sowing seed.

6. Make motion of cutting through a bone with cleaver.

7. Hold hands together as if enclosing ball. Bend trunk slightly forward, point fingers to floor and move hand in quick circles with wrist movement.

8. Extend arms in front as if driving.

9 Make motion of combing hair. Point with both hands to beads around neck.

10. Stand erect; then step forward and fire gun.

11. Hold spyglass up to eyes.

12. Hold out left hand; find pulse in wrist with right.

13. Extend both arms at mid-front line toward "son;" then raise slightly, and lower, farther to sides, in affirmation.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

By Bertha Louise Colburn.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The Fourth of July! 1
  Great day of freedom's birth,
Run up our banner; let her fly 2
  In triumph o'er the earth. 3

The bells are rung from twelve to one, 4
  To usher in the day;
They ring again to greet the sun,
  And herald its first ray.

The trumpets peal their loudest blast, 5
We hear the booming gun;
The children big torpedoes cast; 6
The day is well begun.

To merry sound of fife 7 and drum 8
The boys march down the street;
You think of soldiers homeward come,
As sounds their tramping feet.

The crackers snap with fitful sound; 10
Torpedoes burst all day; 10
And when the darkness closes round, 11
The brilliant fireworks play. 12

The candles shoot their flaming balls; 13
The rockets upward go; 14
The brazen serpent fierce appalls; 15
The spinning pin-wheels glow. 16

But darkness reigns supreme at length;
The glorious Fourth is o'er;
Three cheers for the flag of right and strength, 17
Free waving evermore.

1. Circular movement of right hand and arm above head, as in cheering.
2. Point upward with right hand.
3. Give sweeping gesture with both hands from front to sides.
4. Movement of pulling bell-rope, continued during whole stanza.
5. Holding trumpet to mouth with both hands.
6. Throwing movement with right arm.
7. Both hands up to mouth as in playing fife.
8. Beating drum.
9. Feet lifted and replaced in stationary marching during last three lines.
10. Clap hands.
11. Slow floating movement of arms from high, half sides down to mid line.
12. Clasp hands in quick joyful manner.
13. Hold right arm up and give circular movement of hand from wrist, as if holding candle.
14. Both arms carried upward with swift, straight movement.
15. Point upward left and make serpentine movement.
16. Twirl both hands around each other.
17. Circular movement of cheering with hand above head.

TEN LITTLE TIN SOLDIERS.

By Lilla Thomas Elder.

[From *Youth's Companion*. By permission.]

Ten little tin soldiers lay in a row, 1
Stretched out on the nursery floor, 2
Just where they could see with their sharp little eyes,
Through the crack that was under the door. 3

Their captain had left them all there for the night,
And said, as he crept into bed,
"If any one tries to come into the room, 4
You must fire and shoot him stone-dead." 5

The hours went by, and the ten little guns 6
Were aimed at the crack near the floor, 7
When all of a sudden the crack stretched and grew, 8
And somebody opened the door. 9

Bang! bang! went the guns—the soldiers all fired, 10
But nobody seemed to be dead; 11
Instead they all heard a soft kiss in the dark,
"Good-night, dear!" a loving voice said.

Then all the ten soldiers shook badly with fright, 12
And whispered low, one to another: 13
"How lucky it was that our guns were so small! 14
What if we had killed Tommy's mother?" 15

1 and 2. Hold hands out front, palms down, fingers stretched out straight.
3. One hand held an inch above the other, palms facing.
4 and 5. Stand erect like soldier, and make straight up and down gesture of command.
6 and 7 Both arms raised as if aiming gun.
8 and 9. Hold hands as in 3, then stretch them apart and toward side.
10. Fire guns.
11. Look intently forward; show surprise.
12. Shake with fear.
13. Turn head to side.
14. Hand up to mouth, as if whispering.
15. Point to "Tommy's mother."

THE MOSQUITOES.

By Bertha Louise Colburn.

On a little round placid-faced pond
  Softly floated a tiny white raft; 1
Built of hundreds of eggs, 2 you'll agree
  'Twas a very queer kind of a craft. 3

On this calm little rush-grown pond,
  For two days it floated about; 4
Then from under each tiny gray egg,
  Lo! a little dark wriggler crept out. 5

They all wriggled around in the pond, 6
  Swiftly darting about here and there, 7
Eluding the fierce, cruel nymphs, 8
  Going up to the top after air. 9

So much swimming about in the pond,
  Made their clothing become far too tight;
So the old they thrice changed for new, 10
  Much more suited for swift, easy flight. 6

But they floated ere-long on the pond, 11
  Grown too lazy to do aught but breathe,
Till the sight of some dread, waiting nymph,
  Sent them hurrying down far beneath. 12

Now thus floating one day on the pond, 11
  In new chrysalis clothes tightly dressed,
With such queer, breathless feelings of pain
  Were the little fat wrigglers oppressed. 13

And each shuddered with fear on the pond, 14
  At the sound of a queer, rending crack;
For each felt that his chrysalis coat
  Had split all the way down the back! 15

So with trembling upon the still pond,
  From their old ragged coats they crawled out, 16
Dried their weak, crumpled wings in the sun;
  Then mosquitoes gay flew about. 17

But alas! lightly over the pond,
  Their voracious nymph enemies flew; 17
Slender dragon-flies now, with gay wings
  Of many a rich, brilliant hue.

And alack! too, there lived near the pond
  Many giants, alert, fierce and wild; 18
And mosquitoes were killed by the score
  By a monster whom they called a child. 19

1. Hold hand out front with palm down for raft; float to side with wrist movement.
2. Hands held up in front of chest in surprise.
3. Hands lowered to mid-front in affirmation.
4. Float hand slowly from front to side.
5. Separate fingers and move them up and down.
6. Palms together vertically; move hands from side to side with wrist movement.
7. Wriggle hands to one side with wrist and arm movement.
8. Move them downward.
9. Move them upward.
10. From position of palms together close fingers and open hands with a downward turning movement, and shut backs of hands together. Reverse movement.
11. Hands in 6th position, held upward in front.
12. Wriggling movement downward.
13. Hold hands up to throat and show feeling by facial expression.
14. Shake with fear.
15. From 6th position, open palms from above.
16. From 15th, separate hands, moving them horizontally to sides.
17. Float arms up and down at sides above shoulder level.
18. Both arms reaching up in front to show height of giants; bend slightly forward on "alert;" show fierceness in facial expression.
19. Short, quick slap of one hand upon back of other.

[*To be continued.*]

Werner's Magazine Bureau.

My Dear Bureau:

How is it with the lecturing and reading business you and I are interested in? The politicians are busy with the Presidential perplexities; the commercial men are wondering whether their customers will ever buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest again; the preachers are coming back to their freshly-dusted pulpit cushions, and the lawyers to their never-dusted courts; but all these things concern you and me very little, except, of course, the preaching. The coal my neighbor is purchasing will hardly warm me, for by the time it is burning I may be in Michigan or Texas. I have a friendly interest in my friend's shopping for her furs, but they will not warm me either; we people on the Bureau list are nothing if not professional, and what we want to know is whether we are to have a good season. For here, you see, is a point on which the Washington weather manufactory can give us no satisfaction, all prescient as it pretends to be. The committees and managers know about it, I suppose, and are busy balancing and weighing this popularity against the other—or deciding 'twixt twenty-five cents and half a dollar admission. I suppose that they think of us—they are obliged to do that, for there will be neither fun nor philosophy until we come.

But I wonder if they think of the work the lecturers and readers have been doing through this hottest of hot summers—this putting of our best thoughts and most precious acquirements—precious to us, if to nobody else—upon paper? Do they think how, solitary and alone, we have stood up in our chambers, and rehearsed our most beautiful passages to the walls? How we have rewritten this sentence and rejected that, and looked out words in the dictionary, and selected the nicest, if not the longest? Or do they think of us, when the days have grown shorter and the evenings longer, starting out for our long miles of steam-car and steamboat journeyings, with our best dresses in the big trunk, and our bundle of MSS. in the little one? I suppose they are glad to see us coming, so that the select and intelligent audience shall not be disappointed, nor the dear, delightful money returned, but do they ever think how the jaded and half-frozen traveler managed to reach them? Well, we do have our little trials as well as our little triumphs; yet the last are so pleasant that even I, who, as you must tell everybody, am getting to be never so old—never mind the exact figures—even I think that the compensations are sufficient. One goes, after all, to the most intelligent towns, and sees the cleverest people; and after the third visit to a place, it seems quite like going among one's own relations.

Yes, I like to go back to the old friends; there are congregations in which one feels that she has an undivided tenth, or twentieth, part of an estate fee simple, which she would like to have and to hold forever. I own there are some pleasant places to which I should be sorry not to be recalled; and doubtless most readers and lecturers have the same feeling.

Well, I wish the committeemen and the managers good luck in making up their lists. It requires talent, if not genius, to arrange a single good dinner to be eaten in a couple of hours; but these good public servants have to settle a bill-of-fare which is to last all winter; and I, for one, have never supposed it was an easy business to balance the grave and the gay, the light with the solid, the useful with the merely entertaining. It demands tact for this, and a knowledge, intuitive or acquired, of those mysteries—the wants of the people. However, with Werner's Magazine Bureau to help them, they get along nicely, as nobody has more reason for acknowledging than

MINNIE SWAYZE.

New York.

CURRENT THOUGHT

VOICE-CULTURE AND MUSIC.

"OLD FOGYISM IN VOICE-CULTURE."

Under the above title Mr. M. L. Brown, in *Musical Record,* bewails the lack of progress in methods for cultivating the voice and protests against pinning one's vocal faith wholly to what Mr. Louis Arthur Russell calls "the Italian fetish." Mr. Brown, who qualifies himself as critic by telling of his ten years' instruction with six Italian method teachers, and having sung songs, arias and oratorio many years, descants:

"The work of the musician player as a rule is superior to that of the singer. Take, for instance, the piano and violin soloists, as well as orchestral work. These have a technical value and artistic finish rarely found in the vocalist. The really excellent singers may be counted off on one's fingers, and that, too, in New York, wherein congregate many of the singers of two continents.

"We hear artists occupying highest places sing flat and deliver the voice with such bad method as to be pitiful. Conscientious artists, too, who have dramatic ability, and artists schooled in everything, apparently, but the use of the voice as an instrument. In piano-forte building, when an instrument has a scale with one tone strong, another weak, and a third a cross between the two, and also when one tone is muffled, another is brilliant, and a third a cross between the two, that piano is designated as having a bad action. So it is with the voice perfected as an instrument. When we hear a few tones well placed forward (it would seem almost by chance), mellow, full, and sonorous, accompanied by a vibrant quality grateful to the ear—followed by others made in a different way, perhaps by the mouth being held so wide open in the middle register, on all the vowels, as to almost betray the whereabouts of the diaphragm, thereby dispersing the vibrations, and producing that shallow, colorless tone termed 'white,' only to be followed in turn by others clutched at the throat, and if, as a result, some tones are open and clear, others choked, others thin, and so on, that voice is said to have a bad action or method.

"Voices built like those of Pol Plançon and Anton Van Rooy, every tone of which is placed well forward—not a hit or miss in the whole range—are a source of the deepest satisfaction to the listener, and have a reliability most gratifying. Mr. Plançon sang in New York for weeks, and I do not once recall his having been off duty because of a 'cold.' I suspect that half of the colds are more the result of bad method than of bad weather.

"Voice-building is in reality instrument-building, for without first the perfected tone instrument upon which to develop a technic, no truly excellent work can be done, and the voice-culturist certainly rests under a disadvantage not to be met with in any other department of musical study. All musical instruments are of themselves lifeless. The violinist forms his own tone, as does the singer, but he does so on a quiescent and inanimate object. While, on the other hand, the voice-instrument—the human throat—is a very-much-alive piece of mechanism, and for this reason a knotty problem to handle, especially as it is subject to such influences as the health and temperament of its possessor, conditions quite outside the control of the voice-teacher.

"Throat-action must become automatic and mechanical in response to the will of the singer, and free from any restraint imposed by temperamental consciousness of its owner, before artistic results can be obtained. It is safe to estimate that in each generation there are in two continents not more than thirty voice-instruments produced. Against this is an array of hundreds upon hundreds of voice-students, pursuing their studies with conscientious fervor, struggling for place and recognition, which but few obtain—the majority never being heard of, and all winding up voice-wrecks at an early age.

"Why is it that in all branches of music there has been more progress than in the voice? Have we not lived under the ministrations of the Italian school of voice-culture, lo, these many years? Has it not been heralded from the house-tops, quoted as all-sufficient, taught, and unsuccessfully attacked? Is it not heresy to doubt a tenet of its faith? Is it not a matter of jeopardizing musical standing to do so?

"Now, what is the matter? Oh, we are told all these people have had poor teachers, and the traditions of the pure school are forgotten and ignored. Who would dare suggest that there might be something wrong in the traditions themselves—innately so—independent of any vitiation brought them by individual voice-teachers? Because it has been the best system known, does that absolutely prove there can be no fault in it? It is interesting in the connection to note that in all other branches of music there has been advance and development. Why do not people play the piano with the technic of a hundred years ago? Compare the orchestra of to-day with that of olden times! Compare composition with that antedating the day of Beethoven and Bach—and note especially the improvement

in the field of opera. Every once in a while a mighty man has lifted up his voice proclaiming a new doctrine and advancing his art by his teachings. Were not Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Liszt, and Chopin such?

"In truth, everything moves on but voice-culture. Who dares lift up his voice in the interest of anything new in it? Brave indeed is he! Is he not at once a charlatan, a fraud, a crank, a what-not? In all the active departments of life man may delve, investigate, invent, and expound, but in voice-culture he must still employ the methods of a couple of hundred years ago!"

MUSIC IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

"One sees the folly of claiming too high a place for music among the arts. Music is unfortunate in having limitations which become more evident as we study it in comparison with an art like literature, for example. One of these, and not the least, is the impossibility of its sharing the nutriment which literature receives from ordinary social life. Conversation and letter-writing alone may keep the literary faculty in training, but music is denied a like help. Moreover, music, in its nature, is so abstract that it must be limited to the few. It cannot hope to fill so important a place as literature among the arts.

"One errs in claiming too much for music in the college curriculum. Scarcely any college could find use for more than two or three instructors in music; and the number of students taking the courses is bound to be small, even in the largest institutions. Yet aside from numbers, music has a significance that seems greater, in contrast with the paucity of students and of teachers. Its consequence in life, alone, entitles it to corresponding importance in the university. It deserves to be classed among what were once called the 'humanities,' and its right to be regarded an element of the broadest, most human culture, need not be defended. No college can boast of giving a liberal education, in the fullest and truest sense, and at the same time exclude music from its course.

"The education given by many colleges in this country is more conservative than liberal. An inquiry addressed some time ago to a certain Western university of some repute brought back the interesting information that the only instruction in music given there was 'that received by the military band.' There are many colleges in the country in which music is not taught in any theoretic courses whatever. It may be interesting to note that in New England, Boston University, Colby University, Dartmouth, and Williams, with many others besides, fall within this class. There has never been any department at Johns Hopkins. And music is not taught in a large number of other well-known institutions, including the University of Chicago, Ohio State University, University of Virginia, Vanderbilt University, University of Missouri, University of California, and Leland Stanford Junior University. At Cornell, no regular department has yet been established; and two courses in singing are all that are given. These, however, count as regular academic work. The University of Pennsylvania gives an extended course covering three years, but the latch is raised only to special students who wish to fit themselves for the degree of bachelor of music. Princeton has a school of music. Its courses are open freely to all members of the university; and one of them, on history and theory, is taken by about one hundred students. But none is permitted to count for the academic degree.

"There appears to be a great number of colleges in which music receives little attention. In some cases it has no standing whatever, and is altogether frozen out of the curriculum; in others it may be admitted, but often there seems to be only a vague understanding of the place that it should fill. Thus some institutions make no attempt to discriminate between practical music, such as pianoforte playing and singing, and theoretical music, such as history, composition, and criticism.

"It would be unjust to say that Eastern colleges are the only ones that recognize music as of equal standing with other subjects. The University of Michigan and the University of Wisconsin both have well-organized departments of music which rank equally with the other academic departments; and there are probably many other institutions in the West of a similar favorable attitude. In New England, Amherst, Brown, Tufts, and Yale are instances of colleges that agree that a bachelor of arts is a bachelor of something which may include music. Another instance is Columbia University, in New York. These institutions all recognize the claims of music to be considered an element of broad culture; but they meet the demands of music in different ways."—*Arthur Spencer in Musical Record.*

MELBA TELLS HOW SHE BECAME A SINGER.

"You know we lived in Melbourne only a part of each year, and in the wilderness in was not easy to get servants, so it became my duty to help with the housework. Before I was seven years old I could wash and dry dishes as well as any one, and I really enjoyed it. It was better than having nothing at all to do, which was usually our condition on the ranch. It was not easy for me to gratify my desire for music. I taught myself a great deal, and with the help of my Aunt Lizzie I was finally able to play very well. Then I took up the study of music in Melbourne, though I never thought seriously of making it my profession. It was a great delight to me, however, and I remember my great disappointment when the family once moved to a house where there was no piano. Of course, none was to be had in those backwoods; but my father pacified me by procuring a concertina. I played on that for months. On

Sundays, when the traveling minister came along, I played at services held in our parlor. I never thought much of singing, though at this time I was anxious to become a great pianist. I went along day by day studying as much as I could, and almost my only happiness was found in playing and singing. I mastered the pipe-organ and several other instruments, and in Melbourne I used to practice in one of the churches every afternoon. Then I suddenly arrived at a determination to do something with my voice. It seemed a shame to let it lie quiet, and I decided to make some use of it. So I studied harder than ever, and, after appearing occasionally for two years in Australia, my friends urged me to go to Europe for study, and I followed their advice. I went at once to Paris, and placed myself under Mme. Marchesi.

"I will never forget the day I presented myself at her door. I was rather awkward then, and decidedly shy, and since I was by no means rich I feared that she would refuse me as a pupil. I was almost fainting when she entered the room, but I gradually recovered self-possession, and when asked to sing I was feeling as well as ever. It seemed that my voice was in poor condition, and I almost dreaded her verdict. My apprehensions were without reason, however, for she took both my hands in hers and told me that some day I would be her greatest pupil, if I would work and persevere. . . . Two years passed—two years of work such as few women pass through when studying music. I was anxious to make my debut as soon as possible, for I needed money.

"A prima donna's working days are never over so long as she is before the public. I am constantly studying some new role, whether I expect to sing it or not. If one does not learn new parts her art is sure to stagnate, and progress is the surest way to success in music. I would rather not sing at all than always sing the same. Each time I try to do better than before, and in this way my work is made interesting. I shall always keep on working just as hard as ever, for I find that is the only happy way of living."

MAX HEINRICH ON THE TREMOLO.

"Although scarcely seeing reason for answering, some one who has written so laughable a question as 'Is a tremolo something to be admired?' I nevertheless will say that of all the objectionable and pernicious habits in singing one only can surpass the tremolo, and that is 'singing out of time.' It is true that some American students, especially women, go so far as intentionally to acquire the tremolo, going all the way to Europe to do so, imagining it to be beautiful, soulful. However this may be, I am inclined to doubt my correspondent's statement that in many New York churches the singers one and all sing with a tremolo. I have had considerable experience with New York churches, and I recall two or three cases only, and to my mind their 'wobble' of voice was begotten by their 'wobble' of mind and imagination, the result of a cheap, sentimental ecstasy, presumed by the perpetrators of the nuisance and their foolsome friends to be an expression of genuine and healthy sentiment, when in fact such 'tremulous singers' are nothing but sentimental vocal degenerates. But why argue further in favor or against a habit which I am happy to say has been denounced by the good and healthy taste of our music lovers throughout the length and breadth of the land!"

THE JEW IN MUSIC.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters, author of "Justice to the Jews," writes as follows on what the Jews have done in music:

The art most cultivated among the Jews is music. Among their musical geniuses are first of all Felix Bartholdy Mendelssohn (1809-47), the *wunderkind* of modern music, Jacques François Fromental Halévy (1799-1862), Giacomo Meyerbeer (1794-1863), Jacques Offenbach (1819-1882), K. Goldmark (b. 1832), and Johann Strauss (1825-1899), the great waltz king. The musical leaders of England are J. Moscheles (1794-1870), F. H. Cowen (b. 1852), Sir Julius Benedict (1805-1885), Sir M. Costa (1810-1878), Sir A. Sullivan (b. 1844), and Charles K. Salaman (b. 1814). Of minor composers we may select, of Frenchmen, C. H. V. Alkan (b.1813), Jules Cohen (b. 1835), and Emilie Jonas (b. 1827). Among the Swedes, J. A. Josephson achieved fame. Among America's great leaders we may name Rudolph Aronson, Wilhelm Gericke, Carl Wolfsohn, Jacob Rosewald, and the Damroschs, the Blutkopfs of Germany, Damrosch being the literal translation into Hebrew of the German name.

The Jews have perhaps achieved as great triumphs as performers as they have as composers. The piano found its greatest master in Anton Rubinstein, while Moritz Rosenthal and Joseph Hoffmann bid fair to equal him. Joseph Joachim played the violin in a manner never equalled before his time nor since. Jules Levy stands first among cornetists, and Louis Blumenberg is the leading solo violoncellist in this country. Among great European singers may be named, John Braham (1774-1864), whose dramatic genius was equalled by his peerless voice, and that original genius, Pauline Lucca, "the transcendentally human," and Caroline Gomperz Bettelheim, the famous Austrian court contralto.

Wagner wrote "Das Judenthum in der Music" to show that the Aryan had originality, while the Jews were only adjusters and adapters. We leave the critics to determine this point. But this we know, that when Wagner produced an opera to show the Teutonic superiority over the Jews, he was dumbfounded when on the night of the performance all the first violins were in the hands of Jews.

ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.

PUBLIC SPEAKING IN COLLEGES.

According to the *Yale Alumni Weekly*,

"President Schurman of Cornell has said of a department of oratory that it is one 'without which no American university can be considered complete.' Cornell has acted on this principle. Over 200 are now in the various courses, and the value of the training it gives is shown whenever there is general competition calling out the best public speaking of the university. The main courses are those of oratory and public speaking. These include studies of the masters and masterpieces of oratory. They are conducted on the principle that 'there can be no right speaking without right thinking, and right thinking can best be promoted by increasing the powers of reasoning and observation.' Special stress is laid on originality in interpretation of thought and emotion. Imitation finds no place in the system, and elocutionary theories are but little followed. White Hall is the centre of the various departments of activity in public speaking. In this building the different debating societies have their meetings. One of the rooms is called the Hall of Oratory. Here are hung the portraits of great orators, as well as of students of the university who have distinguished themselves in Cornell public speaking.

"Yale must develop some more definite and comprehensive system soon, or in this almost prime essential for citizenship training it will fall behind many other institutions. Everyone knows that there is very little of such training, and that it makes no impression on any appreciable number of students. It is crowded into such a short time, and crowded on men who have had so little idea of the subject before, that when the public test comes, the effect of it appears in various stage motions, which seem to have been annexed to the speaker at certain passages in his oration, and concerning whose propriety or meaning he apparently has no idea. It is often urged that it is difficult to secure sufficient instruction of the highest kind in this line, as it verges so easily into the superficial and the declamatory. This is, of course, no sufficient reason for omitting something which is so indispensable. May Yale not be much longer without a broad, thorough course in public speaking. A good argument can be made for making some of it compulsory."

Comment by S. H. Clark.

To those interested in public speaking in colleges this article should be encouraging. There are a number of institutions of higher learning—law schools, theological seminaries, and colleges of arts and sciences—that thoroughly appreciate the value and necessity of courses in public speaking, but candidates for positions in these institutions should equally appreciate that there is no room for any but well-trained teachers. These must be college graduates, possessing strength of character, teaching ability, and, particularly, a knowledge of orators, oratory, and forensics. College faculties are very suspicious, and rightly so, of elocutionary training; they are jealous of the university standard, and are unwilling that credit should be given for work in elocution unless such work is worthy.

Among elocutionists one often hears discussions in which the college and university are generously belabored for their shortsightedness, lack of appreciation, and all that; while the parties to the discussion seem to lose sight of the attitude the self-respecting college is bound to assume in this matter of elocution. Our colleges do not want statue-posing, they do not want declamation, but good, honest, straightforward public speaking and debating. Voice-culture and training in gesture may and should justly form a part of the course, but show-work, prize-work, and all that silly nonsense, can find no place in the curriculum of a high-grade institution of learning. There are a dozen or more positions awaiting the right man in our colleges, but he must be a well-educated, thoroughly-trained and, in most cases, a college-bred man. It is well, then, for those who hope to obtain high-class positions, instead of superciliously scorning the bachelor's degree, to prepare themselves by taking a full college course, specializing not in physical culture, but in English literature, rhetoric, and forensics.

"TO ACCENT OR NOT TO ACCENT."

The Asheville, N. C., *Citizen* takes Mr. E. P. Stephenson, Secretary of the Academy of the Dramatic Arts, New York, to task for his reference to what is termed "Southern accent," as follows:

"The *Citizen* has received a copy of the June number of WERNER'S MAGAZINE. Its leading article, 'Expression in the South,' is a description of the present status of literature, elocution, vocal music and physical culture in the South, and is illustrated with numerous photographs of prominent teachers of singing, elocution and physical culture in the Southern States, and of some of the institutions in which these subjects are taught.

"On the subject of the expressional talent found in the South, E. P. Stephenson is quoted as follows:

'The Academy has but a small percentage of dramatic students from the South.

Dramatic instinct in these, however, is strong. Southerners are naturally impulsive and impressionable. Southern women have, in their favor, their personal appearance; a brilliancy of manner, which gives them a striking stage-appearance; an innate refinement which makes them responsive to surroundings, and easier to teach on that account; more self-possession than the average Northern or Western woman, and a good deal of determination. We are able to tell Southern dramatic students almost at a glance because they carry with them an impression of power. Accent does not hinder them in their work, for they soon lose all offensive trace of it.'

"It is very gratifying to learn that 'accent does not hinder them in their work.' But does the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, we wonder, discourage the use of accent by its pupils? Or does the very flattering secretary mean to insinuate that some particular accent, other than the Southern woman's, is the natural medium of the dramatic arts, and is exclusively patronized by them? The dramatic muse, we trow, cannot surely be accentless, and it would be interesting to know just what accent she is supposed specially to affect; whether the discordant r-r-rolling explosion of Chicago; the nasal, lack-melody twang of Boston, or the half-and-half of New York; or does she, perchance, call it 'haccent'? If the Southern woman 'loses all offensive traces' of accent, while she is being trained for the stage, she certainly has the advantage in that respect of her Northern sisters. The article in so far as it represents the institutions and teachers of the South, is necessarily very incomplete, but it will nevertheless prove of interest to a large class of readers."

SCHOOL TEACHERS INTERESTED IN ELOCUTION.

The Last Word of the New York State School Teachers' Association, by One Who Heard It Spoken.

THE most successful feature of the meeting of the N. Y. S. T. A., at Thousand Island Park, in July, was the work of the section on Reading and Oral Expression. Other sections for special work were held in small tents, but, owing to the enterprise of the president of the section, Prof. R. E. Mayne, its meeting was held in the auditorium, the principal gathering-place of the convention.

President Mayne opened with an eloquent address on elocutionary matters, followed by Miss Caroline B. LeRow, who stated briefly, as published in WERNER'S MAGAZINE for August, the objects of the section. She was followed by Mr. George Griffith, superintendent of schools, Utica, and by Dr. John G. Wight, principal of the Girls' High School, Manhattan, both of whom made able addresses. The latter gentleman, in accepting the invitation to speak, wrote to the President: "I would gladly, if I knew how, promote oral reading in the High School, even going to the unpopular extent of calling it 'elocution.' To foster a high standard of daily speech in the school and in the home comes pretty close to the promotion of good morals."

State Superintendent Charles R. Skinner expressed the warmest interest in the meeting, regretting his inability to be present. The meeting gave such satisfaction that many teachers, notably those from Buffalo and Rochester, requested that another meeting be held. This was done on the following day, the meeting being attended by a larger audience than was the first one. After conferring with many teachers, it was deemed desirable that the gathering should be free and informal. This plan was followed, Miss LeRow being asked many questions, the answering of which her life-long experience in the work and her connection for nearly twenty years with the largest high school in the world made her thoroughly competent.

The occasion, while enjoyable and profitable, was in a certain sense a pathetic one also, for a majority of the questions formed the saddest sort of revelation of the elocutionary difficulties with which most teachers are struggling, and their utter inability to cope with them. These confessions of perplexity and ignorance fully proved the truth of the words which Miss LeRow had the day before uttered with so much emphasis: "Reading is one of the fine arts, and should be recognized as such. Because reading is a fine art, the average teacher should no more be required to teach reading than she should music or drawing without some special training, the need of which has been for years conceded in both these branches, and later in sewing and cooking."

Principal W. C. Hess, of Manhattan, took prominent part in the discussion, and contributed largely to its interest, propounding and answering many vital questions.

The result of this second meeting was the following resolution, unanimously and enthusiastically passed and forwarded to State Superintendent Skinner the same day:

"Resolved, that the Section on Reading and Oral Expression in the Public Schools shall, and hereby do, request, as a Section of the New York State Teachers' Association, that in his next annual report the State Superintendent shall request that this subject receive greater attention in all Normal and Training Schools."

Acknowledgment of this communication was promptly made.

If teachers' conventions are, as a rule, what they have been flippantly denominated, merely "travel and talk, elections and excursions, and impossible programs," there was surely an exception to the rule in the work of this particular section on reading. If there is, as is usually supposed, any satisfaction in having "the last word," that Section enjoyed it to the full.

Too much credit can not be given to President Mayne, one of the most devoted and unselfish of all the workers in the elocutionary field, who unceasingly, without money and without price, in season and out of season, in sickness and in health—for during the past winter he has worked under great physical disability—has left nothing unthought of or undone to bring about this practical result. Mr. John T. Nicholson, president of the Association, has also been actively interested in this work, and not long ago remarked to Prof. Mayne: "Your Section, although but three years old and the youngest in the Association, has become the most important of all, though some of them have been organized for forty years."

The National Association of Elocutionists may profitably consider the attention which this work has attracted in the Teachers' Association of the Empire State, and in some practical way utilize the fact for its own interest and advancement. Teachers of elocution throughout the country can easily organize similar sections in their respective States, and can not fail to be financially benefited by such a creation of interest.

ENNOBLING THE TERM "ELOCUTION."

ALFRED AYRES'S REPLY.

Editor Werner's Magazine:

In the July issue of your magazine, page 443, Prof. S. H. Clark says: "Do what we will, and say what we will, we have no escape from the word 'Elocution,' and since this is the case we must redeem the term. . . . *Who will have the courage to begin?* The greater the reader the more he can do for us; the higher the rank of the school the farther will reach the influence of this *new departure.*" The italics are mine.

New departure! Would the using of the word "elocution" be something new? Has Prof. Clark forgotten that for the last eight years we have had an organization called the National Association of Elocutionists? Has he forgotten the discussion that resulted in the word elocutionists being used in the name chosen for the association? Has he forgotten my suggestion that those elocutionists who objected to the word "elocution" would do well to choose some other vocation?

If I may venture to speak of myself, I will say that never once have I employed any one of the terms that the weaklings are wont to employ in order to avoid using the word "elocution." To me, the using of the term "expression" as a substitute—it is not a synonym—for "elocution" is most offensive; while, to my thinking, the using of the word "diction"—which the weaklings adopt from the French—in a like sense is simply nauseating. What a pity that there is no way we can reach these moral poltroons! But virility gone, neither physic nor surgery avails! The truth is we are never quite sure what is intended when either "expression" or "diction" is used as a substitute for "elocution." We hear of Schools of Expression and of Departments of Diction, but what these schools and these departments teach it is not easy to find out; what, however, they do not teach one finds out easily enough, if one has an opportunity to hear some of their pupils read.

As evidence, as far as it goes, that I have always employed the word "elocution" without stint, I would cite the circumstance that in 1886 I published a little book entitled, "The Essentials of Elocution," and, further, that in the same year I published an essay headed, "What is Elocution?" in which I used the word "elo-

cution" some thirty times; that in 1894, I published a book, the sub-title of which is "Elocution and Elocutionists;" and, finally, that in the essays I have from time to time written on the art of delivery, I have never once failed to use the word "elocution" when it was the proper word to use. One of these books and some of these essays I have reason to believe Prof. Clark has seen, which naturally makes it seem rather strange to me that he should intimate that existing conditions would justify us in chronicling the habitual employing of the term "elocution" by any one now as a departure at once new and courageous.

"We must redeem the term," says Prof. Clark, "because," he insists, "elocution is the only term that aptly characterizes the work of the leading schools and private teachers." Now how the term can be redeemed simply by using it is something I fail to see. It would seem to me that a better way—because a surer way—to redeem the term would be to make the elocution of the schools, teachers and readers elocution, which, sometimes at the least, it certainly is not. The term has been brought into disrepute —who will question it?—by using it to characterize something that often was not elocution, since delivery to be elocution must be good delivery. Bad delivery is no more elocution than bad handwriting is caligraphy. Of elocution there is, there has been, and there always will be very little, for the reason that elocution is an art so difficult that there are but few that under any conditions could achieve proficiency in it. Its difficulties, its subtleties are not even dreamed of by the majority of those that honestly endeavor to master the art, hence they that undertake to redeem the term "elocution" have a colossal job on their hands. Simply using the term won't do the business.

And you, Mr. Editor, you who knew the facts—how came it that you allowed what would tend greatly to mislead the future historian of elocutionary art in the new world to find its way into the pages of your magazine? Guiltless in this matter, sir, surely you are not. The readers of your magazine, I am confident, will be interested to hear what you and Prof. Clark have to say for yourselves. Especially interested will be ALFRED AYRES.

New York.

S. H. CLARK'S REJOINDER.

Editor Werner's Magazine:

On several occasions I have embraced the opportunity of stating publicly my high appreciation of the work of Mr. Ayres, and I should not at this time enter into what may seem to be a controversy were it not that the above contribution may be misleading to the casual reader, and leave the impression that Mr. Ayres and I have a quarrel, when, as a matter of fact, if Mr. Ayres had taken the spirit of my July article instead of the letter, it would have been seen that there is little real difference between us.

Mr. Ayres will excuse me when I say that I know more of the doings of public readers and teachers of elocution than he does; and of such knowledge I say that, in spite of our resolution eight years ago, to call ourselves "elocutionists," few or no public readers announce themselves on their circulars as *elocutionists,* and a school of *elocution* is as rare as an *elocutionist.* I am willing to admit that Mr. Ayres has made a stanch fight for the use of the term elocution, but, sir, one swallow doesn't make a summer! I will go further and admit the term is not *new,* when we consider the word in its true sense, but it would be a *renewal,* if that is a better way of putting it, if the profession should discard the various makeshifts—not synonyms, as Mr. Ayres truly puts it—and come out boldly for *elocution.* For, with the exception of Alfred Ayres and a very few others, there are no *elocutionists,* nor teachers of *elocution.*

My critic is very blind in interpreting my remark about redeeming the term. I gave Mr. Ayres credit for greater perspicuity than to believe that I would imply that the mere use of the term elocution would make of us good readers. What I meant was quite clear: We must read so well, and call ourselves elocutionists at the same time, that elocution shall be synonymous with true and artistic interpretation. And, further, my appeal implied that those who taught true elocution should use that term to describe their work. I trust this is clear now to Mr. Ayres, although why it should not have been so before I can not see.

I am glad that my words have brought out this article from Mr. Ayres, for, as a result, we shall perhaps call more attention to a vital subject than might have been given to words of mine; but Mr. Ayres must understand that the faults he finds with my article are the result of his own narrowness of interpretation and ignorance of the status of elocution in this country.

Sincerely do I hope that the future historian may not be misled by my words; that he may know that the editor of this magazine has a worthy mentor who will see to it that in the dark closing days of the nineteenth century there was at least One Elocutionist who had the courage to be known as such, and who perhaps may be known as The Elocutionist.

S. H. CLARK.

—Lawyer (in breach of promise case)—"The plaintiff says you kissed her continually when you called on her."

Defendant—"Well, I don't deny it; but I did it in self-defence."

Lawyer—"How's that?"

Defendant—"It was the only way I could keep her from singing."—*Chicago News*

Austin H. Merrill, Professor of Oratory at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., died August 10, 1900.

THE announcement of the sudden death of Austin H. Merrill brings a shock of deepest pain. It was known that his absence from the St. Louis convention of elocutionists was caused by ill health, but none seemed to apprehend that his condition was at all serious, so that when the news of his death came upon us we were all unprepared, and the suddenness of it makes the sorrow harder to bear.

In the death of Prof. Merrill the profession has suffered a loss that can not be estimated. He was easily the most artistic reader in the South, and in his particular sphere had no superior anywhere. Always delicate, suggestive, and artistic, he never overstepped the bounds of modesty. The spirit of the man manifested itself in all that he did, and consequently wherever he read he left behind an impression the result of which was a boon to all the profession.

In his class-room he wielded an even more potent influence than on the platform, for he held the highest ideals before his students, and, still better, knew and appreciated what is meant by high ideals. He urged on his students at the university to constant and conscientious effort, laying stress continually on honesty of speech and manner, teaching them to discriminate between the true and the false, and insisting ceaselessly upon the duty of readers to present only such literature as might receive the sanction of people of culture. A large part of the South has, through his pupils, been affected by his teaching, and the art has lost an able exponent everywhere.

But it is as a man that we shall miss our friend most. His tenderness and kindliness of spirit, his frankness and geniality, his courtliness and amiability, made him in every sense of the word a man—ay, a *gentleman* he was, and to know him as I did was to make one more hopeful, trustful, and optimistic.

Our hearts go out to his wife and children in their affliction. In the hour of our blackest grief the sympathy of friends is our only consolation, small even though that may be. But as time passes there will be some alleviation in the knowledge of the fact that dear Merrill's life was well lived, and that his artistic influence has gone into the work he loved so well and so highly honored. S. H. CLARK.

INTERVIEW WITH THE LATE AUSTIN H. MERRILL.

DURING his last visit to the office of WERNER'S MAGAZINE, early in 1900, Prof. Merrill gave an outline of his career and of his views of the reader's profession. The interview, stenographically reported, was as follows:

"How long have you been at Vanderbilt University, and how long has the chair of elocution and oratory been established?"

"The chair was established the second year after I entered. That is, it has been established since 1888."

"What first led you to take up the reader's profession?"

"Just after leaving college I began the study of expression with a view to adopt it as a profession. My natural fondness for interpretative work had made me successful in contests at college in expression and oratory, and, shortly after that, it was my privilege to hear Prof. Robert L. Cumnock. Then, in the study of literature, the desire to find its vocal interpretation made me take up the subject as a special study with a view to platform-work. The first play I gave was 'Esmeralda,' inspired by hearing Mr. Leland T. Powers in his rendition of 'David Copperfield.' I then began work on 'Rip Van Winkle,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and the arrangement of short stories by Thomas Nelson Page. In this work I have always looked to the historical value of the productions, because they depict a life that is now a thing of the past, such as plantation life in Virginia. In the drawing of these Mr. Page has been remarkably truthful to the situations, and has not idealized in the least or made any fancy sketches."

"What college did you attend?"

"I attended the Delaware State College, at Newark, Delaware. Then I went to the University of Michigan for a year, and was private instructor there of expression and elocution. That was in 1883; before Thomas C. Trueblood."

"Who were your first teachers?"

"Mr. R. O. Moon, of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, was the man who made me more appreciative of vocal interpretation than any one else at that time. I went from the University of Michigan to Western Maryland College, and was there for two years as teacher of expression; and from there I went to Vanderbilt University in 1886, where I have been ever since. It has only been for the past two or three years that I have been making regular trips for platform-work. Last year I was at the Brooklyn Institute. Then I made a trip through Texas, filling eighteen dates there."

"We have an idea that the Southwest, especially Texas, is a good field for this work. Is this so?"

"Yes. I had eighteen consecutive dates in Texas, in the principal institutions, such as the State University, etc., and found everywhere a keen appreciation of interpretative work."

"Have you formed any opinion as to the relative worth of the so-called Rush and Delsarte systems?"

"I think there is a great deal of misconception of true Delsarte work. In my judgment, it is a basis of true artistic work, and yet, I believe, the profession and the public at large have received a great deal of so-called Delsarte that has been artificial and uninspired by the fundamental principles of the work. In the South we have to accept everything as Delsarte that is affected and full of mannerism, showing a failure on the part of the student to comprehend the real principles of the work. I have always regarded the Rush work as excellent for affording opportunities for technical drill. I have never looked into that from Murdoch's standpoint, but I have seen a great deal that is mechanical in the Rush work. In other words, the trouble arises from the failure to go behind mere incidentals into the fundamental principles or inspiration of true interpretation."

"What would you advise by way of preparation for the career of a reader?"

"My first advice to a person who aspires to a platform career is to do careful work in the study of English literature. I do not believe that artistic interpretation is simply a desire to 'go into expression.' There must be an intellectual basis as well as an artistic impulse. The student must prepare himself to know what is good in literature and what is good in art, in order to meet the demands of the platform. The public of to-day want higher literary interpretation. They want to feel that the reader has a grasp of his theme, and is not seeking certain spectacular efforts, either through voice or gesture. I would talk with the young aspirant carefully to find out his reasons for his choice. I would see what ability he had in the way of interpretation, and if he showed an inability to grasp the situation in a way that would lead to permanent and true success I should never hesitate, I have never hesitated, to prevent that man then and there from spending any money, or giving any time, to the profession of reader. I have had the honor and pleasure of saving the public from a number of such cases as these. I have never allowed a student to continue to work with me, or to take lessons, when he had proven to me his inability to make it a success."

"Do you not think that the work of reader is encroaching upon the work of actor?"

"Yes. I think that the reader of to-day

is giving to the public a very high order of entertainment, such as they would look to from other sources. I believe that they are giving the people who do not go to the theatre a form of entertainment which meets, in every respect, their wishes, and really, in many cases, presents the play upon a much higher basis. Churches and Y. M. C. A.'s are using the interpretation of plays as a legitimate form of entertainment, when they probably would not make use of the theatre."

"If a person does not go to the theatre and does go to your reading, is it simply because the theatre generally is not considered moral?"

"You want to know if the reader is not in a situation to elevate and help theatrical work?"

"Yes. But is he not also a sort of makeshift for the public?"

"Yes. He supplies a certain class of entertainment that the public wants and which it will not go to the theatre for, simply because the theatre has surroundings unpleasant to many people. It is a question not so much of art as of morals."

"What is your experience regarding the kind of recitations and plays the public wants?"

"I think the public will always be appreciative of that which seems to be sincere in literature, whether it be comedy or tragedy. I have found that audiences respond to dramatic situations and to pathos with the same satisfaction that they turn to the humorous side of life. I believe that, by some instinct, an audience accepts that which is natural and true, and avoids that which is pretentious. They do not need to be told that such a thing is not true or is artificial, but instinctively resent it as such."

"Mr. Powers says that he finds that mixed audiences, that is, audiences of both sexes, old and young, are more responsive than audiences composed of one element only. What is your experience?"

"I agree with him. I believe that when you get different elements represented in an audience you are apt to get a unified whole, a unity in appreciation."

"Mr. Montaville Flowers, an interview with whom appears in the January issue of WERNER'S MAGAZINE, says that, when an audience is used to one another, that is to say, when the same people come together in the same hall for the same course of readings, they seem to be more responsive than the members of an audience that comes together for one time only. What is your experience?"

"That, I believe, grows out of the fact of the educative process of hearing that which is good in platform-work. It makes a person discriminative. The finest audience I ever read to was at the Brooklyn Institute. I went before it a perfect stranger, and I felt that the audience was discriminative as well as responsive. It is a fact that the same people have received from year to year such work as to make them discriminative, appreciative and capable. They know what good reading is, because they become more keenly appreciative of good work."

"When you are reading, how do you know you are heard all over the house?"

"Whenever I begin to feel somewhat the capacity of the hall, I simply make my voice do its best work, irrespective of the fact that there may be somebody there who does not hear me. I have learned from experience at Chautauqua that it is not loudness that makes you heard. One night I went before an audience there with the amphitheatre full. I felt that it would take considerable effort to make myself heard, and marred my program, in my judgment, that night by the effort to be heard. The next night I determined not to repeat the 'effort.' I spoke to a much larger audience and was heard with perfect ease by those standing outside of the amphitheatre. I believe that the carrying power of the voice is due to projection and not to loudness. I never single out one person in the back to see if he hears. I take the audience as a whole."

"What plays do you read?"

"'Esmeralda,' 'Rip Van Winkle' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' are the only distinctive plays that I give. I also give 'Uncle Edinburg's Drownin',' 'Mehlady,' by Thos. N. Page; 'The Sleeping Car,' by Howells; and adapt short stories from Richard H. Davis, Gilbert Parker, James Lane Allen and others."

"Have you found that the publishers object to your reading scenes from their books?"

"I have never had any objection made. I know publishers have been worried by compilers, but I can see no objection on the part of the publisher to this work. It advertises and sells the book. I have sold very many copies of Ruth McHenry Stuart's 'Sonny' by my readings of extracts from it."

"How is it that the foremost readers and impersonators, who were the rage some years ago, and who have made more money than any other readers, have lived to see the time when they could not get engagements? How do you acount for that?"

"This is because their particular class of work has been superseded by better work."

"You use no costume at all, do you?"

"No. I would as soon black my face as wear a costume on the platform. If I can not give a literary character to my platform-work, I will not give spectacular work."

"As to authors; do you think that the old authors, like Browning and Shakespeare, are holding and will hold?"

"Yes. I believe they are coming more in demand through the work of literary clubs in their studies and through better readers."

"What have you to say in regard to technique?"

"I believe that technical work must be the basis of all artistic work. I do not think a person capable of doing satisfactory work on the platform unless he has done careful work in technique."

JESSIE BROWN-DORWARD.

ON the frontispiece of this issue is the portrait of Mrs. Jessie Brown-Dorward, public reader and teacher of elocution, who has achieved much success in the last ten years, both in the East and in the West. She is post-graduate of Emerson College of Oratory, graduate of Columbia School of Oratory, and has also studied with Mr. H. M. Soper, of the Soper School of Oratory, and with Mr. Samuel R. Kelley, of the New England Conservatory. She taught elocution at Tabor College, and for three years conducted the department of oratory of the Omaha Woman's Club. Her work with women who have passed the stage of the "sweet girl reader"—who relies on physical charm and attractive ways rather than on mental effort to hold her audience—has been unique. Her presentation of "The Merchant of Venice," and a dramatization of Tennyson's "Princess," given at Omaha to a large and enthusiastic audience, entirely by women who have reached the meridian of life, scored a success for intelligence and abandon which nothing but experience in life, on the one hand, and careful training, on the other, could have brought about.

During last season Mrs. Dorward was teacher of elocution at the Klingenfeld School of Music, New York and Brooklyn. She has filled reading engagements at Carnegie Hall, before the Actors' Church Alliance, before Sorosis at the Waldorf-Astoria, and at other places. During the coming year she will teach at Omaha, where she is already booked for readings and high-class entertainments for clubs, churches and parlors. Her repertoire is:

1. "An Evening with American Authors."
2. Lecture and Reading, "Mary, Queen of Scots." Illustrated with stereopticon views.
3. Dickens's "Christmas Carol." Illustrated with stereopticon views.
4. Reading, "To Have and to Hold," by Miss Johnston.
5. "An Evening of Poetry and Song." Illustrated with stereopticon views.
6. Miscellaneous.

QUESTION BOX.

Ques.—(1) Please recommend a work on Sight Singing, also one on Harmony. What do you think of Marx's "Elements of Music," Richter's "Manual of Harmony," Ritter's "Sight Singing"? (2) What is the "Galvin-Paris-Chervin System" that so many teachers recommend?

Ans.—(1) We would advise you not to study harmony without a teacher. The old German methods are abstruse and would be slow work for you. You would better use a modern work built on the French or English models. A good one is Norris's "Practical Harmony" (on a French basis) and similar to E. A. McDowell's method as used in Columbia University, but not yet published. Norris's work is published in two parts at $1.00 each; Key, 75 cents. You would find help in Virgil's "Practical Exercises in Harmony Playing" ($1.50). The chords are figured somewhat differently, but you would understand them. Any system of Sight Reading that teaches the movable *Do* will do,—under the direction of a good teacher. Learn in a class. (2) The "Rousseau-Galvin-Paris-Chervin Method" has done good work, as has also the Tonic Sol-fa method. The Holt method is good, as is also the Damrosch (used in New York City schools). See also the books by Thomas Tapper, Daniel Batchellor and Thomas Charmbury. Read also "Ear-Training," by A. Heacox (75 cents).

—"Come and dine with us to-morrow," said the old fellow who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society. "Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can't. I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'" "That's all right," said the hospitable old gentleman, "bring him with you."—*Chicago Record.*

"Yes, sir," said the scholarly man, "I'm going to do it. I'm going to make Shakespeare popular—the reigning topic of the day."

"How?"

"I'm going to name a new game after him; a game in which the players wear the most astonishing costumes you ever saw."—*Washington Star.*

—Fond Mother (listening to baby's cries)—"What a sweet-toned voice she has, dear. She'll be a splendid singer. We must send her to Italy and have her voice cultivated."

Brutal Father—"Send her now"—*Tit-Bits.*

WIRTA ROBINSON.

This portrait is from the latest photograph of little Wirta Robinson, daughter of Dr. W. S. Robinson, Frostville, Ark., and known throughout that section as the "Little Cotton Belt Actress." According to all reports she is beautiful in face and in figure; can dance like a fairy; sings, acts, and recites with unusual excellence, and gives promise of achieving great distinction as an artist on platform and stage. She will attend Hardin College this year. Her father is determined that her general culture shall keep pace with her artistic development.

BOOK REVIEW.

PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

By Guy Carleton Lee, of Johns Hopkins University. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. Price, $1.75.

THE dearth of treatises on public speaking makes the publication of such a work as Professor Lee's a matter of serious moment to the profession at large and to those giving instruction in colleges in particular. The author brings to his task a great deal of training, both particular and general. To those who give his volume careful study the splendid preparation of the author becomes more and more clear, and one is impressed with the thoroughness and completeness of this recent volume as one is with no other on the same subject.

The first part of the book, embracing 135 pages, deals with reading and technical voice and gesture training. The method pursued is rather mechanical, although it must be stated in all fairness, that it presents the mechanical method in its best light. Nevertheless, it is mechanical, and, in our judgment, altogether too much so, to the exclusion of what one might term imaginative and interpretative drills.

But leaving the first part there is much that is new and helpful in the remaining 325 pages. The titles of some of the chapters in part two are highly attractive: "The History of Oratory," "The Art of Conversation," "Reading Aloud," "Preparation for Public Speaking," "Extemporaneous Speaking," "Parliamentary Law." Every one of these chapters is highly suggestive to student and teacher, but those dealing with debate and extemporaneous speaking particularly so.

Every work on extemporaneous speaking tells us to make up our minds what we are going to say, to make an outline of our thesis, to arrange our arguments in climacteric order, and so forth; but not one has dealt at length and scientifically with those great essentials mentioned by Professor Lee:

I. A good memory.
II. A suitable and usable vocabulary.
III. The power of effectively combining words.
IV. The faculty of suggestion.
V. Imagination.

Every teacher of debate has struggled with the problems of vocabulary and imagination, and there are no doubt many excellent methods in use to develop these faculties; but in this work for the first time are the subjects adequately and, above all, rationally handled. There is not a single teacher, whether of elocution proper or of public speaking and debating, who can afford to overlook Professor Lee's contribution to this aspect of our work, which is so rapidly coming to occupy such a prominent position in the realm of oral expression.

Grape-Nuts
Food
ready cooked.
crisp.
delicious,
A Brain
and Nerve Food
At all Grocers

More than fifty pages are devoted to "Debate." All the significant aspects of the subject are treated, and there are innumerable hints scattered through the discussion that can not fail to prove in the highest degree useful to all who have to teach this subject.

The author and the profession are to be highly congratulated upon this high achievement. In this book we feel we have a standard work the influence of which will be felt in all departments of our subject.

—"Did you say this was a comic opera war?" asked the Filipino soldier who came into camp with a flag of truce.

"That remark has been made."

"Well, our general says he's willing to take you at your word. He wants to know if you can fix the show up so there will be fewer marches and more dialogue."—*Washington Star.*

—"Can that prima donna reach a high note?" asked the man who didn't know much about music.

"A high note!" exclaimed the enthusiastic manager. "I should say so. A hundred dollar bill is easy for her."—*Washington Star.*

Miss Gush—Do you like classical music, Mr. Sourdropp?

Mr. Sourdropp—Yes.

Miss Gush—Oh, I am so glad. Do you not find it great inspiration, sublime thought and true beauty?

Mr. Sourdropp—Not exactly. I like it because no blithering idiot can beat time to it with his foot.

"What's that?" asked Derringer Dan, as he paused in astonishment to listen to the efforts of a parlor quartet.

"That's something taken from Wagner. What do you think of it?"

"Well," was the carefully considered reply, "whatever it is, Wagner seems to be givin' it up mighty hard."

READERS AND SINGERS

[This department is conducted in the interests of subscribers. In it we aim to give news, not criticism. No charge is made for items. Any subscriber who sends a program will receive notice. We like to learn of the work of our subscribers, who are invited to keep us fully informed not only of past but also of future recitals. Send announcements as soon as possible. Every selection (not stated to be original with reciter) mentioned in these columns can be supplied by us at prices ranging from 15 to 50 cents, except certain musical recitations, which cost more. If you wish any selection, send 50 cents. In case the selection costs less we will notify you and place the balance to your credit, to be applied on future orders. If the selection costs more than 50 cents we will send it at once, with bill for the remainder.]

Miss Lena M. Wieand writes from Kansas that WERNER'S MAGAZINE always gives her new inspiration for her work in teaching.

Miss Lily Hoffner Wood, who spent the summer among the hills of Connecticut, resumes work at her New York studio Sept. 15.

Mrs. Anna Carmen Woolley, whose husband died in June, returns to teaching elocution and curing vocal defects in Brooklyn.

Miss Marie Parcello, the contralto, was married July 17, 1900, to George Stevenson Bixby, of New York. WERNER'S MAGAZINE offers congratulations.

Mr. Irving E. Vining, of Oregon, is author of a recitation, "An Incident of San Juan Hill," which was received with marked favor at his annual elocutionary contest.

Mr. Charles F. Underhill read "Rip Van Winkle" at Chautauqua, August 23. He is the most distinguished Quaker public reader, and is also in the front rank of American public readers.

Miss Agnes Crawford, public reader and teacher of elocution, made a summer tour of the Northwest, filing engagements in Manitoba in August. She will resume her New York work Oct. 1.

Miss E. Esther Owen announces her season work in a tasty prospectus outlining her programs, with selections from Shakespeare, Browning, Eliot, Arnold, Macaulay, Rostand, Khayyam, Maclaren, Dobson, and Graves.

At the convention of Maryland State Teachers at Chautauqua Beach, in July, Miss M. Louise Edwards recited "The Two Runaways," and "Mercedes," the latter being especially commended by the Baltimore *Sun*.

Miss Lois A. Bangs, long and favorably known as a cultured and up-to-date teacher of expression, has become, in conjunction with Miss Whiton, principal of the National Cathedral School for Girls at Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield Irving, one of the most prominent of Ohio elocutionists and treasurer of the National Association of Elocutionists, taught elocution and was the reader at the Epworth Assembly this summer.

Mr. Frederick H. Koch, member of the Ohio Wesleyan University Drama-Lyric Club, recites, among other pieces, "Uncle Dan'l's Apparition," "Storming the Bastile," "A Victim of the Charity Fair," and "Hoffenstein's Bugle."

The Manuscript Society of New York is endeavoring to build its own club house. Those wishing to contribute money directly or to become members, either active or associate, may communicate with Mr. John L. Burdett, 26 East 23d St., N. Y.

The summer session of the Emerson College of Oratory at Martha's Vineyard, personally conducted by Dr. and Mrs. Emerson, assisted by Misses Annie Blalock and Mary Merritt, was the largest in the school's history, the pupils consisting of clergymen, lawyers, school superintendents, teachers and readers from every section of the United States.

Miss Minnie Swayze, to whose witty letter on page 76 of this issue we call attention, was the reader at the Aug. 6 meeting of the Professional Woman's League, N. Y., reading "The Honor of the Woods," and "The Prelude of the Vision of Sir Launfal."

Mr. Robert H. Hatch, whose pupil at the College of the City of New York, Arthur A. Boylan, displayed unusual excellence in reciting "The Soul of the Violin," mentioned in our July issue, will, after summering in Connecticut, resume his work early in September.

Mr. Edmund J. Myer, who closed his summer term at Point Chautauqua, August 23, reports the most prosperous summer session he has ever had, his pupils coming from many States. He will spend his September vacation in Maine, resuming work in New York October 1.

Miss Anna Morgan, director of the Anna Morgan School of Expression, has issued an artistic, illustrated prospectus. Among the special features of instruction will be a course in English, in parliamentary law, in recent English and foreign literature, in French readings, etc.

Mr. David Ross, of Manitoba, sang at a recent concert, in the same program with Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, the following: "Toreador's Song" from "Carmen," the prologue from "I Pagliacci," "Beautiful is the Sun, O Strangers," from "Hiawatha," and "Wild Bird, Whose Warble."

Mrs. Fenetta Sargent Haskell of Missouri, after her vacation "in the foot-hills of the Ozarks," will begin her reading tour in October. Among her pupils this season were Miss Fairclough of England, Mrs. Knight of Philadelphia, the Misses Fisher of St. Louis, and Miss Neill of Arkansas.

Miss Susan S. Boice sang the soprano solos at a musicale at Hotel Breslin, Lake Hopatcong, Aug. 18, singing "Under the Rose," by Fisher; and "Vilianelle," by Del Acqua. Miss Boice gives satisfaction wherever she sings. Engagements for her may be made through Werner's Magazine Bureau.

Miss Clementine Calvin calls attention to a misprint in our August issue, page 592. We should have said that her pupils had won five first prizes out of *seven* contests (not *seventeen*, as the type makes us say). We gladly make the correction in justice to her and to the college in which she teaches.

Mr. John W. Hutchinson, member of the famous Hutchinson family, known over the English-speaking world for their singing, although nearly eighty years old, is defendant in a suit brought by his relatives to have him declared insane on the ground that he is continually falling in love with young women.

Reports from the summer term of the School of Expression, Dr. S. S. Curry, president, say that it was the most successful summer term ever held. The accommodations were ample and beautiful, the building in which the school was held being on a hill commanding an extensive view of Asheville and surrounding mountains. Students were in attendance from eleven States, from Nebraska to Massachusetts, from Ohio to Mississippi.

Miss Ina S. Brown is a resident of New Brunswick, Canada, and not of Nova Scotia, as was stated in this department last month. The pantomime of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," to which reference was made, was her own personal work. She is one of the most distinguished and successful of Canadian teachers of elocution.

Miss Kathryn Staley, who will teach in Kentucky this year, toured the South this summer, reading and lecturing. At Birmingham, Ala., she made something of a sensation by proclaiming herself an "anarchist," a "Christian socialist," a "Catholic," a "reformer," as well as an elocutionist and teacher of physical culture.

Miss Emily Wakeman, graduate of the Academy of the Dramatic Arts, has, after much hard work, reached a prominent place on the stage. For the last two years she has played the part of Mrs. Beekman-Streets in "My Friend from India," and has been engaged by James Herne for the part of Ann Barry in "Shore Acres" for the coming season.

A thirteen-year-old Alabama elocutionist, Fay O. Harris, won the elocution medal at the last session of Birmingham Seminary, reciting "Naughty Zell." In a recent letter she says: "I have been taking WERNER'S MAGAZINE for a good while and cannot express how much good it is doing me in my work of elocution. I studied elocution for nine months under Miss Rachel Baumann."

Miss Marion Short, whose position in the front rank of public readers has been won by hard work, is now actively engaged in writing plays. One of her plays, "Garret's Salvation," was recently successfully produced by Lillian Burkhart. Another of her plays, "Dad's Own Girl," written in collaboration with Miss Pauline Phelps, will be used by Minnie Seligman, who will star this season.

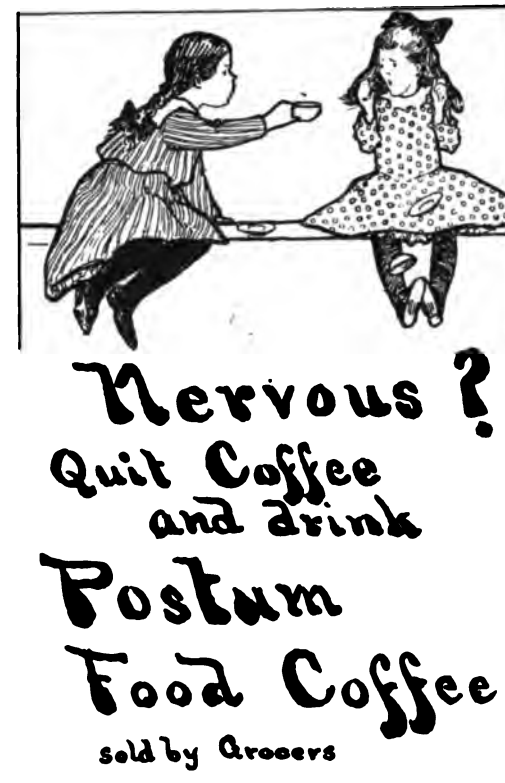
Mr. Franklin A. Peake, teacher of elocution at the American Temperance University, whose portrait appeared in our June issue, was prominent in organizing the Southern Association of Elocutionists at the close of the School of Expression's summer session at Asheville, N. C. The new organization begins with about fifty members and will hold its first convention during Christmas week at Atlanta, Ga.

The office and subscription books of the Public-School Publishing Co., Bloomington, Ill., were destroyed by fire a short time ago. We sympathize with the company in its loss and gladly respond to its request that we mention the fire and request any of our readers who are their subscribers to communicate with the company at once, sending their names and addresses and the time of expiration of their paid subscriptions.

Miss Emma Elise West, public reader, and well-known to our readers as writer on elocutionary topics and arranger of recitations, has organized and will conduct a department of oratory and physical culture in connection with the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School, New York. This department is intended especially for those who do not wish stage instruction—for clergymen, politicians, lawyers, college students, etc.

Dr. George W. Hoss, whose series of articles, "First Steps in Public Speaking," published in this magazine some time ago and pronounced unusually helpful by Prof. Guy Carlton Lee, of Johns Hopkins University, closed his year's work at the Friends' University with a program that included "Death-Bed of Benedict Arnold," "Polish Boy," "A Bridal Soliloquy," "The Wife's Revenge," and the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius.

We are pleased to note that Mr. V. A. Austin, of Kansas, profits by the articles and illustrations he finds in this magazine, and we congratulate the people of his section upon the opportunity they have of reading and seeing the best things along these lines. There is a general impression that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and a part of the "hire" of editors and publishers is in receiving credit for what they create and publish. We have no doubt that hereafter the journal so ably conducted by Mr. Austin will give full credit for articles and statue-posings taken from WERNER'S MAGAZINE.



Mr. S. H. Clark prefaced his reading of "The Merchant of Venice" at Chautauqua this summer by saying that this play was "one of the weakest of Shakespeare's dramas, with an almost impossible denouement. The character of Shylock, while strong in the main, still has some weak points. A learned critic has said that Shakespeare's delineation of the character of Shylock, wherein he is made to appear as a grasping, hard-hearted Jewish money-lender, has done more to prejudice the world against the Jews than all the diatribes which have been hurled at the race."

Mme. Clara Brinkerhoff, New York vocal teacher, in reviewing a long and highly interesting professional career, tells of her meeting with Jenny Lind, and of the great singer's marked attention to Mme. Brinkerhoff's litle son. Mme. Brinkerhoff could tell many interesting reminiscences connected with Chickering Hall, N. Y., soon to be replaced by a business building. This hall, together with Steinway Hall, has long been associated with the musical history of New York, and their metamorphosis is indicative of the changes going on in New York. Art life, as well as society life, is moving uptown.

Concerning her interpretation of Browning, Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne says: "To play Browning rôles as they ought to be played has been the ambition of my life. During my career as a dramatic reader I have made a specialty of Browning's many and most wonderful monologues, and to years of study of these monologues I owe what is held to be my art of 'talking' on the stage. It has taken me years to cover up the way I approach each word, and thus produce the effect of speaking them for the first time. When Browning is read properly and understandingly he is the most dramatic of the Victorian poets."

New York's elocutionary world is to be enlarged by the entrance of Mme. Lotta Harkness, a distinguished English public reader, who, so far as we know, is the only one that reads "The Dream of Jubel," with orchestral accompaniment. She

was one of the most popular pupils and professors at the London Royal Academy of Music, winning all the honors that the faculty could bestow on any person both as student and teacher. She expresses astonishment that a great country like America has no institution similar to the Royal Academy of Music, and thinks it high time that Americans pay attention to the matter.

The passing of the Chicago Conservatory of Music took place at the close of the present scholastic year. This institution was established by Mr. Samuel Kayzer for dramatic purposes in 1884; later he brought in Messrs. C. B. Cady and W. L. Tomlins as heads of the music department. Tomlins went out after one year. Mr. W. H. Sherwood came soon after. In 1895 Mr. Godowsky was engaged for two years to fill the time while Mr. Sherwood was abroad. Later Mr. Sherwood went out with his clientele as Mr. Cady had already done, and Mr. Kelso, who had formerly been an assistant of Mr. Sherwood. The failure of the school is due to bad management from the start.—*W. S. B. Mathews in Music.*

On September 3 Miss Jennie Mannheimer will be installed as director of the School of Expression of the College of Music of Cincinnati, succeeding to the position formerly held by Mr. Virgil A. Pinkley. Miss Mannheimer, who had an article "Does the Actor Need Elocution?" in the August 18 issue of the *Dramatic Mirror*, was in New York this summer securing stage positions for her pupils, among them being Miss Helen V. Weber, with Mr. Charles E. Blaney; and Mr. Walter S. Fromlet, with "The Man-of-War's Man." Mrs. Flora Sherwood, pupil of Miss Mannheimer since 1896, took a course in physical culture with Mrs. Emily M. Bishop of Chautauqua this summer, and will assist Miss Mannheimer in physical culture work.

"The Speaking Voice," "The Conversational Voice," and "Leaves from a Teacher's Note-Book" are the names of some of the lectures delivered by Mrs. Emily M. Bishop at Chautauqua this summer. She, in connection with Mrs. Gwyneth King Roe, gave a children's entertainment, showing the development that the little girls had received through the Delsarte system. The new catalogue of the College of Music of Cincinnati, in announcing its department of Americanized Delsarte Culture, says: "Health, grace, and self-expression are essential factors in the general culture of mankind, and the acquirement of these factors is accomplished by a systematic course of training after the methods of Mrs. Bishop, who has founded an Americanized system of Delsarte culture upon a practical and scientific basis, which gives to every exercise a mental, emotional, and esthetic purpose and value."

DEARTH OF DRAMATIC READERS.

Professor Franklin W. Hooper, Director of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, replied recently as follows to a request that he hear a reader with the view to engage him on the Institute course:

"I have heard some twenty-five dramatic readers in Association Hall within the last year with a view to determining whether they might not to advantage be invited to read before the Institute. Only two of the twenty-five or more whom I have heard have been invited to read, and one of those made a very marked failure. We have given every opportunity to the dramatic readers who have appeared in Brooklyn in the past, and up to the present time there is but one person who gives dramatic readings successfully on our stage, and that is Mr. George Riddle. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith gives author's readings that are successful. Under the circumstances, you can scarcely blame me for feeling that I should prefer not to hear any more candidates for reading before the Institute."

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GOETHE'S HOUSE AT FRANKFORT.

See page 117 of this issue.

GOETHE AS A YOUNG MAN.

GOETHE WHEN 79 YEARS OLD.

SCHILLER.

GOETHE'S MONUMENT AT FRANKFORT.

See page 117 of this issue.

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Vol. XXVI. OCTOBER, 1900. No. 2.

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Stuttering: Its Nature and Treatment.

A Reply to Article, "The Visualizing of Stuttering," in Werner's Magazine, August, 1899.

By HENRY GAINES HAWN.

IT seems a grave error to take away a man's false gods[1] until the iconoclast has a better deity to substitute for those destroyed. This holds true of human beliefs in all departments of endeavor, for the abiding faith in the manner or method of both learning and imparting an art-form must be absolute. The article, to which this one is a reply, seems so radical, so destructive of the creeds hitherto preached and honestly believed by vocal teachers and pupils, that an effort is now made to defend much that the editor of WERNER'S MAGAZINE, in the said article, would destroy.

The curious case cited of the soldier who being wounded in the battle of Mariquina found himself on recovery entirely rid of his speech-defect (or stuttering), forms an excellent text on which to base the paper under discussion, but the writer wanders so far afield and says so many things which utterly condemn methods now in vogue in the curing[2] of speech-disorders, that a defense seems demanded by a practical teacher who finds much of value in the so-called empirical system in vocal science.

First to close the soldier incident. Aside from giving an excellent reason for the writing of these essays, it can have little practical bearing upon the cure of stuttering, for whether the remedy prove permanent or not in the case of Private Redmond, few stutterers would risk a Mauser bullet even if a cure were scientifically guaranteed.

Mr. Werner says that "stuttering does not come from malformation of the organs, but from wrong activity of the organs." This is an old,[3] accepted theory. He then proceeds to account for the phenomenon of Redmond's speech correction by the bullet (in passing through the head) changing the "physical formation." Next it is declared to be unimportant whether the bullet "wrought the change in the innervation or in the structure itself."[4] To those of us engaged in voice and speech-work this matter is *all important,* for if in this and similar cases a malformation was lopped off by the penetrating bullet, the same office may perhaps be performed by the surgeon's knife or by cauterization. In fact, here the labors of the voice-teacher would be worse than useless. If the change in "innervation" be what actually took place, the remedy lies rather in the hands of the voice-culturist than with the physician.

Again, why take it for granted that "the soldier loses his stuttering by losing a part of his muscular tissue, or by losing the power to innervate (charge with nerve-force) that particular muscular tissue that hitherto has, by acting, disturbed the speech act?" Quite the reverse of the latter part of this assertion is perhaps more near the truth.[5] Let us say that the bullet caused a gain, not a loss; that the shock to the nervous system inner-

vated (put into action) certain muscular tissue, which hitherto by *non-acting* disturbed the speech-act. It must not be forgotten for a moment that stuttering is an interference, an interruption of the speech-function, and that we have to conclude where there is known to be no malformation,[6] that "muscular tissue," breath, nerve or brain by not acting causes all the trouble.

Let us run through the former article and show the reverse side of some of the statements made. An allusion is made to the "lack of knowledge of the physiology of speech," and it is said that "we know not for certainty just what takes place during the speech-act."

Scientists can dispute this. The physiology of speech is perfectly understood,[7] and we know exactly what takes place in the speech-act when *speech is normal.* Voice is primarily sound and as such belongs to the department of acoustics in physics. Every law of acoustics was discovered and demonstrated with mathematical precision[8] even long before the discovery of the laryngoscope. Nothing in nature disobeys nature's law. Thus the action of the voice-apparatus has long been logically proven to come under the laws governing all other sounds. We even class the voice as an instrument[9] and exact of it the same obedience to the laws governing its kind that we do of instruments of man's construction. Scientific investigation (dissection and the use of the laryngoscope) has simply verified our conclusions.[10]

In this connection let us say that the laryngoscope has not proved so inutile as our author would have us believe; it does make normal speech impossible, but not phonation, as he asserts.[11] The little mirror reflects perfectly the action and position of the voice-mechanism when placed in the mouth during certain sounds like a guffawing laugh or during the emission of open-mouthed interjections. So much for this much-abused little instrument.

No, the trouble is not that we do not know just what the laws are governing vocal action, but that the mechanism itself cannot be controlled by centering our thoughts, our will, upon the apparatus. We might even learn what tension of the vocal cords is required to give a certain pitch of tone, but try you ever so hard to give the cords that tension and there is no way of accomplishing it, but by the indirect method of thinking the tone.[12] The muscles governing the voice in song and speech are many of them involuntary,[13] not susceptible to conscious control. Note, "many of them," for there are others absolutely voluntary,—those governing the movements of jaw, tongue, lips, nose, and above all the breathing mechanism.

Thus the use of the voluntary muscles of the speech-act may be taught; and my experience is, that the speech-patient errs more frequently in the use of the speech-elements logically susceptible to conscious manipulation[14] than in those which must be controlled *indirectly.*

In claiming that the physiology of speech is perfectly understood we do not say that the physiology of the individual stutterer or stammerer is known, or that we may know with any exactness wherein the action is wrong. Every case[15] presents its own problems; but we know exactly what the action should be of the normal speaker; we can hear wrong sound and can see wrong action in part; and we can learn and teach the control of much of this; and by superinducing

right thinking upon what, for practical purposes, is involuntary muscular action, bring about normal conditions.

An effort is made here to keep the words " see " and " speech " far apart. The term "visible speech" has always seemed an absurdity to the present writer and he has done much to combat it. The Germans with their "klang-tint" are woefully fanciful. Such terms are not helpful, only hindrances. When a vocal teacher speaks of "'a red voice," or of a "yellow" one, we understand the reference only by arbitrary arrangement, but for all time the application will only be figurative.

Each of the five senses has its organ or organs for the perception (reception, if you choose) of its proper function. Thus speech is meant solely for the ear; by the ear it is received and tested; and though much of its action is seen (and seeing is a helpful agent in the formation of speech), the action is no more heard than the speech is seen.

Nor is it true that "the invisibility of speech places the efforts of the teacher, etc., to remedy defects into the realm of empiricism." The ear is the gauge of tone (voice and speech), as the eye is of line or color. Speech was not intended, in nature's plan, to appeal to the organ of sight, and all attempts so to appreciate it must end in inglorious failure. We have not said that the action of speech, the external movements which he who runs may read, are not to be used in the cure of stuttering; on the contrary, what the student sees,—nay, what he *feels* by actually touching the organs concerned in producing normal speech in another, are all to be reckoned with. But when all is said and done, the ear is the chief ministrant in the disease, for disease it is.

You may know how earnestly this is said when I record that not a single case of stuttering has come under my notice in which the action of the ear was normal![16] The great point made in "The Visualizing of Stuttering" is that those of us engaged in "healing" stutterers are "analytic instead of synthetic."

The synthetic method in instruction has become rather a fatal[17] idea. In some departments of education it serves well, in others not at all. Nature[18] directs us to two courses of study. We take a block of marble as a whole and chisel it to required shape and proportions; but we build a house piece by piece; and the latter method is more prevalent in nature; not the tree first, then the tender seedling!

To teach the stutterer to speak normally by a synthetic method is tantamount to saying, "Just talk, never mind the 'how,'[19]—use the whole language." Why not expect a child to acquire the whole English vocabulary at one "fell swoop"? It comes instead word by word, and, further back yet, sound by sound.

"Speech is the outcome of imitation. He (a child) learns speech synthetically, unconsciously, cerebrally." These words quoted from one paragraph give a flat contradiction one to the other; scientifically there is no such thing as unconscious imitation.[20] We may imitate without the *full concentration of all* the brain matter on the thing to be imitated; just as a man may write one word and mean another, say one thing and intend something quite different; still there is no unconscious cerebration here; both acts are conscious, but one predominantly so.

This experience of the brain action has been of the greatest use in the cure of stuttering. We have learned from it that neither too great nor too small a concentration of thought will enable

the patient to talk smoothly or clearly. Both are equally fatal. A lax, half-hearted use of the brain to direct speech will not give sufficient motive power to put the mechanism into motion; too great concentration locks it, closes the throat, stiffens the tongue, etc.

This last-named method is responsible for most failures in correcting speech-impediments. The pupil is told there is simply a lack of will-power, that if he *makes up his mind* to say a thing he can say it. The sputtering result we need not describe.[21]

Perhaps it is with knowledge of this experience that Mr. Werner has been tempted to swing the pendulum too far the other way in his cry for reform, for he goes on to describe a child's manner of learning to speak, and calls what is known to be not only conscious but *analytic* imitation, unconscious and synthetic. The infant starts with a tone (vowel) "oo"—or "ah" or "a," and learns the consonants *one at a time,* his early efforts being repetitions,—"pa-pa," "da-da," "ma-ma," etc. The child does this not only in conscious imitation of sounds (hearing), but of movements (sight) as he rivets attention on lips of speaker. It is said that a child learns language much more readily from the uncovered lips of the mother than from the bearded and mustache-hidden lips of the father. Philology teaches that all languages grew sound by sound; as with the race so with the individual.

"The way a child learns to talk is the way the stutterer must learn to talk." We use the words of the article in the August magazine, but put an entirely different construction upon "the way."

The sounds of the language must be mastered consciously until their use has become almost unconscious.[22] A man who has been crippled is conscious of every step he takes while in the period of convalescence; every step is taken with full design. On complete recovery he may go about unconscious that he "walks with his legs and feet."

Let us be careful in controverting what has been written by the other party to this discussion not to leave anything but contradictions. Let us try to talk openly. Remember that each case is individual, and that these recommended exercises are not applicable to all.

During the act of stuttering in most cases the diaphragm acts contrary to the speaker's needs; may even cause an inhalation of the breath when an exhalation is demanded for utterance. This "sucking in" of the breath sometimes causes a gasping sound. To correct this, breathing-exercises, such as any reliable teacher or text-book on elocution will give, must be practiced assiduously. When the breathing is normal (or has been acquired), the breath must be transformed into tone (for the vowel sounds). This is done by imitation—there is no other way: the conscious effort directed by the ear to reproduce sounds as you hear them. The action of the voice-apparatus is facilitated by certain adjustments of tongue, jaws, lips, to suit certain sounds. These adjustments have to be learned. The chances are that in nine cases out of ten the stutterer is trying to accomplish the impossible by attempting to utter one sound with another sound's position.[23]

For consonants—here is something not always realized—any halting or stumbling over a consonantal sound is not a voice or tone-defect! The voice-box [larynx] is not in play at all during the production of a consonant. The sound is made in the *outer air*[24] by the way that the breath direct from

the lungs (without the slightest manipulation from the vocal cords), is thrown into it. To make this more clear, I would explain that vowel sounds are *shaped* tones; consonantal sounds are *shaped* air (unvocalized).

The vocal cords play an important part in shaping vowels, none whatever in shaping consonants. The semi-vowels (*l, m, n*) are, of course, exceptions, partaking of the nature of both.

From what has been said it follows that from my standpoint the first thing to do is not simply "to know *what* to say;" but, before saying or thinking anything, how to *breathe.*[25] When breathing is normal, of course knowledge or thought of the "how" is unnecessary. So we go up the scale,—breath, tone, formation of sounds, vowels, consonants, syllables, words, sentences, step by step, according to individual requirements. Start as high in the scale as possible, in this "synthetic" idea. Mr. Werner is right. Begin with speech as a whole; speak sentences, and go backward to consider the next lowest order as the need arises.

As it is true that ninety-nine in one hundred stutterers experience no difficulty in singing, it is often advantageous to begin with song. Singing need not be less of a cerebral act than speech as the student can sing his own extemporized words;[26] indeed, slowly to inculcate some of the singer's method into everyday speech is the highest attainment of the elocutionist's art. The two forms of voice-production—song and speech,—are more nearly allied than we realize. Every voice called beautiful in speech is so just in proportion as it approaches song.

To sum up: There is no tunneling under or flying over this terrible "impediment" of speech; it must be climbed and the way is steep. And it must be surmounted step by step. In this, as in other affairs of life, the old way is often the best.

REJOINDER BY THE EDITOR.

WE have spoken so often of the uselessness of discussing voice and speech-problems unless disputants agree beforehand upon common nomenclature and definitions, that we reluctantly speak of it again and also reluctantly rejoin to Mr. Hawn. But the subject of defective utterance never has received its rightful attention, hence we are only too glad to give place to Mr. Hawn's criticism on the article in this magazine August, 1899, to which we refer those of our readers interested in the subject.

In the aforesaid article we concisely yet comprehensively outlined our theories of the nature of stuttering, meaning by "stuttering" an intermittent disturbance of speech involving involuntary organs, and manifested by temporary muteness, spasms of breath, contortions of muscles, and general bodily discomfort, and mental distress; a disturbance of speech caused by incoordination of, a dissonance in, or conflict between, the air-forces concerned in acts of phonation and articulation; the sufferer having no difficulty in articulating words so far as the act of articulation goes; his oral verbal expression being logical and sequential; he possessing clear concepts and vivid word-images; his utterance being choked off by temporary suspension of voice, he being unable to phonate just at the instant when vowel tone is needed to fill in the molds made by the consonants, etc.

If Mr. Hawn means the above-described defect when he uses the word "stuttering," then we have a basis for discussion, and we are ready

to defend our position, taking up his points categorically, but refraining from rejoining to points not directly germane to the subject. But if, however, Mr. Hawn means some other speech-defect, then we are working at cross purposes. Much of what he says agrees with our views, if he means a disturbance of speech that involves voluntary organs and is manifested by incoherency of utterance, broken sentences, repetition of syllables or words, and faulty articulation; a defect caused either by sluggish or confused mental action, by ignorance of, or carelessness in, forming of words; or by physical inability rightly to form words.

Assuming that Mr. Hawn and we have the same speech-defect in mind, we give a categorical rejoinder, the figures used by us referring to corresponding figures in his text.

(1.) It is Mr. Hawn's task to prove the "gods" in "The Visualizing of Stuttering" false before calling them "false." If the aforesaid "gods" are false, their taking away will not be "a grave error," but righteous and beneficial.

(2.) "Cure" is hardly the word; "treat" is better—few or none is cured.

(3.) A theory in physiology not yet fifty years old is not so very "old." It is only a little over fifty years ago when the great surgeon Dieffenbach in Germany and the distinguished surgeon Post in New York, and others both here and abroad, performed surgical operations on stutterers; and in the sixties a Rome (N. Y.) cancer doctor offered to cure stuttering in one day by the knife, while at a still later date, "Bates's Appliances" were widely advertised.

(4.) The exact language used in former article was: "There is no need, *in these remarks,* to attempt an inquiry whether the bullet wrought the change in the innervation," etc.; the thought being that for the purposes of the article (which necessarily could not elaborate every phase of the subject) there was no need.

(5.) Mr. Hawn scores a point. Our article should have added another alternative, viz., that the bullet may have given the soldier power to innervate parts that hitherto had refused to perform their part in the speech-function.

(6.) The fact that a stutterer is able at times to speak without difficulty, is proof there is no malformation in the vocal and speech organs. This is no surety, however, that there is no cerebral lesion. We know of no recorded autopsy on a stutterer, which would be the only way to prove positively that there was neither lesion nor malformation.

(7.) We are not as confident as Mr. Hawn is that the last word has been spoken in acoustics. Certainly great advance has been made since the discovery of the laryngoscope, nearly fifty years ago. Helmholtz and Tyndall have experimented and published since then, but even their theories are combated by later scientists. Serious inquiry is being made as to the nature of sound, whether it be a product of other forces or is a force in itself, its manifestation being itself in action.

(8.) Again we must persist in our belief that the physiology of speech is not perfectly understood by either the medical or vocal profession. Do we know positively whether in "normal speech" the thyroid cartilage draws up the cricoid cartilage, or whether the cricoid cartilage pulls down the thyroid cartilage? Do we accept or do we reject the false-cord theory of Charles Lunn (page 109 of

this issue)? Can we state definitely just what sounds are made by outcoming air and what sounds are made by ingoing air; what sounds are made with air from lungs, what sounds with air from stomach, and what sounds with air that gets no farther than the back part of the pharynx? These are only a few of the many perplexing questions confronting the vocal scientist. They must be satisfactorily answered before it can be asserted that the physiology of speech "is perfectly understood," and that "we know what takes place in the speech act."

(9.) The voice is not an instrument merely, but is at the same time an instrument plus the player on the instrument. It demands much more than does an instrument "of man's construction."

(10.) Remains to be proved.

(11.) Disturbed phonation is possible, it is true, but *artistic* phonation is impossible. We ask for the name of one authority who claims that phonation—vowel formation—is or can be normal during laryngoscopic examination.

(12.) Is not "thinking the tone" a complete, composite, functional, synthetic act, the very opposite of an analytic act?

(13.) Very true; and because they are involuntary is all the greater reason why localized, analytic, individualized, single efforts are wrong, and are sure to create disturbance in voice and speech organs.

(14.) Those voice and speech organs "susceptible to conscious manipulation" are peripheral agents, and that teacher who attempts to cure stuttering by directing main attention to them is not only likely to fail but to confirm the defect. Elocutionists are apt to take issue on this point, but the proofs are incontestable.

(15.) Certain fundamental causes exist in all stutterers no matter how widely different are the manifestations.

(16.) To us this is the most interesting point made by Mr. Hawn. If all stutterers have undeveloped tonal perception, the fact is another confirmation of our theory that stuttering is of central origin, and that a rational treatment must be directed to central agents.

(17.) By no means "fatal." Its superior excellence is shown in many ways. What up-to-date teacher teaches oral reading by dissecting words into syllables and letters? Does he not, on the contrary, make groups of words the units of thought? The stutterer's difficulty is in expressing thought-impulses; he can give the phonetic elements without any difficulty whatever.

(18.) Without wishing to appear discourteous, we must protest emphatically against Mr. Hawn or any other man presuming to state what "nature" does or does not teach in matters of art or esthetic culture. We require indisputable credentials before accepting any person as the spokesman of the Almighty.

(19.) That is just what we should tell the stutterer. We should tell him not to bother himself with "how" the agents—nerve, cartilage, muscle, entire organs—move to perform their functions, but to concentrate himself on the thought he wishes to express, and then *will* to speak, not by forcing organs, but by letting them take care of themselves. During elementary stages of instruction better a thousand times that the stutterer slur his speech than do aught to bring on the stuttering spasm.

(20.) Children become stutterers by associating with stutterers. Chil-

dren acquire provincial accents from their companions. They do so by unconscious imitation. They never would know that they used provincial speech if some other person did not call their attention to it. Many other instances of unconscious imitation could be given.

(21.) This agrees with our experience. Exciting the will to manifest itself by greater activity of voluntary organs is most injurious. With these organs the stutterer should not meddle so long as tendency to stutter is not overcome.

(22.) Mr. Hawn overlooks the stutterer's ability to form any sound by itself. The stutterer's difficulty is in using the vocabulary he already has and uses intermittently with fluency, and with accuracy, but which he is unable to use at all times and in all places. A cure consists in giving the stutterer continuous power to use his vocabulary.

(23.) This is accidental and incidental. This wrong position is not because the stutterer does not know the right position, but because the stuttering spasm has thrown organs out of gear just as it causes bodily contortions. To tell the stutterer to stop making grimaces, to keep quiet and to put the organs into right position, is like trying to kill a noxious tree by clipping off the leaves. The tree can be killed, if the process is kept up long enough; but the quicker and more rational process is to attack the roots. So with the stutterer; prevent the stuttering spasm, and bodily twitching will cease, and vocal and speech organs will adjust themselves.

(24.) "Outer air"—what air is meant? Air in the oral cavity or air external to the person?

(25.) Deranged breath is a concomitant of stuttering, but in all likelihood it is a result not a cause of stuttering. In other words, a person would breathe well enough for ordinary speech if he did not stutter.

(26.) Sung extemporized words are not speech. They lack the essential element of speech—a conveying of thought direct from speaker to auditor. In this conveyance there is a subtle something wholly lacking in words, extemporized though they be, sung merely for practice.

It should be borne in mind that in discussing stuttering we are not discussing artistic phonation and articulation. We are dealing with non-phonation, and with mangled or unintelligible articulation. Speech teachers can easily direct pupils to right use of organs provided pupils are capable of doing what is asked of them. But a person is a stutterer because at times he is incapable of doing what he knows, theoretically, how to do. For example: a stutterer knows full well that to say "ten," the tip of the tongue should first rise and that its release from the *t*-position should be followed by the vowel e. He needs no *t*-articulation instruction here. But he cannot utter e. Why? Because temporarily he cannot phonate. Why can not he phonate? Because positions of organs are wrong. Why are they wrong? Because they have been wrongly innervated. Why wrongly innervated? Because some central organ—some brain or nerve cell—has been disturbed. What has disturbed this central organ? Some influence in the stutterer's environment. We have gone around the circle without laying bare the cause of stuttering. There is a mental or nerve cause somewhere. So far, no one seems to have found it.

The subject is not exhausted. Much

has been left unsaid. We are pleased that Mr. Hawn deemed our remarks of sufficient value to reply to, even a year after they were made. We are convinced, as we have said repeatedly, that he who solves the problems of stuttering will also solve many of the problems of voice culture and singing.

Practical Vocal Physiology.

By CHARLES LUNN.

THE superior larynx (A) of birds is situated at the base of the tongue, and its function is to rule, measure, or suspend the escaping breath, whether voiced or unvoiced; it answers to the false cords in man.

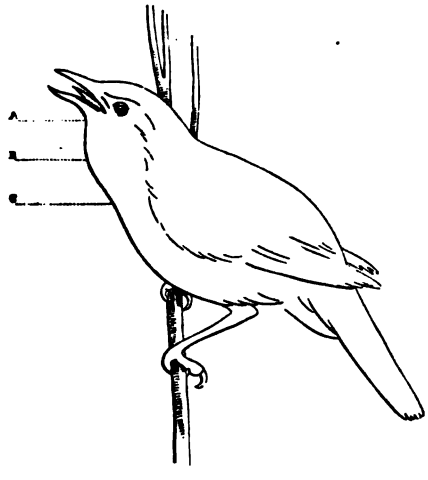

FIG. I.

A—Point of resistance. B—Compressed air. C—Point of voice.

The superior larynx (A) of these perfect voice-producers has solely to do with the natural physics of voice, while the inferior larynx (C), which is pushed down into the chest, has solely the musical part, not the resisting part, of the work. The corresponding part to C in man is the true cords. The space (B) between A and C in birds is seen to swell in response to the power of voice. This is owing to varying degrees of compression of the air, and it shows by its bulge the backward push in true voice-production. Its corresponding part in man is the ventricles.

All voice comes from inside that part in the throat which we feel go up when we swallow, and fall when we have done. If the parts be cut down the middle, not back to front in the same direction as the cords go, but from side to side across them, as from shoulder to shoulder, two aspects will be presented, one showing the form of the voice organs after twenty years of neglect or imperfect use, the other showing the form of the parts in right relationship to each other for the production of beautiful unfelt sound.

It will be seen that in Fig. II. the false cords are flaccid and inert, they

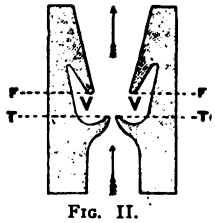

FIG. II.

Section of Voice Organs producing voice falsely, incapable of ruling the escaping air.

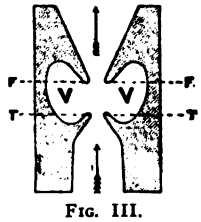

FIG. III.

Section of Voice Organs producing voice artistically, *i.e.*, false cords approaching, ruling, and resisting the stream of air.

White = Space.
Black = Solids.

V—Ventricles or caverns. T—True vocal cords. F—False cords.

Arrow-heads mark direction of blast.

are doing nothing, while all resistance to the force of the up-going stream of air is thrown on to the true cords, and

the conditions of the air below and above them would differ in density. The effect of the inflation and compression of air in the ventricles, and their consequent enlargement, as in Fig. III., can be illustrated by puffing out the cheeks, and buzzing the voice through them, noting the great increase of volume. This is not only an illustration, but an actual analogy. This state of compression has further effects. The first effect is to produce an absolute balance between pressure and resistance, as the thumb and finger may press each other. The second effect is to accord an absolute balance between the mind that informs and rules, and the material parts that obey; in other words, the lost control is restored, the disobedience and partial defiance and failure conquered.

The breath is dammed back against the upward supply, and there is a psychic point of support.

There are two conditions for the conversion of one form into the other, one instantaneous (surgical), the other dependent upon practice (muscular growth). For example: An arm is either in its socket or it is not; if it be not, no playing of the piano will put it right; but if it be in its socket, it may yet be a feeble arm. The setting of a dislocated arm is one thing; the development of its muscles is another. In like manner of the voice: the voice organs *must* be set right before we can rightly play upon them, but the development of their rightly-used muscles is dependent upon time and work.

As stated above, a beautiful illustration of good production is found by blowing out the cheeks and putting vocal tone through them. What the compressed air in the blown-out cheeks when sounding the buzzed sustained consonant *b* is to our vocal tone, associated with lip resistance, that the compressed air in the blown-out ventricles is to the *invisible* but artistic voice. In brief, the set *A* of the old school is suppressed escape at false cords with voice added to it, and this physical equilibrium—the hydrostatics of voice—has its mental equivalent, a perfect physically unfelt control. The superior laryngeal nerve (4, Fig. IV.) acts upon the crico-thyroid muscle and the inferior constrictor muscle. The crico-thyroid muscle pulls together the thyroid and cricoid cartilages, both ascending, and the effect of this action is to tighten the vocal cords, and consequently to raise the pitch. This intrinsic muscle owes its action to a nerve-energy directed downward through the superior laryngeal nerve (4). Thus much for direction of Will or thinking downward against the initial automatic upward pressure.

FIG. IV.

1. Seat of thought.
2. Pneumogastric nerve.
3. Pharyngeal nerve.
4. Superior laryngeal nerve.
5. Inferior laryngeal nerve.
6. Larynx.
7. Windpipe.

Next, at the outer side and over the top of each ventricle are placed a number of muscular fibres, the function of which is to resist the strain of the compressed air brought to bear upon them by pressure within the ventricles,

as the network is set round a balloon to resist the gas pressure; and it is known that there is an abundant supply of nerve branches from the superior laryngeal nerve distributed to each ventricle. These nerves are placed there to inform consciousness of the varying degrees of pressure brought to bear from within upon the tense and distended surface of the ventricles.

The backward push against upward pressure of the imprisoned air ruled in its limited escape and shown by the bulge of the chest has never, I believe, been noticed or explained by modern writers, nor the cause of it given, yet this is the thoracic difference between an artist and a worthless performer. The breath-control of the physiologist is a metaphysical control; that of an artist is primarily a physical one; the physiologist has only grasped half the question. I do not mind making myself a martyr in the interests of truth, so here are two photographs of my exceptionally flat and ill-formed chest, one in a state of vocal repose, the other in a state of vocal action; the note sung was tenor D, full power.

FIG. V.

Charles Lunn's Chest in Vocal Repose.

Having taken in as much breath as we can, and having compressed or squeezed it as much as we can by drawing in the stomach, the bodily parts of themselves want, like a bent bow, to spring back to their normal state of repose. As the air also wants to escape outwardly through the larynx, which is the only outlet possible, our next act consists in learning how to restrain and control its escape. We can restrain it in two ways: One by willfully withholding the automatic pressure or putting the mind in conflict with the body, which is wrong, the other by causing the false cords to limit the escape, and this way is right. In producing the aspirate *h* our will acts in the *same* direction as the escaping air, twisting our bodily form in the direction of the flow; the cor-

FIG. VI.

Charles Lunn's Chest in Vocal Action.

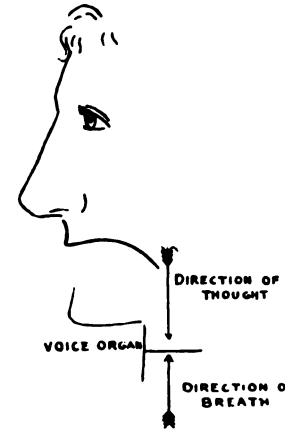

FIG. VII.

Right Metaphysical and Physical Balance.

rective to this is willing the other way, thinking downward and striking at the note from above, as it were. This act changes the internal state back to its forsaken shape, just as a drill-sergeant bends upright a stooping recruit, or just as we roll a piece of music the other way to straighten it. This enlisting of the mind to help the body considerably shortens time, and does for a student in a few months what took Cattaneo more than twelve months with me.

Never mind about forms of muscles or nerves or bones or blood; leave those for the surgeon. Think only the direction, and the parts, if previously put right in silence and stagnation, will obey in action, because they are made for obedience and not for defiance. This downward-action thought must not be confused with the fixed larynx by will, which is wrong. A supple instrument must exist to produce sympathetic sound. This balance of material forces is not a question of growth like muscular development, but it is an instantaneous act. The metaphysical and physical balances either are or they are not; it is not even a question of degree. An arm is either in its socket or it is not. Muscular development, on the other hand, is a question of time; in some the time is short, in others long. No fixed period can be assigned, but, speaking broadly, weak bodies take the longest time to develop.

"No professional orator is worthy of the name of master who cannot adapt himself to any occasion. Never should the extemporaneous speaker voluntarily sink in thought or expression. The purpose at which he aims may be different on one occasion from that which governs him on another, but the whole man should be put into each effort. It is the corresponding pettiness of many on what they consider trivial occasions which prevents them from being able to rise above the same level when they would reach a lofty altitude. There is neither time nor place in public speaking for the relaxation of the faculties. None should speak upon any subject in which he is so little interested that he could not spend hours in meditating upon it, not noting the flight of time. A responsibility rests upon every person of culture who essays extemporaneous oratory to elevate it in public regard, to make it impossible for ranters, gossipers, or dullards to gain consideration; to hold up such a standard that a voluntary falling below it will evoke condemnation. To do this he must so magnify the theme that whenever he speaks his soul will expand until he and his hearers will feel that the occasion is of transcendent dignity. The orator should to the last day of his life scrutinize and antagonize his defects, ever remembering that the fruits of discipline are evanescent, never contented unless the audience on each occasion has been his; if not at once wholly, yet progressively and finally. A single principle stated by the matchless Prentiss, and made the rule of his life, if adopted and applied by every extemporaneous speaker, would, in a decade, restore all the charm that oratory has lost:

"'It is impossible to speak too well to any audience.'"

—*James M. Buckley, D.D., LL.D.*

Spellbinders and Spellbinding.

By THE HON. CHAMP CLARK.

TO my mind, the terms "spellbinders" and "spellbinding" convey something of reproach, of disparagement. Of course, "stump-speakers" and "stump-speaking" are really the subjects intended. A nobler theme it would be difficult to find; for stump-speaking is perhaps the highest branch of oratory, and in the ranks of stump-speakers are found the names of all the genuine orators in American annals, from Patrick Henry to Dennis Kearney—from the intellectual kings to the intellectual sans-culottes.

Indeed, the glory of stump-speaking far antedates the discovery of Columbus. For instance, Mark Antony's great stump-speech, in the guise of a funeral oration over Cæsar's dead body—for that's precisely what it was, a stump-speech—changed the history of the world for centuries, by overthrowing the republic of Brutus and establishing the empire of Octavius Cæsar. Mark's great masterpiece remained the most ingenious speech delivered in this world until General James A. Garfield nominated himself at Chicago, in 1880, while going through the form of nominating John Sherman, and until William Jennings Bryan broke into the charmed and select circle of the immortals by that wondrous speech, in 1896, which served the double purpose of forcing the adoption of a national platform and securing a Presidential nomination for himself.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew has declared that the ambition is inherent in every man to do that which he cannot do; and to prove that theory he cited the astounding example of General Ulysses S. Grant, who, according to Depew, esteemed his towering military reputation very lightly, but was consumed with a vain desire to stand in history side by side with Demosthenes and Cicero, Edmund Burke and Charles James Fox, Mirabeau and Daniel Webster. Senator Depew thought that Grant never could have become, under any circumstances whatsoever, an acceptable public speaker. I differ from that conclusion, and believe that any man who could make such excellent epigrams as Grant made could have become a most effective public speaker.

The fact that the gift of public speaking is well-nigh universal in America and that we frequently entertain orators unawares was thoroughly demonstrated in the phenomenal campaign of 1896. Of the many bewildering features of that seismic period of our politics, the most amazing was this: while most of the popular and illustrious Democratic orators supported General Palmer or Major McKinley, we did not feel their loss to any appreciable degree. New and unheard-of orators suddenly arose, like Roderick Dhu's men from the heather, and they sprang into the arena full-armed, like Minerva from the brain of Jove. That marvelous manifestation of general oratorical capacity among Americans is well worthy the attention of philosophers, psychologists and linguists. So thoroughly convinced am I of the universality of the oratorical faculty among my countrymen, that I feel ab-

solutely certain that if all our orators of renown were to die to-day, the stump would be occupied in a month by new men with voices as sonorous and with eloquence as soul-stirring as those whose witchery is now acknowledged.

Macaulay speaks of parliamentary oratory as being a species by itself. So is stump-speaking. Because a man excels in speaking in court, in the Senate or in the House, is no evidence that he will surpass his fellows on the stump, and vice versa. Of course, the same man may shine as a star of the first magnitude in all these places—but he would indeed be rara avis.

Some observers contend that service in Congress—particularly in the Senate—unfits a man, measurably at least, for stump-speaking.

My father, who was an intense admirer of Stephen A. Douglas, repeatedly told me that the "Little Giant" fell off as a stumper just in proportion to his length of senatorial service, and yet it was in his latter days that stump-speaking in America reached its high-water mark in the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Barring the historic interest of those debates and the results appertaining to them, I doubt very much if two such intellectual Titans, so unlike in mental equipment, and yet, considering their tout ensemble, so evenly matched, ever did or ever will engage in the luxury of stump debate. That series of stump debates marked an epoch in our annals.

The ideal stump-speaker possesses a commanding presence, wealth of learning, power of statement, ready wit, abundant humor, capacity for repartee, leonine courage, personal magnetism, persuasive eloquence, unfailing good nature, inexhaustible patience, honesty of purpose, the courage of his convictions, adaptability to circumstances and perfect tact. Above all, he must be able to read the human face divine. Such a man is irresistible. He sways the multitude as with a magician's wand. He appears among men only at rare intervals, and when he does appear he fails of the Presidency of the republic—the goal of all American statesmen—if he fail at all—simply because the limitations of time and human endurance do not permit him to speak to enough people to control a majority of the votes in the electoral college.

Perhaps Henry Clay came as near to being the ideal stumper as any man that ever lived, and the reasons why he failed to reach the White House were that he was pitted against the most popular and successful military chieftain of that age in his earlier contests, and that he could not see, shake hands with and personally address the majority of his fellow-citizens in his later races.

The first spellbinders of note I ever saw were General Thomas E. Bramlette, candidate for governor of Kentucky, and Colonel John Marshall Harlan, now Mr. Justice Harlan of the supreme court of the United States, then candidate for attorney-general. That was in 1863. General Bramlette also possessed the first pair of eyeglasses (hooked on the nose without ear straps) that I ever saw. He was a widower, in the prime of life—a large, handsome, courtly, dignified gentleman. When he arose to speak he adjusted his glasses upon his aquiline nose, looked at the audience with a bland smile and said:

"I hope the ladies will not consider my heart as old as my eyes are." I thought then and think now that that

was one of the neatest mots ever uttered.

Judge Harlan was quite a young man then, but his intellectual superiority to his chief was perfectly apparent even to me, though only "a chunk of a boy." So, when I went home I interrogated my father as to why Harlan was not running for governor and Bramlette for attorney-general. I was in my salad days and was green enough to suppose that merit and merit alone was the foundation for political rank. My father explained how accident, geography, management, combination, manipulation and inexorable necessity sometimes—indeed, not infrequently—crowd the superior man to the rear or squeeze him clear out of the game and force the inferior one to the front, and how the latter may be the vote-getter. The scales fell from my eyes as suddenly as they fell from those of Saul of Tarsus as he journeyed from Jerusalem down to Damascus.

Sometimes I amuse myself by going over the list of Presidents and figuring on how much the average might have been raised by substituting for the weak ones the greatest men of the parties to which they belonged—by changing men, not politics. For example, put Henry Clay in place of the elder Harrison, Thomas H. Benton in place of James K. Polk, Daniel Webster in place of Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore, Stephen A. Douglas in place of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan, James G. Blaine in place of Rutherford B. Hayes, and so on to the end of the chapter. My boyish theory was right, if impracticable, and I am loth to relinquish it.

Any one seeing Mr. Justice Harlan, with his silk gown on, sitting in the greatest tribunal of the world, would scarcely believe, gazing upon his massive head and solemn countenance, that there ever was a day when he made not only the welkin but the woods ring, not only with logic and eloquence, but with wit, humor, banter, sarcasm and all that goes to make a tip-top stump speech. The Judge would have been a great humorist if he had not come of a race of great lawyers and been predestined for a high career as a jurist.

That same year I learned my first lesson about spellbinders, and it was this: spellbinders do not always spellbind. Two men, Hughes and McIntyre, were candidates for county or probate judge—a lucrative and therefore desirable office in Kentucky. Hughes was one of the most flamboyant rhetoricians I ever heard—a tall, broad-shouldered, splendid Kentuckian—and he completely captured my boyish heart. Dan Hughes was my first political idol. He laid upon the multitude a wizard's spell. The crowd always yelled itself hoarse when Dan was up. His opponent, McIntyre, was a decidedly slow coach as a speaker. He stammered, hemmed and hawed, and was generally silenced by the cat-calls of the enthusiastic Hughesites; but to my utter amazement and disgust, when the returns came in, McIntyre led the poll by a handsome majority. The tortoise had distanced the hare. I was crestfallen and in the dumps. I went to my father, a staunch advocate of Dan Hughes, to see if he could explain the catastrophe on any rational grounds.

"Mr. Hughes," said he, "is a fine stump-speaker, and depended on that alone to win votes. Mr. McIntyre is a very poor stumper, but he is an organizer, and whilst Hughes delighted the people with his oratory, McIntyre was organizing his forces."

Mirabile dictu! After thirty-seven

years, I do not remember a word uttered by my oratorical idol, Dan Hughes, in that campaign, so memorable to me, but I do recall this statement from the dumb and despised McIntyre: "Ladies, I solicit your support. It is said that the man is the head of the family. If so, woman is the neck; and if the neck goes right the head must go right"—which now appears to me to have a goodly quantum of sense in it.

It so happened that I saw but one of the principal spellbinders of the last generation; but he was a prince among his fellows, a host within himself, the handsomest man I ever saw or ever expect to see, General John Cabel Breckinridge, of Kentucky. Long before I had the pleasure of gazing upon his martial form I asked my father what manner of man he was. He answered: "He is tall, handsome, square-built. He has a head two stories and a half high." In 1868 I was a student at Kentucky University, at Lexington, when he returned from his European exile. With enraptured ear I heard him return thanks to his neighbors and friends for the cordiality of their reception. One sentence which fell from his lips I shall never forget. In describing himself he said: "Politically, I am an extinct volcano!" and surely a sentence more graphic or more realistic never fell from human lips. It required a great brain to coin such a Victor Hugo-ish sentence as that, and it required courage, audacity and a correct comprehension of the relation of things one to another to utter it. After beholding him in the flesh and hearing him for the space of five minutes I had no difficulty in determining why my father and other Kentuckians of that generation came so near worshiping John C. Breckinridge. He was a spellbinder, indeed.

I have heard but one other sentence as fine as the one quoted from Breckinridge, and that was uttered by another famous spellbinder, George H. Pendleton, of Ohio—popularly called "Gentleman George." At the time General Phil Sheridan was pitching a Louisiana legislature out of its chamber, at New Orleans, with the bayonet, I was a student at the Cincinnati Law School. There was a great meeting at the Grand Opera House to protest against "Little Phil's" action. Pendleton was the chief figure and held the centre of the stage. He was then in the prime of his splendid powers—powers equal to any position. Handsome as Apollo Belvidere, graceful as a fawn, with a wealth of brown, curly hair, with a voice sweet as an Æolian harp, he began his speech with this wondrous sentence:

"The applause of the people is the sweetest incense that ever greeted the nostrils of a public man."

What else he said I know not, care not. The man who can utter one sentence which a boy will carry around in his head for thirty-seven years, and which will always be an inspiration to him, is a spellbinder of marvelous power. I humbly and fervently thank God for such men.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Authors of the Nineteenth Century.

A SERIES OF CRITICAL STUDIES OF THE WRITERS AND THEIR WORKS, WITH SELECTIONS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED FOR READING.

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No 8.—JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

GOETHE'S RANK AND PLACE:

The 150th anniversary of Goethe's birth, August 28, 1899, established his rank and place in German literature. For over twenty years revisions and rejudgments of him as one of the masterminds of modern Europe, ranking with Shakespeare, Dante and Cervantes, had been made. Men like Professor Dowden, Sir John Seeley, and M. Edouard Rod declared that he must be reread in the light of present-day critical canons. The attitude of the German nation toward him on his sesquicentenary is a significant element in the evolution of the new empire. At no previous time in Germany's history, not even in the wild years of fermentation, when, with lordly generosity, Goethe flung out masterpieces like "Götz von Berlichingen" and "The Sorrows of Werther," has he been held in such high esteem by his own people; at no previous time has he been hailed, with such accord, as their greatest literary genius, their most national poet, their most fit representative. He is like a guiding star, a demi-god to the present generation of German writers and artists—an ever-present example of higher intellectual life.

Goethe belongs not only to German but also to European literature, where his position is that of successor to Voltaire and Rousseau. As a writer both of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries he seems to have started as a German Rousseau, but he did not remain so long. His first cry of freedom was given forth in "Götz von Berlichingen," and by degrees it became evident to him that the only true ideal of freedom is liberation—not alone of the passions, not alone of the intellect, but of the whole man;

CRITICAL AND ELABORATE ANALYSES AND CRITICISM OF THE FOLLOWING POETS AND POEMS HAVE APPEARED IN WERNER'S MAGAZINE:

Alfred Tennyson, "The Lady of Shalott." September, 1897.
Dante Gabriel Rossetti, "The Blessed Damozel." October, 1897.
Robert Browning, "My Last Duchess." November, 1897.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." December, 1897.
George Eliot. "How Liza Loved the King." December, 1897.
Sidney Lanier, "Hymns of the Marshes." January, 1898.
James Russell Lowell, "The Courtin'." February, 1898.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Nuremberg." March, 1898.
John Greenleaf Whittier, "Telling the Bees." April, 1898.
Edward Rowland Sill, "The Thrush." May, 1898.
Austin Dobson, "The Secrets of the Heart." May, 1898.
George Eliot, "The Spanish Gipsy." October, 1898.
Sir Walter Scott. July, 1899.
Oliver Wendell Holmes. August, 1899.
Rudyard Kipling. October, 1899.
Washington Irving. November, 1899.
J. Fenimore Cooper. December, 1899.
Honoré de Balzac. January, 1900.
Hebrew Literature and Drama. February, 1900.
John Ruskin. March, 1900.
Edgar Allan Poe. April, 1900.
Henrik Ibsen. May, 1900.
William Cullen Bryant. September, 1900.

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that this involves all our powers and faculties, and that this can be effected only by degrees, and by steadfast toil.

The most striking trait of Goethe's genius is its unrivaled versatility. In every department of literature he has tried his power, and with wonderful success. The periods of his outward life are most intimately connected with the eras of his literary career, and they may be divided (1) from youth to 1775; (2) 1775-1794; (3) 1794-1805; (4) 1805-1832.

During the first period the character of Goethe's works was national, full of that German spirit for which Lessing fought so manfully, and which Goethe expressed with matchless felicity. The chief works of this period, "Götz von Berlichingen" and "The Sorrows of Werther," formed the solid foundation of Goethe's fame. They were read from one end of Germany to the other. It is difficult to imagine that the same man could have produced both works, so different are they in matter and style. "Werther" represents the languid sentimentalism, the passionate despair, which possessed an age vexed by evils which nothing but a knife could cure, and tortured by the presence of a high ideal which revealed to it the depth of its misery and the hopelessness of a better lot. "Götz" was the first manly appeal to the chivalry of German spirit. "Werther" is the echo of Rousseau, the lamentation of a suffering world. "Götz" is the prototype of Stein, the corner-stone of a renovated empire. "Götz," in its short, sharp dialogue, recalls the pregnant terseness of mediæval German before it was spoiled by the imitations of Ciceronian Latinity. "Werther," as soft and melodious as Plato, was the first revelation to the world of that marvelous style which, in the hands of a master, compels a language, as rich as Greek, to be also as musical.

During the second period appeared "Egmont," "Iphigenia in Taurus" and "Torquato Tasso," all dramas; also the greater part of the romance, "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship." Although the dramas had been planned long before Goethe went to Italy, they were not completed until after his return. His eyes had been opened to the perception of high art; and his rich and fertile spirit, which embraced the lofty, the childlike and the lovely, now turned to the noble and elevated. In place of his former principle of naturalness or reality, arose that of ideality—that pure ideality which transplants nature into the reign of ideal and pure beauty. The author's genius in these dramas was everywhere felt, but it disturbed and offended rather than gave delight. He was alone; Klopstock's friendship waned; Herder became jealous and sensitive; Schiller could not comprehend him; Wieland, ever a warm friend, was unable to give him sympathetic support; and the general public, whom "Werther" fifteen years before had carried by storm, no longer found interest in him.

The third period of Goethe's activity has one great masterpiece, "Hermann and Dorothea."

During the fourth period of Goethe's activity appeared "Faust," his greatest masterpiece. In reality it is a literary epitome of his life, since it occupied him, at times, nearly 60 years.

As poet, thinker, critic, and original observer of nature, all combined in one admirable harmony, Goethe attained his highest rank. We do not find in literary history any intellect that can fitly be placed on the same platform; that presents, in such grand and graceful completeness, so much thought, combined with so much luxuriant imagination; so much accurate science with so much playful fancy; so much simplicity with so much art; so much freshness and originality of productive power with so much justness and comprehensiveness of critical judgment. Of his poems, his lyrics are the least vulnerable. They need no interpreter. If studied in chronological order, it will be observed that, as time went on, the lyric that is a spontaneous jet of feeling is replaced by the lyric in which there are constructive

art and considerate evolution. In the poem of the "West-Östlicher Divan" Goethe returns to the lyric of spontaneity. As lyrist he stands in first rank. As scientist he cannot be counted as one of the greatest, but his contributions to knowledge have been of importance and positive influence, and those studies were beneficial in his own development.

As philosopher Goethe ranks with Kant, Fichte and Hegel, mainly because of his broad knowledge. As critic he ranks with Schiller, Lessing and Schlegel. His beautiful and profound examination of Hamlet alone, in "Wilhelm Meister,'" established his reputation, and Mephistopheles remains to-day the greatest literary representative of the critical spirit divorced from the creative spirit, and becomes, therefore, entirely negative and destructive. As dramatist he will not compare with the great masters of that art, for he was attached to character and picture and indifferent to action and event. Nevertheless "Faust" is a great dramatic poem, full of dramatic scenes, though they are not sufficiently moved by the living current of dramatic action. "Faust" is essentially a German poem, and yet a poem all foreigners can read and enjoy.

Goethe's intellect was one of the loftiest ever known to man. It is not a typically German intellect, for the German mind tends to concentrate itself on one definite problem and to explore that problem in all its ramifications. But Goethe surveyed the world as a whole; he saw life steadily, like the old Greek poet; nothing escaped his eyes. Human nature was to him the prince of studies; and for every rank and condition of life his wide sympathy found expression. The simple peasant of the Black Forest makes the dark solitude resound with songs that tell of his own humble joys. The soft ditty which the Suabian maiden hums at her wheel breathes the quiet, cheerful content that blesses the lot of those who toil and spin for rude fare and coarse raiment. Even the clear, wild plaint which the Rhine boatman flings out upon the evening air is Goethe's own prayer for those who day and night stem the sweeping current.

All Germany says "our Goethe," for in the mirror which he held up to nature high and low alike catch their own reflection. But the form and style of his works are characteristically Greek; that is, they are chiefly remarkable for profundity of thought and truth of feeling, expressed in the most simple, graceful, and unpretending manner. In soul, however, they are essentially German; and the most deep-thinking of the Germans are always the first to claim him as the most German of all German poets in spirit, though very few German writers have so carefully avoided the most characteristic German defects of style. In the extraordinary value which he attaches to "the form," he authenticates himself everywhere as a great modern Greek and a great artist.

The variety of style for which Goethe is distinguished may be urged in further illustration of his genius. No two of his novels resemble each other in manner of execution, or character of invention, and in his poetical works he sometimes writes with the careful elegance and collected sublimity of the ancients, and sometimes reproduces the light and fascinating beauties of the poets of chivalry. He is a poet thoroughly relished only by those who understand thoroughly the German language, and whose minds are not so typically foreign as to exclude a ready sympathy with German thoughts and feelings.

The command Goethe attained over the resources of his native language constitutes one of his strongest claims to attention. In some respects German is the most difficult of all modern languages, and it is fully mastered by very few. But Goethe's comprehensive mind grasped it in its almost boundless variety. His wondrous reach of thought was co-extensive with its wide and deep significance. Plain narrative flows along in even, unbroken, harmonious sentences; description glows with hues as bright and with features as distinct as those of the prototype. Passion, dark and stormful or sad and subdued; the proud bearing of the hero and the boundless devotedness of the

lover; the throbbing aspirations of youth, and the calm thoughtfulness of manhood—all find, under his pen, exact, appropriate and powerful expression, rich and magical imagery, and beautiful illustration.

The German of Goethe is the language of the new German empire, just as the language of Homer was that of the Greek world, of which the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" were the first monuments, and the Gospel of John the last. Goethe's first successor is Bismarck, as writer of his own life, a work that may be called the first German work written in the language of Goethe without showing a trace of imitation.

As stage-manager Goethe was unequaled. He early saw that to manage any company of players—amateur or professional—is a task requiring infinite patience and tact. Yet this did not discourage him. He believed in the possibility of transforming the artisan actor into a genuine artist, and the degraded theater into an elevating and instructing agency. As stage-manager he fully realized the difficulties and dangers hanging about his first tentative steps, and ever afterward thought and action went hand in hand.

But a host of difficulties had to be surmounted. Weimar was a very small town; its inhabitants had not learned to appreciate good plays; Goethe knew his theater could not be self-supporting. The grand duke made an appropriation, but not enough to support the theater. Goethe, however, by wise use of the capital, was able to force good things upon his audience. He attached little importance to magnificent scenery, and brilliant wardrobe, but set great store upon noble music, fine singing, good acting in every part, and the best plays of all kinds. He made his repertoire a connecting link between Christendom and pagandom—a comprehensive miniature history of the world's greatest plays. In twenty-six years—1791-1817—he stage-managed 175 important tragedies and comedies, also many operas, like Mozart's, and a long array of musical and other minor pieces.

Soon after Goethe became stage-manager people began to flock to his theater from the surrounding country—peasants, students, nobility, etc.; and, as long as he remained manager, the theater was crowded. His teaching alone marred or made young players. He was the unseen actor, for every movement, every gesture, every inflection of voice, owed its origin to his intelligence.

The rehearsing of a play in his strong hands became a splendid art. He said that actors must be taught to bring us back to the first creative fire, by which the poet himself was animated; the actor must put away his habit of trying to outshine the entire company; must scout the traditional belief that things would be right enough at night; and must lay imaginative hold on the inner essence and life, not merely of his own little part, but of the entire play. In the first five books of "Wilhelm Meister" Goethe gives a description of his ideal stage-manager.

In order that there might be unity of action, Goethe forced all the members of his company to study their rôles together, at the same time, by reading them aloud under his watchful, helpful guidance. He thus accustomed his actors to discipline, teaching and order, and thereby gave them a unity never seen before. Schiller perceived with astonishment and delight that the players Goethe had trained gave him back his creations in a purer form. At the first performance of his "Piccolomini" Schiller cried: "It is by such acting that a man is taught to know what his piece really is! It is ennobled by such playing, and the words when spoken are better than when written."

"Nowhere," says Chancellor von Müller, "did Goethe more fully exercise the spell of his imposing personality than among his dramatic disciples: rigorous and earnest in his demands, unalterable in his determinations, prompt and delighted to acknowledge every successful attempt, attentive to the smallest as well as to the greatest, he called forth in every one his most secret powers, and achieved in a narrow circle, and often with slender means, what appeared really incredible. His encouraging glance was a rich reward; his kind word

an invaluable gift. Everybody felt at home in the part Goethe assigned him, and the stamp of his approbation seemed a blessing for life. Indeed, no one, who has not seen with what pious fidelity actors of those times treasured every recollection of Goethe and Schiller, can possibly form a just idea of the veneration and affection inspired by these their heroes."

Goethe is one of the best representatives of the modern mind in its distinctive spirit, thought, and tendency. He has in a large degree its comprehension, its manifoldness, its freedom and independence, its boldness in investigation, its insight, its forward look. His influence is larger and more potent than that of mere literary genius. The spirit of the age possessed and wrought in him, and to the progress of thought he gave a strong and lasting impulse. He had a mind, large, complete and harmonious, self-contained, and active and persistent in working out problems of human life and destiny. His life-work was the translation of human thought into the highest ideal. This high aim gave unity and grandeur to his life and work. Withal he was an artist, with an eye always to the highest beauty of form and thought. His weakness was in doing too much. Had he done less he would have done more. His versatility robbed him of strength. His researches in mineralogy, medicine and the physical sciences, loudly as some have proclaimed their importance, yielded no great results, although they occupied him during a great part of his life.

Goethe has made each of us aspire to be no fragment of manhood, but a man; he has taught us that to squander ourselves in vain desires is the road to spiritual poverty; that to discover our appropriate work is the way to true wealth; that such passion and such toil must be not servile, but glad and free; that the use of our intelligence is not chiefly to destroy, but to construct; and that in doing our best work we best incorporate ourselves in the lives of our fellows. Goethe, unlike Voltaire, inculcates reverence and love; unlike Rousseau, he teaches us to see objects clearly as they are; he trains us to sanity. Matthew Arnold says:

"He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear;
And struck his finger on the place,
And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*
He looked on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power;
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
The turmoil of expiring life—
He said: *The end is everywhere,*
Art still has truth, take refuge there!
And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness."

As Homer concentrated in himself the spirit of antiquity, Dante of the Middle Ages, and Shakespeare of the Renaissance, so Goethe is the representative of the modern spirit, the prophet of mankind under new circumstances and new conditions, the appointed teacher of ages yet unborn.

ANALYTIC STUDY OF GOETHE AND HIS WRITINGS.

"In Goethe we see united the two great tendencies of realism and idealism, and the essential conditions of national art—the treatment of national material and the perfect art of that treatment."—G. H. LEWES.

In Goethe's works we observe the concrete tendency determining, first, his choice of subjects; secondly, his handling of character; and, thirdly, his style. We see the operation of that law of his mind which made the creative impulses move only in

alliance with emotions he himself had experienced.

Goethe's works may be divided:

I.—Poetry.
II.—Dramatic Writings.
III.—Prose.

I.—Goethe's Poetry.

As writer of poetry, Goethe covers a wide field. The subjects include an immense variety of thoughts and sentiments. In them are many moods of mind characteristic of a writer who was poet, scientist, observer of practical life, and lover of art. The varied metres and forms of his poems accord with the variety of their themes. Simple lyrics are followed by odes of antique grandeur, or ballads of wild romance, or caricature, or poems of epic interest and dignity. In verse he is ever the singer; even the poorest poems have something of that grace which captivates in the finest. The gift of song, his special gift, makes his best lyrics matchless. The lyrics are the best known of his writings, and they are instinct with life and beauty, and give musical form to feelings the most various, and to feelings that are true. They are gay, coquettish, playful, tender, passionate, mournful, reflective, and picturesque. Part of this witchery is sincerity of style. The beauties are organic; they form part and parcel of the very tissue of the poems, and are not added as ornaments. Take for example, "The Fisherman," how wonderful is the fascination of the water luring the fisherman into its treacherous depths; how simple and direct the images; and how marvelously pictorial! Another example is "The Bride of Corinth," a totally different poem. Nothing can surpass the directness with which every word indicates the mysterious and terrible situation; every line is a new revelation in the narrative, so rapidly and yet so gradually unfolded. In the whole of this wonderful ballad everything is told in the most direct and simple style. Everything stands before the eye like reality. Another example is "God and the Bajadere." The effect of the changing rhythm of this poem, changing from tender lightness to solemn seriousness, and the art with which the whole series of events is unfolded in successive pictures, are what no other German poet has attained. In "The Erl-King" the same art is noticeable. The natural is mingled with the supernatural as well as imagery with narrative. The "Roman Elegies" are doubly interesting; first, as expressions of Goethe's feelings; secondly, as the most perfect poems of the kind in all literature. Had he written nothing but these elegies, he would hold a first place among German poets. These elegies, moreover, are scarcely less interesting in their biographical significance. They speak plainly of the effect of Italy upon his mind. They speak eloquently of his love for Christiane. The most beautiful of these elegies are "Alexis and Dora," "Amyntas," and "Euphrosyne." Goethe was a brilliant writer of epigrams, his best epigram (in "Four Seasons") sums up his religious views.

II.—Goethe's Dramatic Writings.

Goethe's dramatic productions are so various and distinct, and so superior to similar productions in German literature, that it is difficult to believe them all the work of a single mind.

"Faust,"—General Survey.

"Faust" is Goethe's greatest masterpiece. The kernel of all Faust literature is a religious legend. A man, noble, highly gifted and striving, impelled by thirst for truth and worldly pleasure, becomes untrue to the service of God, resorts to magic, calls on the devil and pledges him his soul, which is to remain forever in hell after he has enjoyed a proud and wanton earthly career. The fundamental religious thought of the Faust legend is that life is a state of existence endured and passed through by constant purification.

Goethe's Faust strives upward, and reaches a height untouched by the enjoyments and evil of the world. The poem consists of two parts and is the work of Goethe's whole life, begun and even advanced in his early manhood, taken up again in middle life, and completed with trembling and faltering hand at the close of his life. We can distinguish the formations of youth, of manhood, and of old age. The early part of the work shows swift and almost involuntary creations, while the later part is labored and slow in its creations. The weakest part is found in Act IV. Mediocre poets have tried their 'prentice hands at Faust, poets of undeniable genius have tried to master it; Goethe alone was fully adequate, and has produced

from it the greatest poem of modern times. In "Faust" we see, as in a mirror, the eternal problem of intellectual existence; and, beside it, the varied lineaments of social existence. It is a problem, and a picture. Therein lies its fascination. The problem embraces all questions of vital importance; the picture represents all opinions, all sentiments, all classes. The great problem is stated in all its nudity; the picture is painted in all its variety. This twofold nature of the work explains its popularity, and gives the secret of its composition. Almost every typical aspect of life is touched, almost every subject of interest finds expression in almost every body of rhythm. It appeals to a universal audience.

"Faust," Part I.—General Survey.

The drama opens on Easter night, and the main action is arrested on Walpurgis night (April 30)—either little more than three weeks or little less than five weeks; the main action being separated from the final catastrophe by about a year. There are two prologues, one on the stage and one in heaven. One reason for this lies in the twofold nature of the poem, in the two leading subjects to be worked out: (1) The world and the world's ways are to be depicted; (2) the individual soul and its struggles are to be portrayed. We have the theatre-prologue, because "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." We have the heaven-prologue because heaven is the centre and goal of all struggles, and because Faust is struggling heavenward. Another reason for these two prologues is that in the first prologue we see the theatre manager and the dramatist moving the puppets of the scene; in the second prologue, we see the Lord and Mephistopheles moving the puppets of the drama within the drama. From the strolling players proceeds the cause of the whole representation; from heaven issues the drama of temptation.

"Faust," Part I.—Detailed Survey.

The Prologue in the Theatre.—The stage representation opens with strolling players about to exhibit in the market-place, to please the motley crowd with rude comedy or tragedy. The personages are three: The manager, the dramatist, and the merryman; three types representing dramatic art in reference to dramatists and the public. The dramatist wishes to write for posterity, but the others wish him to write for present amusement and thus increase the theatre's profits. The prologue, brief as it is, discusses the whole question of managers, dramatists, and the public.

The Prologue in Heaven.—The humor of the theatre-prologue is in strong contrast to the heaven-prologue, which opens with a song of archangels in heaven. This song, a grand declaration of eternal Divine power, is followed by its extreme opposite, for among the assembled heavenly hosts is Mephistopheles, the bad spirit who leads only to negation and destruction, who declares to the Lord that man is a disgrace to the earth on which he dwells, and that Faust, now a faithful servant of the Lord, can be seduced from his allegiance, and asks permission to tempt him. The Lord consents, but predicts the defeat of Mephistopheles in these words:

"Though now he serves me with imperfect sight,
I will ere long conduct him to the light.
The Gard'ner knoweth, when the green appears,
That flowers and fruit will crown the coming years."

The plot is the struggle between the spirit of evil personified in Mephistopheles and the original element of good in Faust.

Faust in his Study.—Descending from heaven to earth we reach the real drama, Part I., which, both from an artistic and moral point of view, may be regarded complete in itself. Faust, amid books and instruments, pale and worn with toil, feels his efforts are vain, that science is impotent, that no answers to his questions can be obtained through human wisdom, and so resorts to magic. He summons a spirit. They converse. Faust, astounded, exclaims:

"Not thee!
Whom then?
I, image of the Godhead,
Not like thee!

[*Knocking is heard.*]

Oh death! 'tis Wagner's knock—he comes to break
The charm that bound me while the spirit spake!
Thus my supremest bliss ends in delusion
Marr'd by a sneaking pedant-slave's intrusion!"

The transition is fine—the breaking in of reality upon the visions of the poet, the departure of the spirit, the entrance of Wagner, who, hearing voices, and fancying Faust is declaiming a Greek drama, comes to enjoy it. Wagner is a pedant and sacrifices himself to books as Faust does to knowledge. Faust, inducing Wagner to de-

part, continues his soliloquy of despair. He resolves to die; lifts the laudanum to his lips, when suddenly a sound is heard. The Easter day singing and bell-ringing recall early recollections of this holy day and of his boyhood religion, and he is saved. This opening scene, suggested by an old puppet-play in which Faust appears, Goethe enriches from his own wealth of thoughts and experiences.

Before the Gate.—Faust and Wagner join the gay holiday crowd. The picture, a truly German one, is beautiful. Its place in the poem is significant, showing how life is accepted by the common mind, in contrast with the previous scene which showed life pressing on the student, demanding interpretation of its solemn significance. Faust spends his days in questioning; the people spend theirs in frivolous pursuits, or sensual enjoyment, the great riddles of the world never troubling them, for to them the world is a familiarity and no mystery. Faust, the struggler, gazing on this scene, is deeply affected and feels how much wiser than he are the simple people, for they enjoy themselves. Yet here he feels a man. The people crowd around him showing the reverence always paid a scholar. He, however, feels it a mockery, and, gazing on the setting sun, pours forth melancholy reflections on the worthlessness of life and the uselessness of his struggles.

Making the Compact.—Faust is alone. A bit of incantation is followed by a mist. Mephistopheles appears. Faust, led to despair of attaining his high ambitions, seeing the folly of his struggles and realizing that knowledge is a will-o'-the-wisp to which he has sacrificed happiness, now pines for happiness, though he disbelieves in it as he also disbelieves in knowledge. In sheer, desperate scepticism he consents to sell his soul if he can only realize happiness. The compact is made. The compact has its origin in the old puppet-play, and it is very curious to note how the old ideas are developed by Goethe.

Mephistopheles and the Student.—The inimitable scene between Mephistopheles and the student, wherein every line is sarcasm, or a touch of wisdom, a withering satire on every branch of knowledge, is placed precisely at that juncture when knowledge has been renounced by Faust; when books are closed forever, and life is to be enjoyed.

Auerbach's Cellar.—Mephistopheles, in making the compact, promises to show Faust first the "little world"—the world of experience, emotions, and passions of individuals. If, after experiencing that world, he is not satisfied, Mephistopheles will show him a "greater world"—the experiences of life in a broad field of activity, among men, and in stations where one's influence is felt by thousands or by a whole race. Then they start out to see the "little world" and their first tour is a carousal. They enter Auerbach's cellar, which reeks with fumes of bad wine and stale tobacco, its blackened arches ringing with boisterous mirth and noisy songs. The sots display their sottishness. Faust looks on with bewildered disgust.

The Witches' Kitchen.—They pass from the impurity of sots to the impurity of witches. In this den of sorcery Faust drinks the witches' potion, to make him young and handsome. The effect is surprising to Faust, filling him with unknown desires.

Meeting with Margaret.—Faust is led by Mephistopheles to meet Margaret, a true representative of nature. This simple girl, accosted by Faust as she is returning from church and answering him curtly, introduces the love-episode that gives the poem resistless magic. Shakespeare himself has drawn no portrait like Margaret; no such peculiar union of passion, simplicity, homeliness and witchery. Her poverty and inferior social position are never lost sight of; she never becomes an abstraction; love alone exalts her above her lowly station. The contrast between this simple girl and her artful friend Martha is amusing and pathetic. While Martha makes love to Mephistopheles with discreet, worldly shrewdness, Margaret asks Faust to think of her, even if it be for a moment—she will have time enough to think of him after he is gone. What a picture of woman's lonely life in which the thoughts, not called out by the busy needs of the hour, center in one object! And then that exquisite episode of her plucking the flower—

"He loves me—loves me not,"

followed by her charming reflection when Faust is gone:

"Dear God! What such a man is this
  Can think on any thing you may!
I stand ashamed, and answer yes,
  To every word that he may say.
I wonder what a man so learned as he
Can find in a poor simple girl like me."

The Cavern in the Forest.—Faust, having fled from the garden to the forest, seeks a cavern where he pours out his rapture and despair. Mephistopheles enters and they wrangle, the result being that Faust is brought again under the influence of Margaret.

Margaret at the Spinning-Wheel.—Margaret, while spinning, sings her beautiful song, "My peace is gone, my heart is sore."

Second Garden Scene.—Margaret questions Faust about his faith. Grander, deeper, holier thoughts are not to be found in poetry than those contained in his confession of faith. Margaret feels this confession to be in substance only in different language what the priest tells her. There is something inexpressibly touching in her solicitude about her lover's faith; it serves to bring out one element in her character, as her instinctive aversion to Mephistopheles brings out another element; she sees he feels no sympathy, that

"He never yet hath loved a human soul.
* * * * * * *
My heart doth close when he comes near.
* * * * * * *
It so o'ermasters me, that when,
Or wheresoe'r, his step I hear,
I almost think, no more I love thee then.
Besides, when he is near, I ne'er could pray."

The guileless, prattling innocence prepares us for the naive manner in which she expresses willingness to admit her lover to her apartment, and consents to give her mother a sleeping draught.

"Thou best of men, thy very look can sway me
With strange, resistless impulse to obey thee;
So much already have I done for thee,
That to refuse thee now would be in vain."

At the Well.—This scene is full of terrible significance. Margaret hears her friend Bessie triumph over the fall of one of their companions. Bessie says not one word against the seducer, her whole wrath is turned against the victim, and Margaret feels that she, too, is a sinner and her subsequent soliloquy is intense.

At the Shrine.—Margaret, whilst putting flowers before the Mater Dolorosa, prays most beautifully.

The Duel.—Margaret's brother Valentine, returning from the army and learning of his sister's downfall, interrupts Faust's serenade. A duel ensues. Mephistopheles, invisible, fatally stabs Valentine. Margaret and Martha hurrying out to learn the cause of the disturbance, discover Valentine, who with his last breath tells his sister the cause of his death:

"'Twas thy dishonor pierced my heart,
Thy fall the fatal death-stab gave
Through the death-sleep I now depart
To God, a soldier true and brave."

In the Cathedral.—From the scene of bloodshed and horror Margaret goes to the cathedral to pray. But her prayers are interrupted by the Evil Spirit. She feels a stifling sense of awe at the picture of the harassed sinner seeking refuge, and finding fresh despair. Around her kneel in silence those who hear with comfort the words to her so terrible:

"Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla!"

The choir bursts forth and Margaret, overcome by remorse, faints.

The Walpurgis Night.—This scene would be an error if "Faust" were simply a drama. The mind resents being diverted from its contemplation of human passion, and plunged into the vagaries of dreamland. But "Faust" is not a drama in the strict sense; its purpose is not mainly to unfold the various evolutions of an episode of life; its object is not to rivet attention to a story. It is a grand legendary spectacle representing all phases of life. The scene on the Blocksburg is part of the old puppet-play. Note how Goethe introduces the scene immediately after the cathedral scene, thus representing the wizard-element in contrast to the religious element. On the Blocksburg are scenes of diablerie, but Faust, instead of enjoying them, is wretched and has strange and tormenting visions.

The Intermezzo.—Goethe introduces an intermezzo, Walpurgis Night's Dream, or Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding Feast. Without a key, this scene would be incomprehensible. It is a satirical and fanciful conceit consisting of a series of epigrams directed against false tendencies in art, literature, religion, philosophy, and political life. What relation the intermezzo with its fantastical assemblage bears to Faust is not immediately obvious, unless it is to foreshadow the various distractions with which Mephistopheles endeavors to distract Faust's mind after he turns with disgust from the witch-society of the Brocken.

Faust Pleading with Mephistopheles.—Faust, learning of Valentine's death, the killing of Margaret's child and her condemnation, determines to free her. He persuades Mephistopheles to assist him. One

peculiarity in this scene is that it contains the only bit of prose in the whole work.

Going to Margaret's Rescue.—What painting in the six brief lines which make up this scene! Faust and Mephistopheles are riding over a wild, dreary plain; the sound of carpenters at work on the gibbet informs them of the preparations for the execution of Margaret.

Death of Margaret.—Faust enters the dungeon where Margaret, huddled on a bed of straw, sings wild snatches of ancient ballads, her reason gone, her end approaching. The pathos of this interview is terrible. As the passion rises to a climax, the grim, passionless face of Mephistopheles appears, completing the circle of irony running throughout the poem.

The rapidity and variety of the scenes give the work an air of formlessness, until we recognize the organic unity binding them into a complete whole. Faust, the chief character, does not arouse our sympathy; he is not a good man captive to error or led away by temptations of the devil, or even struggling against forces of evil environing him. On the contrary, he goes out to meet them; he eagerly inspects them, and makes special effort to find in them, if not some good, yet some pleasure.

Mephistopheles, Faust's companion, is perhaps the most wonderful creation in all fiction; a true devil without one mitigating feature, without one compunction, one feeling, good or bad. From the time he enters the presence of the Lord until the end of the poem, he is an inconceivable mixture of cold-blooded impudence and mockery such as no human imagination ever before dreamt of, and there is an infinite subtle power in the way in which this spirit, in the very height of his unmitigated, unimpressible intellectualism, is bound by the most fantastic and fascinating cantrips of diablerie.

Margaret is portrayed so beautifully and surrounded with such a bewitching atmosphere of song, and her presence brings such an intense relief from the gloom and tumult of the other scenes, that it is almost impossible for us to allow that her character is the least perfect. She is about fourteen years old and perfectly simple, though rapidly developed under the magic of Faust's presence, admiration, and love. Mephistopheles has no power over her. He steals the jewels for her, and manages for Faust a visit to her empty chamber, but he does no more. He cannot take the lover there when she is within. He can neither force the innocent soul into sin, nor even throw her into a questionable position. Her downfall has to be left to herself, but this downfall is at variance with her character. She who a moment before was full of sweet and anxious, though confused, thought about her lover's faith, who has shown a true spiritual perception regarding Mephistopheles, and who shortly afterward sings to the Mother of Sorrows a hymn full of loftiest pathos, consents with the careless readiness of a wanton to the first proposal of evil. This is a mistake that would have been fatal had the poem been founded on the ordinary principles of art. The wild rush of phantoms hurry it on from scene to scene and from chapter to chapter, preventing one from dwelling on the incredible rapidity of action. Never was figure more pathetic than that of poor Margaret, though up to the crowning anguish of the prison scene she appears an innocent martyr rather than a Magdalen—a victim whom man and the devil—the struggling mind and the malign spirit—require in order to give emphasis to their own conflict with the powers of heaven and the laws of earth. In her simplicity and naturalness, and in the heart-rending pathos of her woe, human interests center. The maiden placing flowers before the shrine and appealing to the Mother of Sorrows, the broken heart distraught with misery, never can be indifferent to us. She awakens our sympathy and throughout the whole tragedy lays claim to inalienable human compassion.

"Faust," Part II.—General Survey.

With Part II., in spite of many beauties, the world has been disappointed. Many think it transforms what is perhaps the most magnificent climax in dramatic literature into a lame and impotent conclusion. But Goethe held the second part in the same relation that Milton did "Paradise Regained"; or Sophocles did "Œdipus at Colonus." It is a fit balance to his great work.

To give "Faust," Part I., alone is to focus attention on the love-story. In such a case Margaret becomes the real center of interest; and Faust's character appears most detestable in spite of the devil Mephistopheles.

Goethe, in middle life, determined to convert the theological legend of sin and damnation into a drama of mental clearing up, of reconciliation to life, through life, and to save his hero in the traditional sense. He therefore conceived the Faust of Part I. as a wanderer in the darkness, who was to be led out into the light, and this required a second part, an ascent following a descent.

It were long to trace the history of Faust through the ever purifying and ascending scale of energies exhibited in the second part of the drama. Affairs of state, science, art, war—all that Goethe had known by experience—appear in this encyclopædic poem. Part II. is the work of Goethe's old age, in reality a poem by itself, although there is a union between it and Part I., because it is Goethe's life confession. Considered as biography, we see a gradual tendency toward mysticism and over-reflectiveness, which, visible as a germ in his earlier years, grew with his growth, and expanded in his later years till its overgrowth shadowed and perplexed his more vigorous concrete tendencies, and made this clearest and most spontaneous of poets as fond of symbols as a priest of Isis.

"Faust," Part II.—Detailed Survey.

Seeing the "Great World."—Faust is now to see the "great world," but since the death of Margaret he is a changed man, and Mephistopheles has difficulty in controlling him. The first scene discloses Faust on a flowery turf trying to calm his restlessness in sleep. Around him hover celestial spirits; Ariel sings; other spirits join in chorus and he, awakened by the sunrise, pours forth his feelings in beautiful verse describing an Alpine sunrise.

At the Emperor's Court.—Faust and Mephistopheles go to the emperor's court, where Mephistopheles plays court fool. The complaints at court about hard times lead Mephistopheles to suggest the issue of paper money. The people, suddenly enriched with cheap wealth, run into wildest extravagances. This scene affords opportunity for satire on paper money, and on the follies of literature. There are many beautiful, humorous and sarcastic passages. During the presentation of a wild and variegated mask, Mephistopheles removes freckles from one, cures another's lameness, and gives a philtre to a third. Aided by Mephistopheles, Faust calls up on the stage the spirits of Paris and Helen. At first Faust is enraptured, but becomes jealous of Paris. Mephistopheles ends the scene by causing an explosion; the spirits disappear and Faust is borne off senseless.

In Wagner's Laboratory.—Faust and Mephistopheles are called from Faust's study to Wagner's laboratory by the report that Wagner has superseded Faust as savant. Wagner has just produced a homunculus who, however, turns out to be an imp, and undertakes to instruct Mephistopheles and leads him and Faust into the classical Walpurgis night. The scene in the laboratory is particularly interesting; especially quaint and characteristic is the language of Wagner who, in the pride of science, declares the old methods of generation idle and frivolous.

Classical Walpurgis Night.—This scene consists of fragments of Goethe's experiences through many years carelessly thrown together and affording an inexhaustible field to commentators. Mephistopheles feels a stranger among the classical figures, and his disapproval of the antique nude gives rise to much humor. This scene deals with the classical world of supernaturalism; it presents the Greek ideal of loveliness as personified in Helen, while the Walpurgis night scene in Part I. deals with the German world of witchcraft and presents the German ideal of loveliness and simplicity as personified in Margaret.

Helena's Influence on Faust.—Act III. is occupied with Helena, Faust's wife. It is a mistake to view this part solely or chiefly as an allegory of the wedlock of classic and romantic art. As science is shown to form a needful part of Faust's turning from the inane of metaphysics to the positive world, so from the Greek spirit he learns sanity and strength; the deliverance of the ideal man in Faust is aided by the beauty and healthfulness of classic art. Through beauty we reach freedom. Faust is not an artist, but a man; Helena is but one of the spirits whose influence is needed to make him real and elevated. It is she who qualifies him for achieving practical work in a high, ideal spirit.

Faust's Old Age.—Act IV. and Act V. deal wholly with practical work. As reward for services, Faust receives from the emperor a large tract of land, which he sets about to reclaim from the encroach-

ments of the sea. We find Faust old, sad, reflective, and not yet wholly delivered from evil, for he commissions Mephistopheles to destroy the cottage of Philemon and Baucis, which stands in the way of his improvements. It is the last crime of his unregenerate will. Four gray women—Care and Blame and Want and Crime—now assail him; but there is still virtue in him. Care asks him if he has ever known her and he answers: "I have gone through the world seizing every enjoyment; what did not satisfy me I let go; what ran from me I did not follow. I have had only to wish to realize my wish; and have wished again, and thus have stormed through life, first great and mighty; but now I take things wisely and soberly. I know enough of life; of the world to come we have no clear prospect. He is a fool who directs his blinking eyes that way, and imagines creatures like himself above the clouds. Let him look around him here, the world is not dumb to the man of sense. What need is there for him to sweep eternity? All he can know lies within his grasp." These words contain Goethe's own philosophy.

The Death of Faust.—Faust, because he refuses to recognize the omnipotence of Care, is made blind. He is now one hundred years old. In spite of his blindness he still battles with the rude elements of nature. His land, reclaimed from the sea, is being colonized. In anticipation of the moment when the last part shall become the dwelling place of happy, contented people, he speaks thus:

"Freedom, like life, must be deserved by toil—
Here men shall live, and on this fertile soil,
Begirt with dangers, shall from youth to age,
Their constant warfare with the ocean wage.
O, could I see my followers! Might I stand
Among free people on my own free land!
To such a moment of intense delight
I'd fearless say— O stay—thou art so bright!

* * * * *

Anticipating all that future bliss,
I have it now,— That moment's here!— 'Tis this!"

With this acknowledgment Faust drops dead. By his last words he has forfeited his soul to Mephistopheles, who is present ready to take him.

The Salvation of Faust.—But a great company of angels appear in such splendor that Mephistopheles and his subordinates are abashed, and vanquished, and stand gazing in wonder as the angels carry Faust heavenward, singing as they rise:

"The noble spirit now is free,
And saved from evil scheming;
Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming.
And if he feel the grace of love
That from on high is given,
The blessed hosts that wait above,
Shall welcome him in heaven."

The spirit of Margaret appears and helps carry her lover heavenward. The drama ends with the words of the Mystic Choir:

"Lover ever womanly,
Beckons on high."

Thus Mephistopheles loses his wager that Faust will like the serpent feed on dust, and Faust wins his wager that Mephistopheles will never give him real satisfaction.

The Whole of "Faust" on the Stage.—The first attempt to play the whole of "Faust," in a spirit of loyalty to Goethe, was made at Weimar in 1875, by Otto Devrient, who arranged it as a mediæval mystery requiring two performances. Devrient's presentation was a great success, and his dramatization, given since in many places, is still regularly used at Leipsic and Weimar, though with many deviations from the printed text.

The Teachings of "Faust."—The poem as a whole presents two theories of the universe, one mechanical, the other dynamic; one materialistic, the other spiritualistic; and Goethe decides in favor of the spiritualistic, though by reason of his scientific studies and mental prepossessions, he tends toward positivism and realism. The poem belongs to its epoch. Faust is the idealist, Mephistopheles the realist. Faust aspires to nature and freedom like one who has drunk deeply of Rousseau. Mephistopheles speaks like a degraded disciple of Voltaire, who has lost his master's faith in human reason. Goethe accepts neither the position of Voltaire nor that of Rousseau; but starts in life an antagonist of Voltaire and a disciple of Rousseau. Faust in like manner starts on his career longing to return to nature. Faust's vague, passionate longings after truth and reality and life and love are not evil but good; the Lord sees in them the fruit that is to be. He sees that though a good man may go astray under the influences of passion, yet he never wholly loses his consciousness of right, and if he tries to do his best he will be saved.

Some of Goethe's Other Dramatic Writings.

"*Götz von Berlichingen.*"—A dramatic chronicle, and a poem of the "storm and

stress" period, teaching that every nation must find its true classical spirit in the genius of its own romance; that he who would really imitate Homer must find the heroic age in the chronicles of his native land. It is a perfect picture of Germany of that time, based on the life of Baron Götz von Berlichingen, the hero of the peasants' war; a mixture of patriotism and individualism, ready for a raid at any time; loyal, in a way, to the emperor, and hostile to everybody else. It represents the will and honest conviction of the individual in conflict with the laws of the state; it is a matchless sketch—rapid, stirring and full of movement, but without passion, almost without strong emotion. It was the first born of the Romantic school.

"*Egmont.*"—A drama in five acts, founded on the revolt of the Netherlands against Spain, is intended to exhibit the chivalric age of Germany. The main theme is "Liberty" and "Egmont." Egmont does all in his power to liberate the people, but is defeated and executed by the Duke of Alva. While not a masterpiece, it is one of the most popular of Goethe's writings. The chief defect is that Clara, Egmont's sweetheart, draws attention from the idea of liberty to which the hero's life is sacrificed. A consideration of the two chief motives of the play takes place in the last scene, where Clara appears as the "Spirit of Liberty," arrayed in the charms of youth and beauty; but the mode in which this is effected is more suitable for an opera than for a tragedy.

"*Iphigenia in Taurus.*"—A marvelous poem, ranking among the best dramatic poems in any language, but unsuited for stage presentation. It is Goethe's most graceful poem, a perfect imitation of Greek drama. The dignity of the language reminds of Sophocles. The romantic character of the story itself, with the human sentiment animating all and making us feel the deep truth that there is in each of two apparently opposed views, is in the spirit of Euripides. The story of Goethe's drama is drawn more from Euripides, but Goethe's Iphigenia is truthful and consistent throughout. In the drama of Euripides we are chiefly interested in the generous friendship of Orestes and Pylades; in that of Goethe the character of Iphigenia constitutes the chief charm, and awakens our warmest sympathy. While contemplating her, we feel as if some exquisite statue of Grecian art had become animated by a living soul, and moved and breathed before us. There is beauty of form throughout the whole poem, and scene after scene follows in natural sequence of increasing beauty, with almost the development of a flower through its successive changes. Goethe expresses in it his own banishment, and his desire to civilize the barbarous people among whom he is thrown, and also to picture the wanderings, the errors, and the struggles of his early poetical life and his final restoration to tranquillity. This drama was performed on the author's eightieth birthday, at the theater of Weimar, as the highest compliment that could be paid to Goethe's genius and literary pre-eminence.

"*Torquato Tasso.*"—A series of faultless lines, but no drama; a fine psychological poem, teaching that the highest genius needs moral as well as intellectual education. Torquato Tasso, a great poet distinguished alike by genius and misfortunes, concentrates in his own person the deepest interests of humanity, while the mystery brooding over his derangement and his love imparts to his story the air rather of poetic fiction than of sober truth. Goethe's poem is celebrated for its delineations of character, and its profound insight into the depths of the human heart. It exhibits a striking picture of Tasso at the most momentous period of his existence, signalized by the completion of his immortal work, and though the action of the drama embraces only a few hours, by skillfully availing himself of retrospect and anticipation, Goethe has presented a beautiful epitome of Tasso's life.

"*Hermann and Dorothea.*"—A national poem, an epic-idyl written in Homeric hexameters and the finest specimen of Goethe's narrative verse. It restored Goethe to his former popularity and declared to literary circles his real power. The characters are few and clearly drawn. Hermann, the hero, is the stalwart peasant, honest, frank, simple, and brave; Dorothea is the healthy, affectionate, robust, simple and good peasant girl, both ideal characters in the purity of nature. The ruling thought—the triumph of love and courage—is well developed. German manners are described in plain and homely manner, yet with inimitable truth. The work concludes as it opens, with reference to national events, and the union of

the hero and the heroine is associated with the prospect of national unity.

III.—Goethe's Prose.

Goethe's prose covers a wide field, the chief being fiction. His greatest novel, "Sorrows of Werther," was also his first novel and founded the art of novel writing and the sentimental school in Germany.

"*Sorrows of Werther.*"—A book giving a double history, the history of its author's experience, and the history of one of his friends. Werther, a man, who, not having learned self-mastery, imagines that his strong desires are proofs of great superiority, and laughs at all rules, whether they be rules of art, or rules which convention builds like walls around our daily life. He hates order in speech, in writing, in costume, in office—he hates all control. He is a weakly, passionate, vacillating and doubtful man, and finally commits suicide on account of disappointment in love of a married woman. Although Goethe is not Werther, there is one part of Goethe living in Werther. This is visible in the incidents and language as well as in the character. It is the part reappearing under the various masks of Weislingen, Clavigo, Faust, Fernando, Edward, Meister, and Tasso. It pictures the same man of strong desire and weak volition. Goethe was one of those who waver, but return into the direct path which their wills have prescribed. Goethe, the strongest of men, makes heroes the footballs of circumstances. But he also draws from his other half the calm, self-sustaining characters. Thus we have the antithesis of Götz and Weislingen, Albert and Werther, Carlos and Clavigo, Jarno and Meister, the Captain and Edward, and, deepening in coloring, Mephistopheles and Faust. Filled with the spirit of "storm and stress," and permeated with Rousseauism, it is a melancholy book, written in spite of its gloom in a style unsurpassed in German literature, through which we may look in vain for such clear, sunny pictures, fulness of life, and delicate simplicity. Its style is one continued strain of music, which, restrained within the limits of prose, fulfils all the conditions of poetry; dulcet as the sound of falling waters; as full of sweet melancholy as an autumnal eve. It stirred the whole literary mind of Europe like a breeze sweeping over a forest, and its influence has not yet died out of the world. The importance, not of itself, but of the stimulus it gave to the imagination, can hardly be overestimated.

"*Wilhelm Meister.*"—Goethe's next great novel—in two parts—"Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," and "Wilhelm Meister's Travels." The novel teaches that happiness is a will-o'-the-wisp, not caught by him who starts in conscious pursuit of it. The nearest approach is found in self-forgetfulness, in earnest labor for the common good. The central idea of "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" is development of the individual by means of most-varied experiences. There is no plot proper, but the different stages of the hero's spiritual growth are depicted in a series of brilliant episodes. Wilhelm has many excellent qualities, but is passionate, emotional, and unstable, deficient in worldly knowledge. Disgusted with business, and eager for new experiences, he joins a troupe of strolling players. His apprenticeship in life falls into two periods. The first comprises the lessons he learns while actor. He enjoys at first the free and easy life; falls in love with Marianne, an actress, but leaves her through jealousy. At first he thinks he has found his true vocation, but ill-success and close acquaintance with the life disillusion him, and he leaves the troupe. Meeting people of culture and society, he comes into closer touch with real life, and his second period of apprenticeship begins. His development is hastened by finding his unacknowledged son. The awakening sense of parental responsibilities develops his manhood. He marries a lady of rank, and turns landed proprietor. In this part of the novel Goethe discusses different esthetic principles, especially the laws of dramatic art as exemplified in "Hamlet." He also touches on questions of education, and religious controversy, and satirizes the secret societies just then beginning to spring up in Germany. "Wilhelm Meister's Travels" continues and concludes the career of Wilhelm Meister. It is full of education. Very wise and profound thoughts are expressed, and these thoughts redeem the triviality of the machinery. Its aim is to represent men as they are, without passing judgment upon them. The purpose of the whole work is, first, to rehabilitate dramatic art; and, secondly, to present a theory of education.

"*Elective Affinities.*"—Goethe's first important production and novel after Schil-

ler's death. Its theme is cross attraction. The tragedy of the book seems designed to show that "elective affinities" may be fraught with danger and sorrow; that duty may have a claim higher than even the claim of the soul. Man appears but as the helpless result of a complication of causes utterly beyond his control. His will is never free, being but the joint product of his inherited temperament and certain physical conditions under which he lives. The novel is, throughout, of the highest interest in the delineation of character and of the effects of passion. It sets forth many of Goethe's ideas on the marriage question.

CRITICISMS.

General Survey of Goethe's Writings.

"The works of Goethe are not without practical morality. He acknowledges religion to be essentially the best foundation of a good character, and considers co-operation with others in works of practical utility, and in the execution of just and righteous designs, the safest and happiest course. He has also drawn many exquisite and elevating pictures of female excellence, has illustrated the superiority of domestic life, and has given the noblest encomiums to that sex which knows how to establish order and economy, and to feel and to endure."—*North American Review.*

"Through his genius he became cosmopolite. The universe recognized the universal mind. He never lost sight of his one supreme ambition, but faithfully carried out his inward impulsion toward a complete and perfect culture. From his myriad heart-experiences and mind-experiences we all profit. Great scholars from all countries, with kings and princes, came to do him homage; and at the passing of Goethe 'No man stood with covered head.'"—*E. H. Nason, in the Cosmopolitan.*

"Goethe always delighted in persons, and put his whole poetry and ideal experience into such personal forms as Werther, Faust, Wilhelm Meister. 'Faust,' Goethe's master-piece, and the greatest poem of modern times since 'Hamlet,' is not only Goethe himself, but the modern man as well."—*Dr. Samuel Osgood.*

"Matthew Arnold is never tired of calling Goethe the greatest of critics, of praising his thoroughness, his impartiality, his calm, naturalistic view of things, and as late as 1878 he speaks of him as the greatest poet of modern times, not because he is one of the half-dozen human beings who in the history of our race have shown the most signal gift for poetry, but because, having this gift, he was at the same time in the width, depth and richness of his criticism of life by far our greatest modern man."—*The Academy,* Jan. 2, 1892.

"A man who, in early life, rising almost at a single bound into the highest reputation over all Europe; by gradual advances, fixing himself more and more firmly in the reverence of his countrymen, ascends silently through many vicissitudes to the supreme intellectual place among them; and now, after half a century, distinguished by convulsions, political, moral, and poetical, still reigns, full of years and honors, with a soft, undisputed sway; still laboring in his vocation, still forwarding, as with kingly benignity, whatever can profit the culture of his nation."—*Thomas Carlyle.*

"As a rule, men succeed best when they concentrate their energies in some one direction; but Goethe was just the opposite of this—the more he extended the field of his activities, the more splendid was his achievement. In literary history Shakespeare stands pre-eminent as a dramatist, and Homer as an epic writer; but Goethe towers above all others in the universality of his genius, in the highest equal development of all the powers of the human mind."—*Fraser.*

Goethe as a Man.

"Goethe had some portion of every human characteristic, and was on that account 'the most human of all human beings.'"—*Alice Zimmerman, in Bookman,* 1896.

"Goethe's life, like his chief writings, lacks unity and organization. It is rather a series of different lives, each incomplete, placed one upon top of another, than a single life embodying one great idea and accomplishing one supreme work."—*Review of Reviews.*

"The small group of distinguished contemporaries of Goethe who are rightly the pride of Germany were greater men than they were authors; and this is above all true of Goethe. It is as true as it has become commonplace to say that his was one of the

finest intellects that have appeared in the world. From his beautiful youth to his magnificent old age he took captive the imagination of Europe."—*Saturday Review*, 1899.

"Homer is especially epic, Shakespeare especially dramatic, and in Goethe we find the highest equal development of all the powers of the human mind. Shakespeare is universal in his apprehension of human nature; Goethe is universal in his range of intellectual capacity and in his culture. One is greater, the other is riper."—*Bayard Taylor.*

"Goethe was an almost perfect instance of a just balance between physical and mental qualities, of a healthy mind in a healthy body. His attribute of physical health and beauty rendered him an Apollo in his splendid youth, a Jupiter in his stately age; and mentally he is perhaps the greatest man who, since Shakespeare, has left a record of himself. With a splendid physique, in itself a fascination; with fire, force, gentleness, dignity, noble manners, personal witchery, fervor of eloquence, dark, brilliant, piercing eyes of passion and of light, versatility, veracity, glory, genius—he was born to exercise over all lofty and charming women an influence little short of magical. Sometimes, in summer, Goethe slept, wrapped in a cloak, in the balcony of his garden house. He was, until the later years of his long life, always hardy, fond of exercise—dancing, swimming, fencing, riding, skating. The fire and fervor of his temperament were impelled by a glowing imagination, and he was a born poet lover. He was the idol of women whose characters and emotions contained a strain of idealism."—*H. H. Boyesen.*

"Goethe rose at seven, sometimes earlier, after a prolonged sleep, and until eleven worked without interruption. A cup of chocolate was brought, and he resumed work till one. At two he dined. He sat a long time over his wine, chatting gaily to some friend (for he never dined alone) or with an actor, one or more of whom he often had with him after dinner to read over their parts, and to receive instructions. No dessert was seen on his table. His mode of living was extremely simple. In the evening he often went to the theatre, and there his customary glass of punch was brought at six o'clock. If not at the theatre he received friends at home. Between eight and nine o'clock a frugal supper was laid. By ten o'clock he was usually in bed. Many visitors came to see him. To those he liked, he was inexpressibly charming; to the others he was stately, even to stiffness." —*G. H. Lewes.*

"Whoever comes near him must confess that his genius has partly passed into goodness; the fiery sun of his spirit is transformed at its setting into a soft purple light."—*Elizabeth Brentano.*

Goethe as Scientist.

A more illustrative contrast can scarcely be found than is afforded by Goethe's efforts in anatomy, botany and optics. They throw light upon his scientific method and on his scientific qualities and defects. He was not an inductive experimentalist, but rather a scientific philosopher, a discoverer of great laws and relations, which he proved by particular phenomena. His anatomical studies led to his discovering the intermaxillary bone. His work in botany resulted in the important treatise, "Metamorphoses of Plants," and made him the founder of the science of morphology. The work is very simple and beautiful, and may be read without any previous scientific training. He had to wait many years before he saw his theory accepted. It is now made a part of every work which pretends to a high scientific character. In optics, his "Science of Colors" was accepted as authoritative for a while, though it has long since been refuted. Helmholtz says: "To Goethe belongs the great fame of having first conceived the leading ideas to which science in those days was tending, and through which its present form is determined."

Goethe's Religion.

In 1774 Goethe was attracted by the teachings of Spinoza, yet this philosopher did not exercise great influence upon him. Spinoza was a cool, strictly scientific observer; an inductive investigator, calm, composed, and seclusive. Goethe was warm-blooded, his spirit expansive, his aspirations manifold. His poetic life could not develop in seclusion. The moment never arrived when he was able to frame his faith in works, nor could language express his thoughts of divine things. Never could he tell any one how he felt within himself the presence of God; never was he able to ex-

plain in full the unity of his own existence and that of nature. He did not attempt to understand things incomprehensible, or to say what is unutterable, but confessed that faith was feeling all in all—meaning, of course, not a feeling akin to that of passing human love, or desire, or hope, but a tentative appreciation of what shall be part of our nature when our faith is as firm as a rock. In 1821 he wrote:

"God gave to mortals birth
In His own image, too;
Then came Himself to earth,
A mortal kind and true."

Again he declared:

"When we comprehend and assimilate the pure teachings and love of Christ, we shall realize our own greatness and freedom. From Christianity in work and faith we must reach Christianity in thoughts and deeds."

"Taken all in all, Goethe's thoughts of divine things cannot be encompassed in any religious or philosophical system not his own. They are not pantheistic; but closely allied to Christianity; and he who strove for every inch of them, was a mighty man. His spirit and soul were gigantic. His views covered a vaster scope than those of ordinary men. He saw more and craved more, and more was obscured to his view than we can imagine. His 'feeling' was immensely greater than ours, and, in erring, no doubt his faults were far more grave. Hence, Goethe cannot be judged by the ordinary moral standard. We are apt to forget that his head was, like that of Shakespeare, far above the ground. We are apt to notice only that his feet rested upon the earth. In his sublimity, in his greatness, in his faults, and in his weakness, Goethe was a giant."—*J. Christian Bay, Arena,* Sept., 1899.

Goethe's religion is expressed in the following epigram from the "Four Seasons":

"What is holy? That which unites many souls as one, though it binds them as lightly as a rush binds a garland. What is holiest? That which, to-day and forever, more and more deeply felt, more and more closely unites the souls of men."

Goethe's Women.

"Goethe did much for women and he received much from them. The warm yet delicate color of sentiment that pervades his works, thought born of woman, was his by inheritance. Through all his writings is easily perceived the influence of those women who, he tells us, made an impress on his character—the pure, placid nature of Gretchen; the thoughtful vivacity and touching naivete of Fredericka; the deep spirituality of Fräulein von Klettenberg, are there; and the reproachful criticism caused by the doubtful moral tone that sometimes tinges pages fades out in a wider and truer estimate before the splendid inspiration of the leading female characters of his works. The grief that he caused another, and which he himself deeply felt, Goethe could depict with a touch so firm and unerring, and with a style so vivid, that his most rapt admirers must feel a regretful pleasure that he could select for analysis the flowers which he had caused to bloom and fade in a human heart, and could expose to the world's gaze their delicate, quivering filaments."—*Contemporary Magazine.*

Goethe's Love of Music.

"Goethe's love of music is well known. Musicians as well as poets and artists looked to him for inspiration, approval and encouragement. His house was the centre to which were attracted creative spirits in all branches of art, and none was more welcome than the genius which expressed itself in music. In music Goethe found the highest element of art manifested in its highest degree, the demonic. The demonic, in his parlance, is that elusive quality in a work of art which produces a profound emotion, but which is not susceptible of analysis by the reason or understanding. 'Music,' he once said, 'occupies a place so high that the understanding cannot get at it, and it exerts a moving power that dominates all else; for this power the reason cannot account.' Goethe could not comprehend the attitude of mind that could praise the music and condemn the text—how sweet tones could please the ear while the absurdest actions offended the eye. In our own day Goethe would have been the chief admirer of Wagner, whose demonic control of our emotions is rendered the more absolute by his constant and subtle appeal to the intellectual qualities. But Goethe lived only to see the beginning of the great age of dramatic song composers."—*The Nation,* Oct. 14, 1897.

"With all his manysidedness of character, Goethe's power of musical comprehension was imperfect, or rather, we might say,

one-sided. His ear was exquisitely attuned to the sounds of nature. In the low rippling of the brooklet, the loud roar of the cataract, the faint sighing of the breeze, the mad fury of a tempest, he found a melody and harmony which so touched his senses that they became, we might almost say, glorified. He could sing with taste and feeling—his voice was music itself; but a musical composition unaccompanied with words was to him almost without meaning; a symphony, with its varying tone and movement, told him nothing of nature and human feeling. He could find music in nature, but not nature in music. He held communion with music, but did not possess its revelation. It was not until his powers were at their zenith, and his genius was brought face to face with that of Beethoven, that he felt most keenly this deficiency of faculty. Bettina Brentano, the young, gifted friend of Beethoven, interpreted the great master to him, and is known as the 'child' of the celebrated 'correspondence.'"—*Bayard Taylor.*

Biographical Sketch of Goethe.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main, August 28, 1749, the eldest of six children, all of whom died young except Goethe and his sister Cornelia. His father, Johann Caspar Goethe, son of a tailor, later a landlord, of Frankfort, had raised himself to the dignity of imperial councilor, and in 1748 married Katharina Elisabeth, daughter of Johann Wolfgang Textor, chief magistrate of the city and imperial councilor. Goethe inherited the best qualities of both parents. From his father he inherited the well-built frame, the erect carriage, and the measured movement which in old age became stiffness; from him also came orderliness and stoicism; also his thirst for knowledge, the delight in communicating it, and the almost pedantic attention to details. From his mother, one of the pleasantest figures in German literature, and one standing out with greater vividness than almost any other, Goethe inherited his love of story-telling, animal spirits, love of everything bearing the stamp of distinctive individuality, and love of seeing happy faces around him. Also inherited from her his dislike of unnecessary agitation and emotion, and that deliberate avoidance of all things capable of disturbing his peace of mind. Was a precocious child, handsome, lively, and sensitive. At three years old he could seldom be brought to play with little children, and only on condition of their being pretty. Was educated at home in the company of his sister Cornelia, to whom he was passionately attached. Before he was ten years old he wrote in several languages and composed meditative poems, invented stories, and didactic dialogues, and was familiar with works of art. In this time he had read "Orbis Pictus," Ovid's "Metamorphoses," Homer's "Illiad" in prose, "Virgil" in the original, "Telemachus," "Robinson Crusoe," "Anson's Voyages," "Fortunatus," "The Wandering Jew," "The Four Sons of Aymon;" also learned by heart most of the poets of the day.

1759 (10 years old). By French occupation of Frankfort gained conversational familiarity with French, and acquaintance with the theatre. Permitted to go "behind the scenes." Found a copy of Racine and declaimed the speeches with much feeling.

1761 (12 years old). Fought a duel with a companion. Wrote his first play. French army quitted Frankfort and his education proceeded in earnest. Mathematics, music and drawing were begun. Added English to his polyglot store. Invented a romance to keep up his knowledge of languages.

1762 (13 years old). Studied Hebrew and the Bible. The latter made a profound impression upon him. Wrote poem "Joseph and His Brethren."

1763 (14 years old). Was confirmed. Became acquainted with Fräulein von Klettenberg, whose influence moved him to write a series of "Religious Odes." Fell in love with Gretchen, sister of one of his companions, but she treated him like a child. He cried bitterly, but pride came to his rescue. Threw himself into study, especially of philosophy, and took to walking. Began study of jurisprudence and was diligent in study of literature.

1765 (16 years old). Matriculated at University of Leipsic. Attended lectures on philosophy, history of law, jurisprudence, medicine, logic, rhetoric, morals, drawing. Hungered for realities and was not satisfied with definitions. Lived freely and buoyantly, preferring jovial companions, "freethinkers," and actors, to more acceptable respectabilities of a staid literary metropolis. Met Schlosser (later his brother-in-law), who led him back and awakened in him a desire to progress. Fell in love with Kätchen Schönkopf (19 years old), and for some time his thought was only to please her. Soon became jealous and they quarreled. Wrote "The Lovers' Quarrel," describing his experience, also "The Accomplices," both dramas. Studied Moliere and Corneille and began to translate "Le Menteur." Was instructed in theory of art by Oeser, Winckelmann and from Lessing's "Laocoon." Went to Dresden to study art.

1768 (19 years old). Returned to Frankfort after a severe hemorrhage. Recovery was slow, but with it came lightness and joyousness to which he had long been a stranger. Was a boy in years but a man in experience, broken in health, unhappy in mind, uncertain of himself and his aims. While ill he read, drew and etched. Recovered by end of year.

1770-1771. Most important period in his whole life. Came into active contact with impulses that dominated his life. April, 1770, entered University of Strasburg to complete study of jurisprudence. He now resembled a Greek god. Study of jurisprudence did not interest him long. Took up anatomy, chemistry, electricity, alchemy. Lively Strasburg had amusements, and he joined in them. Wrote "The Blind Cow" and "Stirbt der Fuchs so gilt der Balg." Took lessons in dancing and fell in love with Emilia, the dancing-master's

daughter, who did not reciprocate. One thing noticeable in this Strasburg period is the thoroughly German culture it gave him. Became acquainted with Herder, whose friendship led him to read Shakespeare, Goldsmith, and other English classics, and awakened in him a profounder respect for the poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures. Renewed his acquaintance with Homer. Fell in love with Fredericka Brion, a pastor's daughter, the first of those ardent attachments that exercised great influence on his lyrical poetry. Devoted himself to her for a long time instead of to his studies. Translated "The Songs of Selma," from Ossian, and wrote "New Melusina," "Ah! Art Thou Gone," "Welcome and Farewell," "Verses Sent with a Painted Ribbon," "To the Chosen," "On a Tree in the Wood Near Sesenheim," "To Fredericka," "A Gloomy Morn," "Fredericka," "To Sesenheim," "At Table," "When I Was in Saarbrucken," "All for Fredericka." Took his LL.D. degree August 6, 1771. Saw that marriage would interfere with his prospects, so he left Fredericka and returned to Frankfort. Delivered oration on Shakespeare. Enthusiasm for Shakespeare incited him to dramatic expression, and besides "Götz," and "Faust," he began "Julius Cæsar," a drama. Wrote essay on Erwin von Steinbach, builder of Strasburg cathedral, also hymns and dithyrambs, of which "The Wanderer's Storm Song" still remains.

1772. Went for short time to Wetzlar, which afforded exceptional facilities for study of law. Admitted to the bar. Here, as in other places, knowledge of the human heart and of human character overgrew studies. Became acquainted with Gotter and with him translated Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Wrote "The Wanderer," and "Götz von Berlichingen." Wetzlar, too, became the scene of "Sorrows of Werther," for there he fell in love with Charlotte Buff, the "Lotte" of "Werther." His love for Lotte brought out "The Ugly Face," and "The Pilgrim's Morning Song." Wrote scenes of a prose "Faust," fragments of which were retained in the later poetic version.

1773. Published "Götz von Berlichingen." Wrote "Peter Bray," a satire. Became Merck's close friend. Merck is chiefly remembered as having furnished the external model for Mephistopheles. Wrote for the Frankfurter Gelehrte Anzeigen, the organ of a literary school, the "storm and stress" school, a school that clamored for the rights of the heart and suspended those of reason. Its poets pointed to Homer, Shakespeare, and the popular ballad as the purest poetic models; and then were guilty of all sorts of extravagances in trying to follow these teachings. The school, however, infused new life into German literature and gave it a mighty impulse. Goethe applied its doctrines in "Götz," and "Werther" celebrates its most signal triumph.

1774. Began his friendship with Lavater and Fritz Jacobi. Fell in love with Maxmilian Laroche, but soon wearied of her. Returned to Frankfort and busied himself with law. Wrote "The Sorrows of Werther," "Gods, Heroes, and Wieland," "Clavigo," "Stella," "Mahomet's Song," and "The Wandering Jew." Published "The Sorrows of Werther," in September. His sister married. Became engaged to Anna Sybilla Münch at his parents' request. Admired, but did not love her. Studied Spinoza and struggled to gain clearness respecting Christianity. Wrote "The Fair at Plundersweilern," "Satyros," and "Prometheus." Fell in love and became engaged to Elizabeth Schönenmann, (the "Lili" of his lyrics), daughter of a Frankfort banker, but she jilted him. This experience is set forth in "Erwin and Elmira." Poems called out by his wounded heart are "New Love, New Life," "To Belinda," "Upon the Lake," "From the Mountain," "To a Golden Heart which He Wore on His Neck," "Sadness," "Lili's Menagerie," "Lili." His literary reputation led to acquaintance with the reigning duke, Karl August of Saxe-Weimar, just seventeen, and with his younger brother, Constantine.

1775. Accepted Karl August's invitation to make Weimar his home. Through his influence the young duke became an enthusiastic patron of poetry and made Weimar the literary center of Germany. Introduced skating in Germany.

1776. The duke appointed Goethe privy councilor of legation, with seat and voice in the ducal council at a salary of 1,200 thalers. Devoted himself to public business; made himself acquainted with every part of the duchy; did his best to develop its resources; opened mines and disseminated education; and threw himself with vigor into reconstructing the tiny army. From his many flirtations one grew into predominant importance, swallowing all others and flaming into a fire that burnt for ten years. She was the Baroness von Stein (38 years old), mother of seven children, a charming woman, but of deficient morals. Hitherto he had been captivated by young girls; but now he was fascinated by a woman of rank and elegance of culture and experience, who knew how to keep his flame alive. Learned to swim ("The Fisherman" expresses his fascination of the water). Shortly after his arrival at Weimar private theatricals were started. The Weimar theatre surpassed all other German theatres. It had its poets, its composers, its scene painters, its costumers. Open air performances, however, were preferable.

1777. Sought to improve condition of the people. Occupied spare time with drawing, poetry, botany and with Frau von Stein. In June his sister died. Wrote "Triumph over Sentimentality," antidote to "Sorrows of Werther." Visited Harz mountains and wrote "Die Harzreise im Winter." Many of his writings were inspired by necessities of the court. One group, called forth by masks or ballets performed to celebrate birthday of the grand-duchess Louise, was "The Four Seasons," "The Procession of Laplanders," "The Nine Female Virtues," and "The Dance of the Planets." Began "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship."

1778. Visited Potsdam and Berlin with the duke. Escaped death twice during the year. Became keen antagonist of Wertherism and sentimentality. On returning to Weimar occupied himself with various architectural studies, apropos of the building of the palace. Finished "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," Book I. From 1775 to 1780 his love for Frau von Stein brought out "Chapped Hands," "Night Thoughts," "The Wanderer's Night Song," "To the New Year 1779," "To the Moon," "A Midnight Fairy Song," "Here Tracing Nature," "To Lida," "Nearness," "The Chosen Stone," "Forever," "Philomela."

1779. Entered a period when the wanderings of his excitable nature came within the circle of law; when aims, before vague, became clear; when much that was fluent became crystallized in his mind, resulting in earnestness which gave a definite purpose to his life. Wrote "Iphigenia in Taurus," in prose form. Was made privy councilor, finance and war minister, director of mines and advisor of the duke, with whom he toured Switzerland at close of year. Wrote "Song of the Spirits Above the Waters," and an opera, "Jery and Bätely." Visited Stuttgart and first met Schiller.

1780. The return to Weimar began a new era. Published the "Swiss Journey." Began to write history, choosing for his subject Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, the knight-errant of the Reformation. Began "Tasso." Adapted "The Birds of Aristophanes" to modern circumstances. Wrote nothing of importance for Weimar stage until "Iphigenia." His father died May 27.

1781. Completed prose version of "Tasso." Wrote "The Erlking," and "Only He Who Longing Knows." Began "Elpenor."

1782. Was ennobled by the duke and made president of ducal chamber. Took for coat of arms a silver star in an azure field. Wrote "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," Books II, III.

1783. Wrote poem "Ilmenan." Visited Harz mountains. Wrote "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," Book IV.

1784, 1785. Amateur theatre was closed and a regular troupe engaged. Prepared "Planet Dance," a masked procession for the duchess's birthday. His osteological studies led to discovery of the intermaxillary bone. Wrote "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," Books V. and VI. His income was 3,200 thalers.

1786. Wrote opera "Jest, Trick, and Revenge;" poem, "Secrets;" and completed two acts of "Elpenor." Wrote two songs, "Kennst du das Land," and "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt." Severed connection with "storm and stress" school and went to Italy. This journey was most momentous in developing his intellectual life. Completed "Iphigenia" in verse. This work signaled a change in his poetic diction. Sketched plan of "Nausikaa," a drama. Wasted time trying to become a painter. Made important scientific investigations. Rewrote "Egmont," "Claudine of Villa Bella," "Erwin and Elmira." Wrote scenes of "Faust," and

poems "Amor als Landschaftsmaler," "Cabal and Love," "Kunstler's Erdenwallen," "Kunstler's Apotheose."

1787. Published "The Brother and Sister," a drama.

1788. Returned to Weimar rich, but not satisfied. Resigned from presidency of the chamber and from direction of war department. Fell in love with Christiane Vulpius (afterward his wife). She was of humble position and not highly gifted, but had quick mother-wit, a lively spirit, a loving heart, and aptitude for domestic duties. She was gay, fond of pleasure, and the mistress of his affections.

1789. A son, August von Goethe, was born. Wrote "Roman Elegies," "Metamorphoses of Plants," and "Tasso" in verse. Began study of Kant. Wrote on "Roman Carnival" and "Imitation of Nature."

1790. Published "Metamorphoses of Plants," "Faust" and "Tasso." Became superintendent of science and art institutions and of the museums and botanical gardens at Weimar and Jena. Visited Italy again. Wrote "Venetian Epigrams."

1791. Became director of ducal theatre at Weimar and held position until 1817. Wrote "Contributions to Optics." Had a year of quiet study and domestic happiness.

1792. Accompanied the duke into the field against France. Disliked the Seven Years' War and the Revolution, because they both thwarted peaceful development.

1793. Returned to Weimar. Studied much and produced little. Wrote "The Civic General," a comedy. "The Restless" and the metrical version of "Raymond the Fox" were begun.

1794. Joined army at Mainz. Returned to Weimar on his birthday. Began friendship for Schiller. The history of literature presents nothing comparable to this friendship: Goethe, the representative of realism, Schiller, of idealism; Goethe animated with the idea of nature, Schiller with the idea of freedom. The phases of their development had been similar and brought them to a similar standing-point. Schiller excited Goethe to poetical work. He urged him to finish what was begun. Because of the French Revolution the whole country was at "sixes and sevens." Schiller conceived the plan of a periodical, *The Hours*, to reunite the divided political world under the banner of truth and beauty, and secured the most distinguished German writers as contributors. Goethe contributed "The Conversations of German Emigrants," "Roman Elegies," and "Literary Sansculottism."

1795. Went to Dessau and Dresden. Published "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship." Translated "The Hymn to Apollo." Wrote poems "Alexis and Dora," the "Vier Jahres Zeiten," and several smaller poems for *The Hours*, or the "Musen Almanach" (another of Schiller's enterprises).

1796. Made translations from Madame de Stael and the "Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini," which appeared in *The Hours*. Goethe and Schiller published "The Xenian," composed of thoroughly characteristic specimens of German wit—a fight against mannerism and affectation, thus beginning the "reformation of literature." Wrote "The Grand Cophta," and published "Venetian Epigrams." Wrote "The Introduction to the Study of Comparative Anatomy," and more scenes of "Faust." Began "Hermann and Dorothea."

1797. "Hermann and Dorothea" appeared. This year is memorable as the year of ballads, real lyrical masterpieces—"The Bride of Corinth," "Zauberlehrling," "God and the Bajadere," and the "Schatzgraber." "Faust" was taken up again—and the "Dedication," "The Prologue in Heaven," and the "Intermezzo of Oberon and Titania's Marriage" were written. Wrote essay on the "Laocoon," and poems "Euphrosyne" and "Amyntes." Visited Switzerland. Wrote plot for an epic on "Wilhelm Tell."

1798. Lured from poetry into philosophy, Schiller brought him back. "Faust," Part I., was finished. Wrote plot for "Achilles."

1800, 1801. Wrote intermezzo of "Helena" in "Faust." Kept busy with science and the theatre. Was dangerously ill. Recovered. Wrote on "Theory of Colors." Wrote "The Natural Daughter," Act I. and II.

1803. "The Natural Daughter" completed and performed at Weimar.

1805. Translated "Rameau's Nephew." Schiller and Goethe both very ill. Schiller died May 9. Goethe was so affected that he again lost interest in literature.

1806. The Battle of Jena brought humiliation and suffering to Weimar. Upon invitation Goethe dined with Napoleon. Married Christiane Vulpius. Published his collected works in twelve volumes. Began drama "Pandora," a symbol of the time, but left it unfinished.

1807. Wrote plot of "Wilhelm Meister's Travels."

1808. Mother died. Published "Faust," Part I., its present form. Fell in love with Minna Herzlieb. Wrote plot of "Elective Affinities."

1809. Wrote and published "Elective Affinities."

1811, 1812, 1814, 1831. Wrote "Fact and Fiction from My Life."

1814. Sought relief from annoyances of Napoleonic oppression by studying Eastern poetry, resulting in "West-Eastern Divan," a series of poems in Eastern dress, but really German in form and content, in which he sought to bring east and west together.

1815. Wrote "Epimenides."

1816. Completed first volume of "Italian Journey." Began to publish *Art and Antiquity*. Wife died.

1817. Completed second volume of "Italian Journey." Began treatise (continued to 1812) on German art in *Art and Antiquity*. During 1817 appeared first series of essays "On Natural History," continued to 1824. Wrote essays on "Study of Botany," "Morphology," and "Plastic Art." Son married Ottilie von Pogwisch.

1821. Completed "William Meister's Travels," Part I., and "Tame Xenia," Part I.

1823. Completed "Tame Xenia," Part II. Fell in love with Fräulein von Lewezow. Wrote "Marienbad Elegy."

1826. "Helena" completed.

1827. Published "Werker."

1828. Published correspondence with Schiller.

1829. Completed "William Meister's Travels."

1830. Worked on "Faust." Son died at Rome.

1832. Completed "Faust," Part II. Thursday, March 15, 1832, was his last cheerful and happy day. Was visited by the grand duchess and other friends. Awoke next morning with a chill, which developed into fatal lung affection. Did not expect death. Sat fully clothed in arm-chair, made attempts to reach his study, spoke confidently of recovery, and of walks he would take in the fine April days. His daughter-in-law, Ottilie, tended him faithfully. On morning of March 22 his strength gradually left him. He sat slumbering in arm-chair, holding Ottilie's hand, her name constantly on his lips. His mind occasionally wandered, at one time to his beloved Schiller, at another to a fair female head with black curls, some passion of his youth. His last words were an order to his servant to let in more light. After this he traced letters in the air with his forefingers. At 11:30 a. m., drew himself, without any sign of pain, into corner of arm-chair and went to sleep so peacefully that it was long before the watchers knew his spirit was gone. He is buried in the grand ducal vault at Weimar, where are also the bones of Schiller.

1833. "Faust," Part II., published.

1844. Goethe monument at Frankfort.

1857. Goethe and Schiller monument at Weimar.

1880. Goethe monument at Berlin.

SUGGESTED SELECTIONS.

"FAUST."

Prologue in Heaven.

"The Song of the Archangels."
"Mephistopheles' Conversation with the Lord about Man and Faust."

Part I.

"Summoning the Spirit."
"Easter Day Appearance."
"The Holiday Crowd before the Gate and in the Fields."
"The Compact Scene."
"Mephistopheles and the Student."
"The First Garden Scene."
"Faust's Monologue in the Cavern."
"Margaret at the Spinning-Wheel."
"Faust's Confession of Faith."
"At the Shrine."
"In the Cathedral."
"Faust Flying to Free Margaret."
"The Death and Salvation of Margaret."

Part II.

"Effect of Sunrise in an Alpine Valley."
"The Death of Faust."
"The Salvation of Faust."

"GOTZ VON BERLICHINGEN."
"Scene between Götz and Brother Martin."
"Adelaide in the Gipsies' Tent."
"Scene in the Secret Tribunal."

"EGMONT."
"Clara and her Unhappy Lover Brackenburg."
"Brackenburg's Despairing Monologue."
"Scene between Egmont and Orange." The argumentative exposition of their modes of looking at affairs.
"Interview between Clara and Egmont."
"Clara Trying to Rouse Brackenburg and Citizens to Revolt."
"The Soliloquy of Egmont and the Vision of the Goddess of Liberty."

"IPHIGENIA IN TAURUS."
"Scene between Orestes and Pylades." Act II.
"The Relationship between Orestes and Iphigenia Disclosed."
"Iphigenia's Communion with Herself."
"Iphigenia Discloses to the King the Plot to Escape."
"Closing Scene between the King and Iphigenia."
"Description of the Furies," Act III.

"TASSO."
"Quarrel between Antonio and Tasso."
"Tasso Discloses His Passion for the Princess."

"HERMANN AND DOROTHEA."
"Hermann's Mother Searching for Him."
"Meeting between Hermann and His Mother."
"Meeting of Hermann and Dorothea at the Spring."
"Hermann and Dorothea." (Condensation of Complete Story.)

"SORROWS OF WERTHER."
"The Scene of the Ball."

"WILHELM MEISTER."
"Mignon's Love and Longing."
"Wilhelm Meister's Introduction to Shakespeare."
"Wilhelm Meister's Analysis of 'Hamlet.'"
"The Indenture."
"The Harper's Story."
"The Harper's Songs."
"Mignon's Song."
"Philina's Song."
"The Confessions of a Fair Saint."

"ELECTIVE AFFINITIES."
"Charlotte and the Captain on the Lake."
"The Last Chapter."

SELECTIONS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

"The Fairest Flower." In "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 9."

"The Pariah." In "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 9."

"Seven Sleepers of Ephesus," "The Cavaliers' Choice," "The Page and the Maid of Honor," all three in "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 8."

"Hermann and Dorothea," in "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 11." (A condensation of complete story.)

Any number of "Werner's Readings and Recitations," 35 cts. in paper, 60 cts. in cloth, postpaid.

"The Erlking" (both in English and in German). In "Elocutionary Studies and New Recitations." (35 cts.)

"Goethe's Rules for Actors and Reciters," in WERNER'S MAGAZINE, October, 1894. (25 cts.)

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION

THIS DEPARTMENT PRESENTS	THIS MONTH
Dramatic Selection	"My Lord and I Play at Bowls."
Humorous Selections	"My Last Chance."
	"Pat's Confederate Pig."
Meditative Selection	"The Other Side of the Moon."
Pathetic Selection	"Poor Little Joe."
Seasonable Selections	"Thanksgiving Philosophy."
	"The Real Question."
	"Making Apple Butter."
Campaign Declamations	"Imperialism."
	"Imperialism Talk a Mere Mask."
	"The Keynote of Prohibition."
Encore	"Her Violin."

I.

MY LORD AND I PLAY AT BOWLS.

Arranged for reading by Mrs. Abner W. Lowell.

[From "To Have and to Hold," by permission of the Author, Mary Johnston.]

ROLFE and I were to play; he sat on the grass at the feet of Mistress Jocelyn Percy, making her now and then some courtly speech, and I stood beside her, my hand on the back of her chair.

The king's ward held court as though she were a king's daughter. In the brightness of her beauty she sat there, as gracious for the nonce as the sunshine, and as much of another world. All knew her story, and to the daring that is in men's hearts her own daring appealed, and she was young and very beautiful. * * *

My hand tightened its grasp upon the chair in which sat the woman I had wed. She was my wife, and I would keep my own.

My lord had paused to speak to the governor, who had risen to greet him. Now he came toward us, and the crowd pressed and whispered. He bowed low to Mistress Percy, made as if to pass on, then came to a stop before her, his hat in his hand, his handsome head bent, a smile upon his bearded lips.

"When was it that we last sat to see men bowl, lady?" he said. "I remember a gay match against my Lord of Buckingham, and fair ladies sat and smiled upon us. The fairest laughed, and tied her colors around my arm."

The lady whom he addressed sat quietly, with hands folded in her silken lap, and an untroubled face. "I did not know you then," she answered him, quite softly and sweetly. "Had I done so, be sure I would have cut my hand off ere it gave color of mine to——"

"To whom?" he demanded, as she paused.

"To a coward, my lord," she said clearly.

As if she had been a man, his hand went to his sword hilt. As for her, she leaned back in her chair and looked at him with a smile.

He spoke at last, slowly, and with deliberate emphasis. "I won then," he said. "I shall win again, my lady—my Lady Jocelyn Leigh."

I dropped my hand from her chair and stepped forward. "It is my wife to whom you speak, my Lord Camal," I said sternly. "I wait to hear you name her rightly."

Rolfe rose from the grass and stood beside me, and Jeremy Sparrow, shouldering aside with scant ceremony. Burgess and Councilor came also. The governor leaned forward out of his chair, and the crowd became suddenly very still.

"I am waiting, my lord," I repeated.

In an instant from what he had been he became the frank and guileless nobleman.

"A slip of the tongue, Captain Percy!" he cried, his white teeth showing and his hand raised in a gesture of deprecation. "A natural thing, seeing how often, how very often, I have so addressed this lady in the

days when we had not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

He turned to her and bowed, until the feather in his hat swept the ground. "I won then," he said. "I shall win again—Mistress Percy."

* * * * * * *

My lord and I stood forward, each with a bowl in his hand. We looked toward the governor. "My lord first, as becometh his rank," he said. My lord stooped, and threw, and his bowl went swiftly over the grass, turned, and rested not a hand's-breadth from the jack. I threw. "One is as near as the other!" cried Master Macocke for the judges. A murmur arose from the crowd, and my lord swore beneath his breath.

He and I retreated to our several sides, and Rolfe and West took our places. While they and those that followed bowled. The crowd, attentive though it was, still talked and laughed, and laid wagers upon its favorites; but when my lord and I again stood forth, the noise was hushed, and men and women stared with all their eyes. He delivered, and his bowl touched the jack. He straightened himself, with a smile, and I heard Jeremy Sparrow behind me groan; but my bowl too kissed the jack. The crowd began to laugh with sheer delight, but my lord turned red and his brows drew together. We had but one turn more. * * * He threw, and I followed, while the throng held its breath. Master Macocke rose to his feet. "It's a tie, my masters!" he exclaimed.

The excited crowd surged forward, and a babel of voices arose. "Silence all!" cried the governor. "Let them play it out!"

My lord threw, and his bowl stopped perilously near the shining mark. As I stepped to my place a low and supplicating "O Lord!" came to my ears from the lips and the heart of the preacher, who had that morning thundered against the toys of this world. I drew back my arm and threw with all my force. A cry arose from the throng, and my lord ground his heel into the earth. The bowl, spurning the jack before it, rushed on, until both buried themselves in the red and yellow leaves that filled the trench.

I turned and bowed to my antagonist.

"You bowl well, my lord," I said. "Had you had the forest training of eye and arm, our fortunes might have been reversed."

II.

THE REAL QUESTION.

By Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

FOLKS is talkin' 'bout de money, 'bout de silvah an' de gold;
All de time de season's changin' an' de days is gittin' cold.
An' dey's wond'rin' 'bout de metals, whethah we'll have one er two.
While de price o' coal is risin' an' dey's two months' rent dat's due.

Some folks say dat gold's de only money dat is wuff de name,
Den de othahs rise an' tell 'em dat dey ought to be ashame,
An' dat silvah is de only thing to save us f'om de powah
Of de gold-bug ragin' 'roun' an' seekin' who he may devowah.

Well, you folks kin keep on shoutin' wif yo' gold er silvah cry,
But I tell you people hams is sceerce an' fowls is roostin' high.
An' hit ain't de so't o' money dat is pesterin' my min',
But de question I want answehed's how to git any kin'!

III.

MY LAST CHANCE.

By Anthony Hope.

"NOW mind," said Mrs. Hilary Musgrave, impressively, "this is the last time I shall take any trouble about you. She's a very nice girl, quite pretty, and she'll have a lot of money. You can be very pleasant when you like——"

"This unsolicited testimonial——"

"Which isn't often—and if you don't do it this time I wash my hands of you. Why, how old are you?"

"Hush, Mrs. Hilary."

"You must be nearly——"

"It's false—false—false!"

"Come along," said Mrs. Hilary, and she added, over her shoulder, "she has a slight north-country accent."

"It might have been Scotch," said I.

"She plays the piano a good deal."

"It might have been the fiddle," said I.

"She's very fond of Browning."

"It might have been Ibsen," said I.

Mrs. Hilary, seeing that I was determined to look on the bright side, smiled graciously on me and introduced me to the young lady. She was decidedly good-looking, fresh and sincere of aspect, with large, inquiring eyes —eyes which I felt would demand a little too much of me at breakfast--but then a large tea-urn puts that all right.

"Miss Sophia Milton—Mr. Carter," said Mrs. Hilary, and left us.

Well, we tried the theatres first; but as she had only been to the Lyceum and I had only been to the Gaiety, we soon got to the end of that. Then we tried art; she asked me what I thought of Degas. I evaded the question by criticising a drawing of a horse in last week's *Punch*—which she hadn't seen. Upon this she started literature. She said "Some Qualms and a Shiver" was the book of the season. I put my money on "The Queen of the Quorn." Dead stop again! And I saw Mrs. Hilary's eye upon me; there was wrath in her face. Something must be done.

A brilliant idea seized me. I had read that four-fifths of the culture of England were Conservative. I also was a Conservative. It was four to one on! I started politics. I could have whooped for joy when I elicited something particularly incisive about the ignorance of the masses.

"I do hope you agree with me," said Miss Milton. "The more one reads and thinks, the more one sees how fatally false a theory it is that the ignorant masses—people such as I have described—can ever rule a great empire."

"The empire wants gentlemen; that's what it wants," said I, nodding my head, and glancing triumphantly at Mrs. Hilary.

"Men and women," said she, "who are acquainted with the best that has been said and thought on all important subjects."

At the time I believed this observation to be original, but I have since been told that it was borrowed. I was delighted with it.

"Yes," said I, "and have got a stake in the country, you know, and know how to behave 'emselves in the House, don't you know?"

"What we have to do," pursued Miss Milton, "is to guide the voters. These poor rustics need to be informed——"

"Just so," I broke in. "They have to be told——"

"Of the real nature of the questions——"

"And which candidate to support."

"Or they must infallibly——" she exclaimed.

"Get their marching orders," I cried, in rapture. It was exactly what I always did on my small property.

"Oh, I didn't quite mean that," she said reproachfully.

"Oh, well, neither did I—quite," I responded adroitly. What was wrong with the girl now?

"But with the help of the League——" she went on.

"Do you belong?" I cried, more delighted than ever.

"Oh, yes!" said she. "I think it's a duty. I worked very hard at the last election. I spent days distributing packages of——"

Then I made, I'm sorry to say, a false step. I observed, interrupting:

"But it's ticklish work now, eh? Six months' 'hard' wouldn't be pleasant, would it?"

"What do you mean, Mr.—er—Carter?" she asked.

I was still blind. I believe I winked, and I'm sure I whispered, "Tea."

Miss Milton drew herself up very straight.

"I do not bribe," she said. "What I distribute is pamphlets."

Now, I suppose that "pamphlets" and "blankets" don't really sound much alike, but I was agitated.

"Quite right," said I. "Poor old things! They can't afford proper fuel."

She rose to her feet.

"I was not joking," she said, with horrible severity.

"Neither was I," I declared in humble apology. "Didn't you say 'blankets'?"

"Pamphlets."

"Oh!"

There was a long pause. I glanced at Mrs. Hilary. Things had not fallen out as happily as they might, but I did not mean to give up yet.

"I see you're right," I said, still humbly. "To descend to such means as I had in mind is——"

"To throw away our true weapons," said she earnestly. (She sat down again—good sign.)

"What we really need——" I began.

"Is the reform of the upper classes," said she. "Let them give an example of duty, of self-denial, of frugality."

I was not to be caught out again.

"Just what I always say," I observed impressively.

"Let them put away their horse-racing, their betting, their luxurious living, their ——"

"You're right, Miss Milton," said I.

"Let them set an example of morality."

"They should," I assented.

Miss Milton smiled.

"I thought we agreed really," said she.

"I'm sure we do," cried I; and I winked with my "off" eye at Mrs. Hilary as I sat down beside Miss Milton.

"Now I heard of a man the other day," said she, "who's nearly forty. He's got an estate in the country. He never goes there, except for a few days' shooting. He lives in town. He spends too much. He passes an absolutely vacant existence in a round of empty gayety. He has by no means a good reputation. He dangles about, wasting his time and his money. Is that the sort of example——?"

"He's a traitor to his class," said I warmly.

"If you want him, you must look on a race-course, or at a tailor's, or in some fashionable woman's boudoir. And his estate looks after itself. He's too selfish to marry, too idle to work, too silly to think."

I began to be sorry for this man, in spite of his peccadilloes.

"I wonder if I've met him," said I. "I'm occasionally in town, when I can get time to run up. What's his name?"

"I don't think I heard—or I've forgotten. But he's got a place next to a friend of mine in the country, and she told me all about him. She's exactly the opposite sort of person—or she wouldn't be my friend."

"I should think not, Miss Milton," said I, admiringly.

"Oh, I should like to meet that man, and tell him what I think of him!" said she. "Such men as he is do more harm than a dozen agitators. So contemptible, too!"

"It's revolting to think of," said I.

"I'm so glad you——" began Miss Milton, quite confidentially; I pulled my chair a trifle closer, and cast an apparently careless glance towards Mrs. Hilary. Suddenly I heard a voice behind me.

"Eh, what? Upon my honor it is! Why, Carter, my boy, how are you? Eh, what? Miss Milton, too, I declare! Well, now, what a pity Annie didn't come!"

I disagreed. I hate Annie. But I was very glad to see my friend and neighbor, Robert Dinnerly. He's a sensible man—his wife's a little prig.

"Oh, Mr. Dinnerly," cried Miss Milton, "how funny that you should come just now! I was just trying to remember the name of a man Mrs. Dinnerly told me about. I was telling Mr. Carter about him. You know him."

"Well, Miss Milton, perhaps I do. Describe him."

"I don't believe Annie ever told me his name, but she was talking about him at our house yesterday."

"But I wasn't there, Miss Milton."

"No," said Miss Milton, "but he's got the next place to yours in the country."

I positively leaped from my seat.

"Why, good gracious, Carter himself, you mean!" cried Dinnerly, laughing. "Well, that is a good 'un—ha! ha! ha!"

She turned a stony glare on me.

"Do you live next to Mr. Dinnerly in the country?" she asked.

I would have denied it if Dinnerly had not been there. As it was, I blew my nose.

"I wonder," said Miss Milton, "what has become of Aunt Emily?"

"Miss Milton," said I, "by a happy chance you have enjoyed a luxury. You have told the man what you think of him."

IV.

HER VIOLIN.

By C. F. Lester.

UNDERNEATH her dimpled chin
She snugly tucks her violin,
(The winsome sprite!)
And straight, for joy, the happy thing
Beneath her touch begins to sing,
With all its might,
"O, Fiddle-de-dum, de Fiddle-de-dee!"
I, too, could sing, it seems to me,
Were I the lucky violin,
Under my Lady's dimpled chin!

And yet, I'm e'en as the violin
Beneath my Lady's dimpled chin!—
For, truth to tell,
She plays me high, she plays me low,
And loud and soft, and fast and slow,—
(She knows me well!)
"O, Fiddle-de-dum, de Fiddle-de-dee!"
Mad music she makes on the heart o' me.
I'm brother, I fear, to the violin,
Under my Lady's dimpled chin!

V.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON.

By Edgar Fawcett.

Read by George Riddle.

[From "Songs of Doubt and Dream." Copyright, 1891, by Funk & Wagnalls.]

SHE turns her great grave eyes toward mine, while I stroke her soft hair's gold;
We watch the moon through the window shine; she is only eight years old.
"Is it true," she asks, with guileless mien, and with voice in tender tune,
"That nobody ever yet has seen the other side of the moon?"

I smile at her question, answering "yes"; and then, by a strange thought stirred,
I murmur, half in forgetfulness that she listens to every word:
"There are treasures on earth so rich and fair that they cannot stay with us here,
And the other side of the moon is where they go when they disappear!

"There are hopes that the spirit hardly names, and songs that it mutely sings,
There are good resolves and exalted aims, there are longings for nobler things;
There are sounds and visions that haunt our lot, ere they vanish, or seem to die,
And the other side of the moon (why not?) is the far bourne where they fly!

"We can fancy that realm were passing sweet and of strangely precious worth,
If its distant reaches enshrined complete the incompleteness of earth!
Nay, if there we found, like a living dream, what here we but mourn and miss,
Oh, the other side of the moon would beam with a glory unknown in this!"

"Are you talking of heaven?" she whispers now, while she nestles against my knees,
And I say, as I kiss her white wide brow, "You may call it so, if you please;
For if any such wondrous land may be, and we journey there, late or soon,
Then from heaven, I am sure, we shall gaze and see . . . the other side of the moon!"

VI.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

By Peleg Arkwright.

PROP yer eyes wide open, Joey,
Fur I've brought you sumpin' great.
Apples? No, a heap sight better!
Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—
Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes—
Each one climbing from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it—
Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!
Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
Lyin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
And I puts on lots o' cheek.
"Missus," says I, "If you please, mum,
Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus—
Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
How I bringed you up, poor Joe!
(Lackin' women folks to do it.)
Sich a' imp you was, you know—
Till yer got that awful tumble,
Jist as I had broke yer in
(Hard work, too) to earn yer livin'
Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
So's you couldn't hyper much—
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
Fur the first time with yer crutch.
"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
'Pears to weaken every day;"
Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
You is quite yerself to-night;
Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnit
Sence yer eyes has been so bright.
Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it!
Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe.
Smellin' of em's made you happy?
Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never see the country, did you?
  Flowers growin' everywhere!
Some time when you're better, Joey,
  Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in heaven? 'M—I s'pose so;
  Dunno much about it, though;
Ain't as fly as wot I might be
  On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres
  That in heaven's golden gates
Things is everlastin' cheerful—
  B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
Likewise, there folks don't git hungry;
  So good people, when they dies,
Finds themselves well fixed forever—
  Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler.
  Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
Heaven was made fur such as you is—
  Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
  Joe! My boy! Hold up yer head!
Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em, Joey!
  Oh, my God, can Joe be *dead?*

VII.

THANKSGIVING PHILOSOPHY.

By Charlotte W. Thurston.

"HISS! Hiss!" said the Goose, "they've taken us three
To fatten for Christmas—such songsters as we!
I'll be tough as a goose! It's a sin and a shame!
Be wise, Mister Turkey, and you'll do the same.
  "Hiss!" said the Goose,
  "I call it abuse!"
  "Quack!" said the Duck,
  "I call it good luck,
Just think of the dainties they give us to eat,
Such apple-cores, squash-seeds, and gristles of meat!
Let's be off for a lunch; see how fast I can hobble."
But the Turkey only answered with a
  "Gobble! gobble! gobble!"

"Hiss! Hiss!" said the Goose, "'tis a sad want of luck!
You don't know a thing; you're a goose of a duck!
A regular quack—you haven't any brains;
You don't know enough to go in when it rains."
  "Quack!" said the Duck,
  "'Tis a world of good luck!"
  "Hiss!" said the Goose,
  "'Tis a world of abuse!"
"Quack! Quack!" said the Duck, "what a great goose you are."
"Hiss!" shrilled the Goose, till you heard her afar.
"Hiss! Mister Turkey, the world is full of trouble."
But the Turkey only answered with a
  "Gobble! gobble! gobble!"

VIII.

PAT'S CONFEDERATE PIG.

By Fred Emerson Brooks.

WHEN the war broke out Pat was first to enlist;
He'd fight wid shillaly, or fight wid his fist.

Now Patrick was fresh from the ould, ould sod,
And carried a gun as he'd carry a hod.

He'd soon learn to shoot it, he hadn't a doubt,
If they'd put in the load while he'd watch it come out;

But when he had shot it, he said he had rather
Be pricked wid the one end than kicked wid the other.

His rations of whiskey he'd drink at one swig;
And never mark time but he'd end with a jig.

They went to the front; Pat thought it was hard,
The very first night to be put upon guard.

Yet he paced back and forth, out in the night air,
Rehearsing his "Halt!" and "Who goes there?"

"I'm to shoot the Confederate straight through the heart—
But how is a stranger to tell 'em apart?

"I'll know Mr. Rebel, the officers say,
By the clothes he has on, supposed to be gray.

"Is a gentleman judged by the cut of his clothes,
As a toper is told by the tint of his nose?

"But how can I tell if he come in the dark?
Must I judge of the tree by feelin' the bark?

"I'll be sure of his wardrobe, bedad, ere I shoot!
To be the *right* man he must wear the *wrong* suit!

"I think I'll surround him, the first thing I say,
Then ax him this question: 'Your coat, is it gray?'

"But I swear by the whiskey that's in my canteen,
I'll not trouble him if he's *wearing the green.*"

'Tis late in the night—all the camp is asleep—
When Pat hears a noise that makes his flesh creep!
Something crawls through the brush! Pat holloes out "Halt!"
And "Who goes there? If you're deaf, it's your fault!"

All he hears is "R-r-ruff! R-r-ruff!" That sounds like a grunt—
"He's a rough, sure," says Pat, "for his language is blunt!

"March here and surrender, me Reb, or you die!
Come! out wid yer business! I'll bet you're a spy!"

"U-g-h-w-e-e! U-g-h-w-e-e!" "Holy murther! What language is that?
'Tis some foreign tongue, I'll be blowed!" muttered Pat.

"An officer sure—but betwixt you and me.
Is the whole army wid ye?" "U-g-h-w-e-e! U-g-h--w-e-e! U-g-h-w-e-e! U-g-h-w-e-e! U-g-h-w-e-e!"

"We! we!" muttered Pat; "surely that's French for yes.
I'll capture an army! Hold, aisy—I guess

"I'd better have help—so I'll call up the crowd:
The Rebels are on us!" He cries out aloud.

"The Rebels are on us!" Out rush the whole corps,
Surrounding the wood which they quickly search o'er,
Then sweep through the brush at a double-quick jog;
But all they can find is a dirty white hog.

They cursed till they laughed and laughed till they cried;
For rousing the army next day Pat was tried.

"Court-martialed?" said Pat—"My offense is not big,
Why not try the army for rousing the pig?

"But since I've no lawyer to fix up my case
Wid fiction—I'll give ye the truth in its place.

"He came in the noight wid his heart in his mouth,
Like an honest Confederate straight from the South.

"I axed him this question, for I couldn't see:
'Are you, sir, a spy?' Then he answered: 'We! we!'

"As I am a soldier, I'll ne'er dance a jig—
But he was a reg'lar Confederate pig.

"I've brought into Court, to confirm what I say,
These bristles that prove he was wearing the 'gray.'

" 'Tis all that was left me, I'm sad to relate—
The rest of the pig, sirs, you officers ate.

"To speak out me moind—sure I'll die but it's true—
There's many a *pig* here that's *wearing the blue!*"

IX.

IMPERIALISM.

By William J. Bryan.

If it is right for the United States to hold the Philippine Islands permanently and imitate European empires in the government of colonies, the Republican party ought to state its position and defend it, but it must expect the subject races to protest against such a policy and to resist to the extent of their ability.

The Filipinos do not need any encouragement from Americans now living. Our whole history has been an encouragement,

not only to the Filipinos, but to all who are denied a voice in their own government. If the Republicans are prepared to censure all who have used language calculated to make the Filipinos hate foreign domination, let them condemn the speech of Patrick Henry. When he uttered that passionate appeal, "Give me liberty or give me death," he expressed a sentiment which still echoes in the hearts of men. Let them censure Jefferson; of all the statesmen of history none has used words so offensive to those who hold their fellows in political bondage. Let them censure Washington, who declared that the colonists must choose between liberty and slavery. Or, if the statute of limitations has run against the sins of Henry and Jefferson and Washington, let them censure Lincoln, whose Gettysburg speech will be quoted in defence of popular government when the present advocates of force and conquest are forgotten.

Some one has said that a truth once spoken can never be recalled. It is true. It goes on and on, and no one can set a limit to its ever-widening influence. But if it were possible to obliterate every word written or spoken in defence of the principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence, a war of conquest would still leave its legacy of perpetual hatred, for it was God Himself who placed in every human heart the love of liberty. He never made a race of people so low in the scale of civilization or intelligence that it would welcome a foreign master.

Lincoln said that the safety of this nation was not in its fleets, its armies, its forts, but in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands, everywhere, and he warned his countrymen that they could not destroy this spirit without planting the seeds of despotism at their own doors.

Those who would have this nation enter upon a career of empire must consider not only the effect of imperialism on the Filipinos, but they must also calculate its effects upon our own nation. We cannot repudiate the principle of self-government in the Philippines without weakening that principle here.

Even now we are beginning to see the paralyzing influence of imperialism. Heretofore, this nation has been prompt to express its sympathy with those who were fighting for civil liberty. While our sphere of activity has been limited to the Western hemisphere, our sympathies have not been bounded by the seas. We have felt it due to ourselves and to the world, as well as to those who were struggling for the right to govern themselves, to proclaim the interest which our people have, from the date of their own independence, felt in every contest between human rights and arbitrary power. Three-quarters of a century ago, when our nation was small, the struggles of Greece aroused our people, and Webster and Clay gave eloquent expression to the universal desire for Grecian independence. In 1896 all parties manifested a lively interest in the success of the Cubans, but now when a war is in progress in South Africa, which must result in the extension of the monarchical idea, or in the triumph of a republic, the advocates of imperialism in this country dare not say a word in behalf of the Boers. Sympathy for the Boers does not arise from any unfriendliness toward England; the American people are not unfriendly toward the people of any nation. This sympathy is due to the fact that we believe in the principles of self-government and reject, as did our forefathers, the claims of monarchy.

Our opponents, conscious of the weakness of their cause, seek to confuse imperialism with expansion, and have even dared to claim Jefferson as a supporter of their policy. Jefferson spoke so freely and used language with such precision that no one can be ignorant of his views. On one occasion he declared: "If there be one principle more deeply rooted than any other in the mind of every American, it is that we should have nothing to do with conquest." And again he said: "Conquest is not in our principles; it is inconsistent with our government."

The forcible annexation of territory to be governed by arbitrary power differs as much from the acquisition of territory to be built up into States as a monarchy differs from a democracy. The Democratic party does not oppose expansion, when expansion enlarges the area of the republic and incorporates land which can be settled by American citizens, or adds to our population people who are willing to become citizens and are capable of discharging their duties as such. The acquisition of the Louisiana territory, Florida, Texas and

other tracts which have been secured from time to time, enlarged the republic and the Constitution followed the flag into the new territory.

It is now proposed to seize upon distant territory already more densely populated than our own country, and to force upon the people a government, for which there is no warrant in our Constitution or our laws. Even the argument that this earth belongs to those who desire to cultivate it and who have the physical power to acquire it, cannot be invoked to justify the appropriation of the Philippine Islands by the United States. If the islands were uninhabited, American citizens would not be willing to go there and till the soil. The white race will not live so near the equator.

Republicans ask: "Shall we haul down the flag that floats over our dead in the Philippines?" The same question might have been asked when the American flag floated over Chapultepec and waved over the dead who fell there, but the tourist who visits the City of Mexico finds there a national cemetery owned by the United States and cared for by an American citizen.

Better a thousand times that our flag in the Orient give way to a flag representing the idea of self-government than that the flag of this republic should become the flag of an empire.

X.

IMPERIALISM TALK A MERE MASK.

By Senator George F. Hoar.

THE anti-imperialism of Mr. Bryan and that of his party is but a mask—it is a mask to cover the things they have had most at heart from the beginning—it is a mask to cover their purpose to establish the free coinage of silver, a mask to cover their purpose to bring in free trade, a mask to cover their purpose to overthrow the banking system, a mask to cover an attack on the Supreme Court, and a purpose to reorganize it if they can get the opportunity.

Mr. Bryan's defence of his course in procuring the ratification of the treaty by which the Philippine Islands were acquired from Spain is exceedingly weak and lame. It will not bear examination for a moment. He put forth all his power as a great party leader, the last candidate of his party for the Presidency and then reasonably sure to be the next candidate, to secure the ratification of the treaty. His conduct is as if some general in the Revolutionary army, a great leader of the people like Washington or Greene, had given up West Point to the British and had induced the Continental Congress to declare that King George was our lawful, sovereign and the British Parliament our lawful legislature, on the plea that he wanted to stop the war, and expected afterward to get some votes through one or the other house of British Parliament granting us independence.

Mr. Bryan is not to get the reward of this conduct if I can help it. I do not give him my confidence in this matter. He says that if he is elected he will call an extra session at once and propose to Congress to give up the Philippines to their own people. He is too intelligent not to know very well that this talk is the idlest and most ridiculous nonsense. He knows he could not expect either house of Congress to do this thing until the people of the Philippine Islands have abandoned their opposition and have established an orderly government under our protection. He knows that if there should be a Democratic majority in the House of Representatives equal to his wildest hopes, and if the Republican majority in the Senate should be reduced to two, or wiped out altogether, so that it should be a tie—which is, I suppose, beyond his most sanguine expectations—there are still earnest and pledged imperialists enough in the Democratic party to prevent any such action.

The ratification of the treaty with Spain was in itself a declaration of war upon the people of the Philippines, and for that war Mr. Bryan is more responsible than any other single person since the treaty left the hands of the President.

I must have something better than these declarations against imperialism from the candidate who secured the passage of the treaty and baffled all efforts made against it before I am ready to purchase his election at the cost of having a government that will sympathize with the disfranchisement of 10,000,000 of Americans at home, that will stand for dishonoring the currency, for the violation of national faith, for the overthrowing of the banking system and the establishment of an income tax, for assailing the integrity of the Supreme Court, for sympathizing everywhere with Populism

and Socialism, and which will be a substitute for the prosperity which has brought comfort into the homes of our workingmen, which has cleared off the indebtedness of the farmer, which has brought England herself to our shores as a borrower, which has made the balance of trade on our side, and established forever the independence of American manufacture.

XI.

THE PROHIBITION KEYNOTE.

By John G. Woolley.

THE great issue in this country is not the prohibition of the liquor traffic, but the political infidelity that underwrites the liquor traffic at so much a quarter of a year. It is nothing less than this, the nomination and the election by the votes of a free people, of a simple, certain, eternal, spiritual standard in the politics of the great republic, in lieu of the mixed, variable, temporary, fleshly, beastly atheism of this present time.

Some of you are saying, "Come now, come now, you have dreamed in public long enough; wake up and give up something practical." My Christian fellow citizens, I do not need to be told that this is high, hard politics that I am preaching to you, but so far as I am concerned it is that or nothing, until the times change. For thirteen years I have preached it in every corner ot our country, without a break, without a rest, without a vacation, without a scent of victory; and for thirteen more years, God helping me, I will preach it, nor let it down the thickness of a hair for any man or any audience or any party.

The political philosopher who voted for gold because silver was dishonest and who now proposes to vote for silver because expansion is suspected to be unconstitutional, may be an excellent citizen and an honest man, but he is not in my class. It is a perfectly legitimate thing and worthy of any man who feels called to do it, to flail out upon the threshing-floor of expediency the price lists and per cents and poor rates and police reports and prison statistics of the Prohibition argument, but, so far as I can see, the only hope in the world for this cause of ours, or for this country of ours, is the spread of the everlasting political gospel that first, and last and all the time, whatever happens, the government of the United States must do right.

For the introduction and the inculcation of a high, new spiritual ideal in the government three things are necessary: First, a group of good citizens already inspired by the idea; secondly, a party organization, or otherwise a sentiment condenser, and, thirdly, an issue which embodies the idea. The men need not be of the great, but they must be moral Casabiancas, who cannot be made to stir by fear or fire or friendship until the right voice be heard, and who are ready to stand or fall for the idea, no matter how long its complete fruition may be delayed.

We come now to the frontier of practical politics. The first thing we meet is the Republican party, the Pluto of the political Olympus. It has put on the whole armor of the world the flesh and the graveyard; it has girded its loins with the liquor traffic; it has on the breast-plate of commercialism; its feet are shod with the preparation for the hell of war; it has taken the shield of prosperity with which it has been able, and still hopes, to quench all the fiery resolutions of the church. It wears the helmet of the trusts and the sword of the spoils system. The first and last condition of membership in it is individual immorality. A man who would serve it or be served by it, must be ready to be collared and tagged and muzzled and smothered like a dog in dog days; he must be willing to be concluded, intellectually and morally, by "the least of two evils;" he must be willing to walk in the council of the ungodly, stand in the way of sinners and sit in the seat of the scornful; he must be willing to deny the honor of his church and repudiate his own Christian profession; he must be ready to be a partaker of other men's crimes; he must be ready to take the price of a bawd for a boy; he must be willing to justify the wicked for a reward.

The Democratic party to all intents and purposes is just a rear elevation of the same thing. The Populist party and the Socialist party are more or less sublimated forms of materialism, which would abolish the long, hard, necessary pick-and-shovel business of evolution and build a better order, from the roof down.

I accuse neither one of them of being dishonest, not at all; they are every one of them honest enough, but according to

standards that are not high enough. One of them is true to capital, the other is true to the proletariat; one of them says: "Let us make money! Though we destroy men's bodies and damn their souls, though we debauch women and make them harlots, though we poison little children and make them beggars and paupers and vagrants and criminals, let us make money!" And the others say: "Let us ALL make money!" But, the fundamental spirit of this government says: "Let us make man."

Since high Christian ideals cannot be erected in politics, in the abstract, we must have an issue. It must be a practical question with honor on one side and dishonor on the other side and a sharp line between the two. Common law and common sense agree to that, to prevent mistrials, misunderstandings and delays. Conscience is an imperfect thing, as yet, and easy to be deflected from the main line; the issue must be kept simple and certain and single. It must be plainly grounded on religion, for greater certainty and greater simplicity, and for the additional reason that no non-suit is possible in such a case. A religious question is never disposed of until final judgment is entered at the court of last resort.

The Republican party says: "You shall not debauch the currency." The Democratic party says: "You shall not diminish the currency," and the Prohibition party says: "You shall not sell the conscience of a MAN."

Where are the kind of men that I have been talking about? In the Prohibition party. Where else? Nowhere else. I take that back; they are *coming* to the Prohibition party this fall, from the Republican party and the Democratic and the Socialist and the Populist parties—they are *coming*, honest men driven to us by conscience, who come not for money nor for expansion nor for trusts nor for anything but the *honor of the church of Jesus Christ.*

XII.

MAKING APPLE BUTTER.

WHAT'S the prince of occupations in
the autumn on the farm?
What's the job that sways the scepter 'mid
the sweet October's charm?
Hark! I hear somebody mutter:
"Why, it's makin' apple butter,"
That is reckoned the prince of jobs in
autumn on the farm.

How's the apple-butter making done in
autumn's pleasant days,
When the sunshine's full of languor and the
air is full of haze?
"Oh, it's easy, mighty easy,
Yet it keeps you mighty busy,
Makin' up the apple butter in the early
autumn days.

"First you make a lot o' cider from the
winesap and the pippins;
Squeeze the cider-press down solid, so's
you'll get the latest drippin's,
Then you put it in a kittle
And you boil it down a little
Till you have the very essence of the
winesap and the pippins.

"Peel your easy-cookin' apples, quarter,
core 'em—wait no longer
For your cider's boiling, boiling, getting
still a little stronger—
Then begin your preparations
For that prince of occupations—
For the cider doesn't need to boil another
minute longer.

"Bring your perforated stirrer and your
stock of patience, too,
And sit down and watch it rolling in an
agitated stew—
Stir it—stir, don't let it stick!
Or 'twill spoil most awful quick,
For it takes a lot of labor and a lot of
patience, too.

"When you see the mixture boiling till it
warns you of a splutter,
Then the stirring must be lively, or some
naughty things you'll utter
As upon your wrist or hand
With a 'splut' the hot drops land—
For it's awful stuff, that butter, when it
once starts to splutter."

That's the prince of occupations in the
autumn on the farm;
That's the job that wields the scepter 'mid
the sweet October charm.
Hush! I hear somebody mutter:
"Yes, but eatin' apple butter
Is a luxury in autumn and in winter on
the farm."

Graded Physical Exercises.

FOR USE IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

By Bertha Louise Colburn.

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SEVENTH ARTICLE.

[The April, 1900, number of Werner's Magazine contained the introduction to this serial. The exercises have been arranged with special reference to the mental as well as the physical needs of school children. Six years in schools have demonstrated their value. They have also been used with benefit by older persons whose physical training has been neglected, and all who desire systematic exercise at home will find in them some complete set of exercises adapted to their needs. They are arranged in eight groups, one for each year in graded schools; each group consists of ten lessons. one for every four weeks. Additional lessons in marching, games, etc., are also given. Each lesson contains exercises for all parts of the body; but, as it is only from frequent repetition of a movement that benefit can be derived, only one or two new exercises are given in each lesson, and these are a natural outgrowth from the preceding ones. Thus, the eighth year exercises contain all the movements of the preceding grades.]

Grade IV.—Fourth Year in School.

[Teachers are referred to "Note to Teachers," page 264 of Werner's Magazine for May, 1900.]

LESSON I.

Prepare to stand! Stand! Space!

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *rising on toes, rocking forward and back without lowering heels.*
3. Leg; *stretching and circling.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing downward and upward with clasped hands.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending to side.*
6. Neck; *head circling.*
7. Reaching; *downward at side, arm over head.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward.*
9. Arm Swinging; *outward circling.*
10. Floating; *upward and downward at sides and front; together and out at shoulder level.*

1. Position Exercise; Pushing Downward at Back.

Raise both arms at sides, palms down, until they reach shoulder level; then without stopping, turn palms forward, and continue reaching upward till arms are straight above head, palms front. With same stretching movement carry them downward and slightly outward in front; then backward till they are behind body and forming an angle of thirty degrees with it. Push downward with palms; drop arms easily to sides.

Time: Up 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Push! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. In reaching upward all organs of body are lifted to their proper altitude, where they can best resist disease; in pushing downward upper spine is straightened; in pushing backward chest is lifted and broadened.

LESSON-TALK.

This is a valuable exercise for correction of round shoulders, and might profitably be given several times during the day. All weight must be upon balls of feet before stretching begins. Tell children to imagine they are large, dignified men, and then give movements strongly and steadily.

2. Poising: Rising on Toes, Rocking Forward and Back Without Lowering Heels.

Standing on left foot, put right foot forward, as in a short step. Rise on toes of left foot; rock steadily forward to toes of right; back to toes of left; repeat three times without stopping; lower heel and return right foot to position.

Time: Right foot! 2-3-4. Rise! 2-3-4. Forward! 2-3-4. Backward! 2-3-4. Forward! etc. This exercise develops muscular sense; aids in gaining control of whole body by strengthening nerve centers; cultivates habit of correct standing, and gives repose of manner.

LESSON-TALK.

Rise slowly and rock forward without swaying or bending body to sides. Imagine rocking in an easy-chair with steady, rhythmical movement.

3. LEG.

Place hands on hips, thumbs pointing forward, fingers together and pointing straight downward at sides. Stand on left foot and extend right straight forward, pointing toe toward floor without touching it; carry fully extended leg around to side and back in a large half-circle. Repeat three times. Stand on right foot, and circle left.

Time: Right foot! 2. Side! 4. Back! 2. Position! 4. This exercise strengthens muscles of thigh and hip which should do most of work in walking; it also gives free action at hip-joint, which is necessary in order to acquire a graceful, buoyant manner of walking.

LESSON-TALK.

Keep trunk motionless. Imagine there is a crayon fastened to toe; as leg is carried around, this crayon makes a half-circle on floor. Keep leg fully extended in order that the line drawn may not be angular.

4. ARM AND HAND: PUSHING DOWNWARD AND UPWARD WITH CLASPED HANDS.

Clasp hands with fingers interlocked in front of chest; turn palms down, and push downward as hard as possible. Clasp hands behind back and push down in same way. Clasp hands above head and push directly upward.

Time: Hands! 2. Turn! 4. Push! 2-3-4. Back! 2. Turn! 4. Push! 2-3-4. Up! 2. Turn! 4. Push! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. This exercise strengthens muscles of arms, straightening fingers bent during performance of school tasks.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not allow head and chest to bend forward while pushing; lift chest high and hold head erect.

5. TRUNK: TWISTING WITH BENDING TO SIDE.

Place hands on hips. Without moving feet, twist trunk around to right until shoulders are at right angles to their normal position; bend trunk over in direction in which right shoulder points, which is backward from normal position, letting head droop to right shoulder. Lift trunk to erect position and rotate front. Repeat to left, bending to left side.

Time: Place hands on hips at command, Trunk! 2-3-4. Twist! 2-3-4. Bend! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Left! 2-3-4, etc. Muscles of abdomen and lower back are strongly exercised; ribs are separated in bending to side, thus making the exercise valuable for chest-expansion. Internal organs are strengthened, and digestion and assimilation improved.

LESSON-TALK.

Twist from ankles, without moving feet. Let children think of some great crane, swinging steadily around to one side, lowering, bringing up its burden, and swinging around again.

6. NECK; HEAD-CIRCLING.

Bend neck forward until chin touches chest; carry it around with a rolling movement until side of head rests on right shoulder; continue movement to back, left, and front without stopping until circle is completed. Repeat from left to right.

Time: Neck! 2-3-4. Right! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Left! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Left! 2-3-4, etc. This exercise is especially beneficial in regulating circulation through neck.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not twist shoulders. Muscles of neck should be relaxed. If the children find exercise difficult, it may assist them to close eyes, drop head forward, and roll it around lifelessly.

7. REACHING: DOWNWARD AT SIDE, ARM OVER HEAD.

Stand with weight on left foot. Extend right foot to right side as far as possible, touching inner edge of toe to floor. Bring left arm up in graceful curve over head, and reach straight down at side with right arm. Come up to position, floating left arm down to side. Stand on right foot and repeat exercise to left.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Right! 2-3-4. Arm! 2-3-4. Reach! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. Glide right! 2-3-4, etc. Muscles of sides are strongly exercised, and chest expanded through separation of ribs on convex side

during downward reach; arms and legs are also exercised, and circulation accelerated over whole body.

LESSON-TALK.

Reach down directly at side without twisting shoulders or bending knees. Head may be allowed to droop on shoulders and should not be lifted to position until after chest is lifted.

8. RESPIRATORY; ARMS STRETCHING UPWARD AND PUSHING DOWNWARD.

Stand upon both feet. Inhale while raising both arms in front until vertical, letting forearms lead strongly, hands relaxed. Hold breath while pushing downward front with forearms until they reach position at sides. Exhale and repeat.

Time: Both feet! 2-3-4. Inhale! 2-3-4. Hold! 2-3-4. Exhale! 2-3-4. Holding breath causes air in lungs to fill upper segments where germs of disease first develop; arm movement expands chest, and hastens flow of blood to lungs; while the whole exercise is useful in establishing habit of deep, regular breathing.

LESSON-TALK.

Stand erect, keeping head and chest high while pushing downward. Breathe inaudibly through the nostrils, with mouth closed.

9. ARM SWINGING; OUTWARD CIRCLING.

Stand firmly on balls of feet. Raise arms in front until forearms are horizontal at waist-line with elbows near body and hands hanging passive. Swing forearms around in a circle with a vigorous outward movement for a minute or two, then drop easily to position.

Time: Bring arms up at command. Arms horizontal! At, Swing! shake forearms rapidly for a minute or two, then drop easily to position. This exercise, while strengthening arms and giving flexibility to wrists, is especially beneficial in increasing power of holding chest firm during vigorous motion of the extremities.

LESSON-TALK.

Tell children to imagine that head and trunk are as incapable of motion as is a wooden post. Hands hang lifeless, while forearms move rapidly up and down.

10. FLOATING: UPWARD AND DOWNWARD AT SIDES AND FRONT; TOGETHER AND OUT AT SHOULDER LEVEL.

Stand lightly on balls of feet. Float both arms with forearm leading, up at sides until backs of hands meet above head; without stopping float down again. Repeat. Float up front until nearly vertical; down. Repeat. Float upward toward each other meeting at shoulder level, then out to sides; together with palms meeting; out and together four times; turn arms and float out and together with backs of hands meeting four times; then down from front to position at sides.

Time: Both arms! Float upward to six counts of slow waltz music; downward to six; up to shoulder level to three, out to sides to three, etc. Purpose of movements is to convert energy which has been gained during preceding vigorous exercises into harmony of muscular movement. Proper relationship is established between different muscular groups, thereby preventing loss of energy, and changing awkwardness of movement into grace.

LESSON-TALK.

There must be no pause between different movements, and they must be made in curving lines. Forearm always leads; wrist and hand are passive. A mirror will enable teacher to see if she is performing exercise correctly. Stand in a light, buoyant attitude, without any stiffness of neck, that head may respond slightly to movements. Think of autumn leaves floating lightly down to ground, or of snowflakes softly sinking to earth.

Marching.

1. FORWARD—*march! Mark time—march!*
2. IN PLACE—*jump!*
3. MARCH—*touch step—left! (right!)*

1. In giving command to mark time during forward march, the executive is given as left foot touches ground. Right foot advances one step, when left foot commences to mark time.

2. Jump in six counts. On *one* raise heels; *two* bend knees; *three* jump straight upward by quickly stretching knees and ankles, keeping trunk and head erect; *four* touch floor again with toes and balls of feet, knees bent and heels raised; *five* stretch knees; *six* lower heels.

3. Starting with left foot advance two

steps; on third count stretch left leg diagonally outward and touch toe to floor; on fourth count replace beside right. Start again with left. The same march may be executed starting with right foot and touching right toe.

LESSON II.

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *rising on toes, rocking forward and back without lowering heels.*
3. FOOT AND LEG; *heel and toe raising.*
4. ARM AND HAND; *arm-twisting with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending to side.*
6. Neck; *head circling.*
7. Reaching; *downward at side, arm over head.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward.*
9. Arm Swinging; *outward circling.*
10. Floating; *upward and downward at sides and front; together and out at shoulder level.*

3. FOOT AND LEG; HEEL AND TOE RAISING.

Place hands on hips. Put right foot forward six inches; lift toe, keeping heel on floor; lower toe; lift heel by bending knee; lower heel. Repeat each movement three times. Same with left foot.

Time: Right foot! 2-3-4. Toe! 2. Heel! 4, etc. This exercise strengthens flexor muscles of knee and ankle and prepares for military facings taught in marching lessons.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not allow child to look at his feet after first trial. Stand erect and keep trunk motionless.

4. ARM AND HAND; ARM TWISTING WITH ALTERNATE FIST CLOSING AND OPENING.

Hold arms straight down at sides; close fists and twist arms outward until backs of hands are toward sides; reverse, twisting inward; open fists and repeat. Repeat each movement.

Time: Out! 2-3-4. In! 2-3-4. Open and close fists quickly without stopping the twisting. Rotators of arm, which commonly receive less exercise than flexors, are strongly used in these movements.

LESSON-TALK.

Keep arms as near to sides as possible and twist slowly. Do not try to look at arms; keep head erect and chest high. Close fist tightly, and open hand wide, stretching the fingers.

Marching.

1. LEFT—*face!*
2. MARCH—*back touch step—left! (right!)*

1. In response to word, *Left,* raise right heel and left toe; at word, *face!* press ball of right foot lightly on floor and make a quarter turn on left heel; right foot slightly lifted from floor, heels together, keeping the angle ninety degrees.

This method of facing is preferred, because it allows the turn to be made in one count. It takes four turns to complete a circle; left face! is one quarter turn. Command pupils to face after they have been marching and have changed their places in room, that they may know that *left* means to their left side, not to a certain side of room. If necessary, make them first point to left side as in direction drill.

2. Starting with left foot advance two steps; on third count stretch left leg diagonally backward and touch toe to floor; on fourth count replace beside right. Start again with left. Same starting with right foot and touching right toe.

LESSON III.

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *rising on toes, rocking forward and back without lowering heels.*
3. Foot and Leg; *heel and toe raising.*
4. Arm and hand; *arm twisting, with alternate fist-closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending to side.*
6. NECK; *twisting with bending backward at half side.*
7. Reaching; *downward at side, arm over head.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward.*
9. Arm Swinging; *outward circling.*
10. Floating; *upward and downward at sides and front; together and out at shoulder level.*

6. NECK; TWISTING WITH BENDING BACKWARD AT HALF SIDE.

Rotate head around to right until chin is over, not on, shoulder; bend neck obliquely backward, midway between spine and right shoulder; lift head to position over right shoulder and rotate front. Rotate to left and bend obliquely backward.

Time: Right! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Lack of exercise causes muscles of neck to become weak and flaccid; exercise strengthens them and develops a good poise of head, while acceleration of circulation relieves brain.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not twist shoulders while turning head, nor open mouth while bending backward. Slowness and precision of movement are necessary in order to obtain good results.

Marching.

1. RIGHT—*face!*
2. MARCH—*cross touch—left! (right!)*
3. MARCH—*back cross touch—left! (right!)*

1. In response to word, *Right,* raise slightly right heel and left toe; and at word *face!* make a quarter turn to right, turning on left heel assisted by a slight pressure on ball of right foot; keep heels together, with toes pointing outward.

2. Starting with left foot advance two steps; on third count cross left foot over front of right and touch toe to floor; on fourth count replace left foot beside right. Start again with left. Same starting with right foot and touching right toe.

3. Start with left foot, and touch toe of left foot to floor behind right foot on third count. Same with right foot.

LESSON IV.

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *rising on toes, rocking forward and back without lowering heels.*
3. Foot and Leg; *heel and toe raising.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm twisting with alternate fist-closing and opening.*
5. TRUNK; *twisting with bending backward.*
6. Neck; *twisting with bending backward at half side.*
7. Reaching; *downward at side, arm over head.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward.*
9. Arm Swinging; *outward circling.*
10. Floating; *upward and downward at sides and front; together and out at shoulder level.*

5. TRUNK; TWISTING WITH BENDING BACKWARD.

Place hands on hips, thumbs pointing forward, fingers together and pointing straight downward at sides. Without moving feet, twist trunk around to right until shoulders are at right angles with their normal position; bend trunk directly backward, in direction which was left in normal position. Head begins backward movement. Lift trunk to erect position, raising head last, and rotate front. Repeat to left.

Time: Place hands on hips at command, Trunk! 2-3-4. Twist! 2-3-4. Bend! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Left! etc. This exercise gives strong work to muscles of abdomen and lower back; expands chest, and has a direct effect upon internal organs, improving digestion and assimilation.

Marching.

1. LEFT-ABOUT-FACE! *Right-about-face!*
2. MARCH — *double cross touch — left! (right!)*
3. FOLLOW STEP—*four—rising on toes—four —left! (right!)*

1. Turn on left heel as in Lesson II., but make a turn of one hundred and eighty degrees—one half circle. Turn on left heel when facing to right also.

2. Starting with left foot advance two steps; on third count cross touch left front of right; on fourth cross touch behind right. Start again with left on next count. Same starting with right foot and cross touching right toe.

3. Follow step with left foot leading during four counts; rise on toes during two and lower heels during two. Same starting with right foot.

LESSON V.

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *rising on toes, rocking forward and back without lowering heels.*
3. Foot and Leg; *heel and toe raising.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm twisting with alternate fist-closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending backward.*
6. Neck; *twisting with bending backward at half side.*
7. Reaching; *downward at side, arm over head.*
8. RESPIRATORY; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward at sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *outward circling.*
10. Floating; *upward and downward at sides and front; together and out at shoulder level.*

8. RESPIRATORY; ARMS STRETCHING UPWARD AND PUSHING DOWNWARD AT SIDES.

Stand upon both feet. Inhale while raising both arms upward at sides until vertical, letting forearms lead strongly, hands relaxed. Hold breath while pushing downward at sides with forearms until they reach position. Exhale and repeat.

Time: Both feet! 2-3-4. Inhale! 2-3-4. Hold! 2-3-4. Exhale! 2-3-4. Purpose of this exercise is explained in Lesson I. Downward movement of arms at sides allows greater chest-expansion than did front movement.

LESSON-TALK.

Stand with head erect and breathe inaudibly through nostrils. Try to experience a buoyant feeling—as if pushing down against something that sends body upward—or floating in air.

Marching.

1. FOLLOW-STEP—*four—bending knees—four—left! (right!)*
2. FOLLOW-STEP—*four—supplication—four—left! (right!)*
3. FOLLOW-STEP—*four — salutation—four — left! (right!)*
4. FOLLOW-STEP—*four—defiance—four—left! (right!)*
5. FOLLOW-STEP — *four—dejection — four — left! (right!)*

1. Follow step with left foot leading during four counts; then bend knees during two and straighten them during two. Same with right foot leading.

2. Follow step with left foot leading during four counts; then stand for four counts, holding arms upward as in supplication. Arms are slightly curved at elbows and wrists, palms upward, head thrown slightly backward, eyes directed upward. Turn palms downward, lower arms with a swift floating movement, and starting with left foot again march forward with follow-step. Same starting with right foot.

3. Follow-step with left foot; then stand with arms extended at midline, half way between front and sides, palms up, trunk bending slightly forward.

4. Follow-step with left foot; then stand with weight on right foot, arms folded on chest, and head tipped slightly backward in attitude of defiance.

5. Follow-step with left foot; then stand in attitude of dejection with hands clasped at low front, head and shoulders drooping forward.

LESSON VI.

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *rising on toes, rocking forward and back without lowering heels.*
3. Foot and Leg; *heel and toe raising.*
4. ARM AND HAND; *arm twisting at shoulder level with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending backward.*
6. Neck; *twisting with bending backward at half side.*
7. Reaching; *downward at side, arm over head.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward at sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *outward circling.*
10. Floating; *upward and downward at sides and front; together and out at shoulder level.*

4. ARM AND HAND; ARM TWISTING AT SHOULDER LEVEL WITH ALTERNATE FIST CLOSING AND OPENING.

Raise arms at sides to shoulder level, close fists and twist arms as in Lesson II.

Marching.

1. IN PLACE—*hop—left! (right!)*
2. IN PLACE—*hop—left and right—four!*
3. FOLLOW-STEP—*with touch—left! (right!)*

1. Hop on ball of left foot, with right knee slightly bent. At command Halt! one more hop is given and right foot replaced beside left. Same upon right foot.

2. Hop upon left and right alternately four times on each.

3. Follow-step, left foot leading, four counts; touch left toe forward in two counts; bring to position in two. Same with right foot leading and touching.

LESSON VII.

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward at back.*
2. POISING; *rising upon toes of one foot.*
3. FOOT AND LEG; *heel and toe raising with stepping.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm twisting at shoulder level, with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending backward.*
6. Neck; *twisting with bending backward at half side.*
7. Reaching; *downward at side, arm over head.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward at sides.*

9. Arm Swinging; *outward circling.*
10. Floating; *upward and downward at sides and front; together and out at shoulder level.*

2. POISING; RISING UPON TOES OF ONE FOOT.

Stand on left foot. Put right foot forward six inches in direction to which it points; transfer weight to it; rise on toes, letting toes of backward feet rest lightly on floor; hold four counts; sink down to position; rise again; hold; down. Repeat on left foot.

Time: Right foot! 2-3-4. Forward! 2-3-4. Rise! 2-3-4. Hold! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Purpose of this exercise is explained in Lesson I.

LESSON-TALK.

If child looks intently at door-post and imagines that his body is as straight and unbending as that is, he will be less likely to lose his balance and sway to side.

3. FOOT AND LEG; HEEL AND TOE RAISING WITH STEPPING.

Lift heel and toe as in Lesson II. Step forward on right foot; extend left leg and raise heel and toe; step forward left. Repeat stepping backward.

Marching.

1. WITH HITTING HEELS IN AIR—*jump!*
2. FOLLOW-STEP—*with back touch—left! (right!)*
3. FOLLOW-STEP—*with double touch—left! (right!)*

1. Jump as in Lesson I., and hit heels together in air before touching toes to floor.

2. Follow-step with left leading four counts; extend left leg backward and touch toe, two counts; replace beside right, two counts. Same with right foot.

3. Follow-step with left leading four counts; touch left toe forward, two counts; backward, two counts. Same with right foot.

LESSON VIII.

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *rising upon toes of one foot.*
3. Foot and Leg; *heel and toe raising with stepping.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm twisting at shoulder level, with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending backward.*
6. Neck; *twisting with bending backward at half side.*
7. Reaching; *downward at side, arm over head.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward at sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *outward circling.*
10. FLOATING; *upward and downward in front; above shoulder level at sides; horizontally.*

10. FLOATING; UPWARD AND DOWNWARD IN FRONT; ABOVE SHOULDER LEVEL AT SIDES; HORIZONTALLY.

Stand lightly on balls of feet. Float both arms up in front with forearms leading, hands passive; float down; up; down; up; floating hands toward each other until they touch above the head; turn palms outward and float arms down to shoulder level at sides; up, backs of hands meeting above head; turn backs of hands out and float down to shoulder level; up, palms meeting; down in front to shoulder level; turn palms out and float out to sides; together; down to position.

Time: Both arms! Float to slow waltz music without counting aloud; allow six counts for movement from position to above head, and three from head to shoulder level, or from front to sides. For purpose of exercise and Lesson-Talk see Lesson I.

Marching.

1. FEET — *sideways — place! Together—place—with a jump!*
2. FOLLOW-STEP—*with cross touch—left! (right!)*
3. FOLLOW-STEP—*with back cross touch—left! (right!)*

1. On first command, place left foot straight to left side one foot's distance; then right foot one foot's distance to right side; stand with weight equally balanced upon both feet. At second command, leap upward, and land in fundamental position.

2. Follow-step with left leading four counts; cross left foot over right and touch toe to floor, two counts; replace, two counts. Same with right foot.

3. Follow-step with left foot leading four counts; cross left foot behind right and touch toe to floor, two counts; replace, two counts. Same with right foot.

LESSON IX.

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *rising upon toes of one foot.*
3. Foot and Leg; *heel and toe raising with stepping.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm twisting at shoulder level, with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending backward.*
6. Neck; *twisting with bending backward at half side.*
7. REACHING; *both hands to floor without bending knees.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward at sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *outward circling.*
10. Floating; *upward and downward in front; above shoulder level at sides; horizontally.*

7. REACHING; BOTH HANDS TO FLOOR WITHOUT BENDING KNEES.

Stand upon both feet. Raise arms at sides, with stretching movement, gradually turning them until palms are front when arms are vertical; reach straight upward with finger-tips, then outward and downward, bending any part of the body except knees, until fingers touch floor. Lift trunk to position, letting arms relax and fall easily to sides, while neck relaxes and head is lifted last.

Time: Arms! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. Muscles of arms, back and legs are stretched in such a manner as to obtain continuity of line throughout person; flexibility is cultivated, and circulation equalized through all parts of body.

LESSON-TALK.

Stretch arms strongly outward and upward, then reach outward as well as downward until fingers touch floor; but do not be discouraged if fingers fail to reach floor by several inches at first attempt. Practice will bring flexibility. Imagine that body is a weeping-willow tree with long branches which sway in wind and touch ground.

Marching.

1. FOLLOW-STEP—*with double cross touch—left! (right!)*
2. SIDEWISE SKIP—*left! (right!)*

1. Follow-step with left foot leading four counts; cross touch left in front of right, two counts; behind right, two counts. Same with right foot.

2. Leap sidewise upon left foot, drawing right up beside it, on each count. At command Halt! the step upon which it is given is finished; one more leap to left side is taken, right foot drawn up beside left, and movement stopped. Same leaping upon right foot.

LESSON X.

1. Position Exercise; *pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *rising upon toes of one foot.*
3. Foot and Leg; *heel and toe raising with stepping.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm twisting at shoulder level, with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *twisting with bending backward.*
6. Neck; *twisting with bending backward at half side.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor without bending knees.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward at sides.*
9. ARM SWINGING; *inward circling.*
10. Floating; *upward and downward in front; above shoulder level at sides; horizontally.*

9. ARM SWINGING; INWARD CIRCLING.

Stand and raise arms as in Lesson I. Swing forearms in a circle with an inward instead of outward movement.

Marching.

1. FOLLOW-STEP—*four—with alternate rising on toes and bending knees—left! (right!)*
2. SIDEWISE HOP—*left! (right!)*

1. Follow-step with left leading four counts; rise on toes, two counts; lower heels, two counts; again follow step with left four counts; bend knees, two counts; stretch knees, two counts.

2. Hop sidewise upon left foot, bending slightly right knee. At command Halt! one more step is taken to left and advance is stopped on replacing of right foot beside left. Hop in same manner upon right foot.

GAMES.

I'VE A STITCH IN MY SIDE.

The children stand in a row. Each places his right hand on his hip and left hand on

right side, and bends over directly to right; then places left hand on hip and right hand on left side, and bends over directly to left; meanwhile all repeat, "I've a stitch in my side, couldn't run if I tried." The child at foot of row runs behind the others and touches some one; he continues running behind until he reaches the end, then goes around in front of line until he arrives at his place at foot. As soon as a child is touched, all stand erect, and he starts in pursuit of toucher. He must catch him before he reaches his place or become toucher next time.

THE BUILDER.

This game is to be played in schoolroom, and number of seats used must be one less than number of players. One child is chosen by lot for builder. He names the different materials used in building a schoolhouse, or whatever building he may choose, calling out a child to represent each material. These children form in a line behind builder, each one grasping jacket or apron of one in front. The building progresses rapidly and the line walks about room, or runs softly. When all the materials have been used, the builder suddenly calls, "Crash!" and each child rushes for a seat. The one who fails to obtain one is builder in next game. Let the children guess why the building fell, naming whatever important materials were not used in its construction.

DEER RACE.

All stand in a line on the farther side of yard or room, and at signal run across and touch wall of building. The winner drops out and the others race again. The winners of five races run together to decide which shall be leader of the deer-herd.

BACK HAND BEAN BAG.

After choosing an umpire, the children stand in two lines facing each other within easy throwing distance. An end child starts the game by facing about and throwing bag behind him toward opposing line. If bag can be caught by some child in that line without leaving his place it counts one point for side throwing it. If, however, it falls to ground before coming within catching distance, it counts one against throwing side. Should a "good bag" fail to be caught by opposing side, it counts one for side throwing. The game is won by the side which first makes ten points, or any number agreed upon.

CAT AND MICE.

A space six feet wide is marked off in center of playground. The one chosen for cat stands in this space, and tries to catch the mice as they dart across from one side to the other.

BLIND CHILD.

All the children stand in a ring around blind child, who has been chosen by counting out, and blindfolded. The others join hands and skip around her in a circle while she counts ten slowly; then all stand still while she advances and touches one. She tries to guess name of one touched by feeling her face, dress, etc. The one whose name she guesses correctly becomes blind child next time.

ACTION STORIES.

HIAWATHA'S HUNTING.

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Forth in the forest straightway (1)
All alone with Hiawatha
Proudly with his bow and arrows; (2)
And the birds sang round him, o'er him, (3)
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak-tree, close beside him, (4)
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches (5)
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed and said between his laughing, (6)
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway (7)
Leaped aside, and at a distance (8)
Sat erect upon his haunches, (9)
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But he heeded not, nor heard them, (10)
For his thoughts were with the red deer; (1)
On their tracks his eyes were fastened, (11)
Leading downward to the river, (12)
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he, (11)
Hidden in the alder-bushes, (13)
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted, (14)
Saw two eyes look from the thicket, (15)
Saw two nostrils point to windward, (16)
And a deer came down the pathway, (17)

Flecked with leafy light and shadow, (18)
And his heart within him fluttered, (19)
Trembled like the leaves above him, (20)
Like the birch-leaf palpitated, (20)
As the deer came down the pathway. (17)
Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow: (21)
Scarce a twig moved with his motion (22)
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled, (23)
But the wary roebuck started, (24)
Stamped with all his hoofs together, (25)
Listened with one foot uplifted, (26)
Leaped as if to meet the arrow; (27)
Ah! the singing fatal arrow, (28)
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him! (29)
Dead he lay there in the forest, (30)
By the ford across the river; (31)
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha (32)
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward (33)
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.
From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha, (34)
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor. (35)
All the village came and feasted, (36)
All the guests praised Hiawatha, (37)
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha (38)
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee! (39)

(1) Point forward into forest. (2) Stand erect carrying bow. (3) Slowly sweep both arms to sides; then upward. (4) Point up with right hand and look up. (5) Right hand at (4) move slightly from side to side. (6) Tip head forward and look down. (7) Point down with left hand, palm down. (8) Move hand quickly to left. (9) Hold forearms beside chest with hands drooping. (10) Shake head slowly. (11) Bend slightly forward, looking down. (12) From (11) point straight forward with palm down. (13) Bend forward in crouching attitude. (14) Rise both arms with fingers stretched apart. (15) Tip head forward, gazing intently. (16) Raise left hand in front, first two fingers straight forward, slightly apart, and the others closed. (17) Turn left hand, palm upward, and lower slightly to side in assertion. (18) Turn palm down and move fingers up and down. (19) Place left hand on heart. (20) Cary left hand forward and move back and forth from wrist; then carry upward and repeat. (21) Bend one knee more than the other and hold bow in position to fire. (22) Point forward with right hand. (23) Move right hand quickly from side to side with wrist movement. (24) Quickly lift both arms in front nearly to shoulder level, forearms leading and elbows bent. (25) Quick downward movement of arms, forearms leading. (26) Keep right hand in (25) position and quickly lift left as in (24). (27) Lift both arms straight in front. (28) Shake head slightly. (29) Lift left hand to upper part of chest; quickly straighten arm and carry forward, pointing with first finger. (30) Point down with both hands, palms front. (31) Drop left hand to position and turn palm of right down and raise it slightly, pointing to ford. (32) Place left hand on heart. (33) Raise arms as if grasping deer carried on shoulder. (34) Carry left hand outward at mid line, palm up. (35) Same with right. (36) Both hands carried out to sides at mid line, palms up. (37) Hands carried forward and upward; then lowered in affirmation. (38) Stand strongly erect and place left hand on heart.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

By William Cullen Bryant.

[By permission of D. Appleton & Co., publishers of Bryant's complete works.]

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around; (1)
When even the deep blue heavens look glad, (2)
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground? (3)

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren, (4)
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky; (5)
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den, (6)
And the wilding bee hums merrily by. (7)

The clouds are at play in the azure space (8)
And their shadows at play on the bright-green vale, (9)
And here they stretch to the frolic chase, (10)
And there they roll on the easy gale. (11)

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower, (12)
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree, (13)

There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower, (14)
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea. (15)

And look as the broad-faced sun, how he smiles (16)
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray, (17)
On the leaping waters and young isles; (18)
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away. (19)

(1) Raise both arms and carry them outward to indicate whole world. (2) Raise arms straight upward and tip head back looking up. (3) Point down with both hands, palms front. (4) Point upward to right, moving hand slightly down to side to indicate "wren." (5) Turn right palm down; at same time raise left arm to similar position and move hands swiftly towards each other and out again, looking from one side to the other to darting swallows. (6) Point downward with left hand, palm down. (7) Raise left arm to shoulder level and give gentle sweep to left side. (8) Raise arms high in front and move hands toward each other, then out to sides. (9) Lower arms pointing downward and move hands in same way. (10) Extend both arms to right; then sweep across to left. (11) Float arms to right side with undulating movements. (12) Point upward toward right, moving fingers rapidly for leaves. (13) Same with left hand. (14) Point upward with right, then downward with left. (15) Carry both arms with undulating movement from right to left. (16) Raise both arms, curving them toward each other at head level. (17) Carry arms downward towards earth, palms front. (18) Point outward to right. (19) Like (1) then turn and carry downward and outward to shoulder level with palms down.

THE OWL.

By Alfred Tennyson.

When cats run home, and light is come, (1)
And dew is cold upon the ground, (2)
And the far-off stream is dumb, (3)
And the whirring sail goes round, (4)
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits, (5)
The white owl in the belfry sits. (6)

When merry milkmaids click the latch, (7)
And rarely smells the new-mown hay, (8)
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch, (9)
Twice or thrice his roundelay, (10)
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits, (5)
The white owl in the belfry sits. (6)

Question pupils about poem, and explain anything foreign in their experiences, that they may not hold incorrect pictures in mind. (1) Carry right hand, palm down, out to side with sweeping movement. Raise both arms in front, pointing above horizon. (2) Lower both arms, palms down, and look at ground. (3) Point to right front with straight fingers. (4) Raise left arm and make large circles in front. (5) Tip head forward, and stand with elbows bent, arms close to sides. (6) Point upward to left. (7) Extend right hand to click the latch. (8) Point both hands to ground, palms front, and extend them slightly to sides. (9) Point to left. (10) Raise both forearms in front on "twice" and lower on "thrice" to mid line with palms up.

THE LEAFLETS.

By Kate L. Brown.

[From "Nature and Verse," by permission of Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Co.]

Dance, little leaflets, dance, (1)
'Neath the tender sky of Spring; (2)
Dance in the golden sun, (1)
To the tune that the robins sing. (1)
Now you are light and young,
Just fit for a baby play;
So dance, little leaflets, dance, (1)
And welcome the merry May. (1)

Sway, little leaflets, sway, (3)
In the ardent sunlight's glow; (3)
Oh, what a sleepy world! (4)
For August has come, you know.
Many a drowsy bird
Is drooping its golden crest, (5)
So sway, little leaves, and rock (3)
The orioles in their nests. (3)

Swing, litle leaflets, swing; (6)
The quail pipes in the corn; (7)
Under the harvest sun, (8)
The cardinal flower is born. (9)
Russet and gold and red
Little leaves are gayly dress'd; (10)
Is it holiday time with you
That you have put on your best? (11)

Fall, little leaflets, fall, (12)
  Your mission is not sped; (12)
Shrill pipes the Winter wind, (13)
  And the happy Summer's dead.
Make now a blanket warm, (12)
  For the leaves till the Spring-winds call; (14)
You must carpet the waiting earth, (15)
  So fall, little leaflets, fall. (12)

(1) Look upward, raise both arms and swing hands in circles from wrist. (2) Float both hands down to shoulder level, turn palms up and look from one part of sky to other.

(3) Raise arms as in (1) and swing hands slowly from side to side with wrist movement. (4) Drop arms to sides, and slowly close eyes.

(5) Drop head forward. (6) Raise arms and swing the hands up and down from wrist. (7) Point to right. (8) Point upward. (9) Point down to ground. (10) Point upward with both hands looking from one side to other. (11) Lower hands to mid line, turn palms up, and continue looking up at trees. (12) Raise arms and float gently downward, moving slightly from side to side, as a leaf flutters down. (13) Shiver. (14) Hold position of hands down, palms toward floor. (15) Move hands to sides.

ARIEL'S SONGS.

By William Shakespeare.

I.

Come unto these yellow sands, (1)
And then take hands: (2)
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd (3)
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there; (4)
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark! (5) The watch-dogs bark; (6)
  Bow-wow. Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! (5) I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer. (7)
  Cock-a-diddle-dow.

II.

Full fathom five thy father lies; (8)
  Of his bones are coral made, (9)
Those are pearls that were his eyes. (10)
  Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change (11)
Into something rich and strange. (12)
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell; (13)
  Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them, (5) Ding-dong, bell. (13)

III.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I. (14)
In a cowslip bell I lie,—(15)
  There I couch (16) when owls do cry,
  On the bat's back I do fly (17)
After Summer merrily.
  Merrily, merrily shall I live now (18)
  Under the blossom that hangs on the bough. (19)

Ariel was "an airy Spirit." Explain to children the occasions of these songs as told in "The Tempest," and try to have them catch their spirit and meaning.

(1) Extend both arms in front pointing down to sands. (2) Move arms from front to sides to "take hands." (3) Make graceful curtsy and kiss hand toward right. (4) Extend right foot, pointing toe toward floor; extend left. (5) Bend forward in listening attitude. (6) Stand erect. (7) Stand erect and point to left. (8) Both hands pointing straight downward in front. (9) Still holding hands down, turn palms front. (10) Raise hands to mid front line on "pearls," then upward on "eyes." (11) Raise hands slowly upward in front, palms front, in surprise. (12) Lower hands to mid front line, turning palms up. (13) Motions of pulling a bell-rope. (14) Point down to flower with right hand, then point to self on "I." (15) Point to left. (16) Bring left arm up, bend elbow, and droop head upon it as if sleeping. (17) Flying movement, floating arms up and down at sides. (18) Clasp hands joyously in front of chest. (19) Tip head backward, looking up, and point up with both hands.

THE COMING STORM.

By Lilliput Levee.

The tree-tops rustle, (1) the tree-tops wave; (2)
They hustle, they bustle; (1) and down in a cave (3)
The winds are murmuring, ready to rave. (4)

The skies are dimming; (5) the birds fly low, (6)
Skimming and swimming, their wings are slow; (7)
They float, they are carried, they scarcely go. (8)

The dead leaves hurry; (9) the waters, too,
Hurry and scurry, (10) as if they knew
A storm was at hand, (11) the smoke is blue. (12)

(1) Raise both arms and swing hands in circles from wrist. (2) Swing hands from side to side. (3) Lower hands in front and look down. (4) Make larger and slower circles with same wrist movement. (5) Point upward in front with both hands. (6) Lower arms in front. (7) Extend both arms with quick movement to left side; then to right; then extend at each side at head level and float slowly down to shoulder level. (8) Arms extended motionless at sides. (9) Raise arms in front and float downward like whirling leaves. (10) Extend both arms to right and carry across to left with undulating movements from wrist. (11) From "scurry" turn palms up and hold extended arms at mid line. (12) Point forward and outward with right hand.

LIKE A CRADLE.

By Saxe Holm.

Like a cradle, rocking, rocking (1)
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,— (1)
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,— (2)
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning, (3)
Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow; (3)
Falls the light of God's face bending (4)
Down and watching us below. (2)

(1) Advance one foot and sway forward and back. (2) Raise both hands to mid line, palms forward, and look downward. (3) Raise hands in front to head level, and revolve them slowly around each other. (4) Float hands slightly outward at same level, and hold them with palms down, head bent forward.

[*To be continued.*]

Stage Effects in "Ben-Hur."

"BEN-HUR" was published in 1880, yet twenty years elapsed before it was dramatized. Through courtesy of *Scientific American* we present the following article and illustrations of scenes as played at the Broadway Theater, New York, representing the latest phases of good stage mechanism. It will be remembered that Ben-Hur, hero of the play, is betrayed by Messala, his one-time friend, and is hurried away to the galleys, while his family are thrown into prison and their possessions confiscated. The Roman tribune, impressed with the appearance of Ben-Hur, now a galley slave, gives orders that when they go into battle Ben-Hur shall not, like other galley slaves, be chained, for, in case of the boat sinking, the slaves would all be drowned. Then comes an action with pirates, in which the galley is sunk. The crash and grinding of timbers are admirably rendered by what is known as a "crash" machine. Lights are turned out and in an instant are lighted again, showing the wreck scene (Fig. I.). The side scenes fold up instantly when the change is made and drop to floor. The rowers' benches are pushed out of the way and the borders and back-drop are raised from view. The galley slaves with their oars drop to floor, and men from the rear draw forward a painted cloth which represents the sea; it is secured to a batten and is laid down back of footlights. Men now step forward carrying the cloth which covers the raft, which rests upon the tribune's seat. The back-drop scene was in place before the back-drop of the galley was raised, It will be remembered that galley slaves are lying on floor and they now throw up and down the canvas cloth, producing a most realistic imitation

of waves. They are assisted by a number of men in the wings, who pull the cloth in unison. The raft itself consists of two cradles, so hinged that a rocking motion is given in two directions. This is done by Ben-Hur and Arrius themselves. The raft is in position in previous scene, but is not allowed to move, being held by pins, which are removed by men behind. With an electrical sun and proper electrical effects, the scene is realistic and interesting.

Ben-Hur, in his wanderings, comes across his enemy, Messala, and decides to humble and ruin him by a chariot race in the circus at Antioch, and this scene is one of the most realistic ever produced. It is a combination of various effects, some of them old and many of them entirely new. When first introduced on the stage, the horse race was a decided novelty, and it is doubtful if any stage-illusion is more ingenious. The two principal plays in which the horse race has been used are Neil Burgess's production of "The County Fair" and the Paris play, "Paris Port de Mer." In both of these plays three horses, each ridden by a jockey, race on the stage without going out of sight of spectators. In these plays is an illusion true to nature; the horses, appearing to be free from all restraint, are really galloping, the ground disappearing under their feet and landscape as well as fences fly past in direction contrary to forward motion of the horse. This is accomplished by means of a treadmill, which the horses themselves actuate.

A large part of the illusion depends on the background, which gives the idea of positive motion, and the one shown in Fig. II. It embodies means for mounting and driving traveling aprons at rear and sides of stage, so as to prevent any break in scene, and this, of course, gives the audience the impression of change of scenery, as in the illusion the spectator follows the racing horses. At rear of stage is an endless apron, flanked on each side by smaller endless aprons, each complete in itself, but operated in unison. When not in use the side aprons may be folded back against rear apron. On these aprons are painted representations of background of scene; in this case representing the antique circus at Antioch filled with spectators. Directly below the chariots will be seen the electric motor which actuates all three aprons of panorama. It is a five-horse power motor, operated by the assistant, who stands at switchboard and receives signal of stage-manager by a flash of a colored electric lamp. The motor is started manually. A twisted belt imparts motion to a vertical shaft on which are three pulleys, one to receive power from countershaft and the others to transmit power to the two ends of vertical shafts, which each carry a cylindrical drum, around which the aprons are passed. Their rotation causes the apron to travel continuously, and gear-wheels are provided, which impart motion to the side aprons, so that they are all driven in same direction, and to the spectator the three aprons appear to be a continuous, unbroken scene. Notwithstanding the fact that the panorama is 96 feet wide and 25 feet high, the three panoramas are all rotated 2,000 feet a minute by a two-horse power motor. The ease with which this enormous extent of canvas is driven is largely owing to the method of suspension. There is an endless track mounted rigidly on and extending between the outrigger-structures at the two ends, and on this wheels or roll-

ers are mounted to run on the tracks. The wheels or rollers are secured to hangers attached to a belt running around upper portions of drum to which panorama apron is fastened. By these means the apron is suspended in proper position, and is caused to turn true around the drums without crinkling or being subjected to other distortion. The lower edges of the aprons are provided with a belt-mechanism, similar to that at top, which serves to keep bottom edge of apron in proper position. These belts also serve to receive the power transmitted by the drums, which arrangement avoids straining the apron, as would be the case were the apron engaged directly with the drums. These hangers are shaped as frustums of a cone and are mounted by ball-bearings on the spindles which carry them.

To make the illusion complete, exceedingly ingenious means cause the chariots to appear to be actually moving over the ground. This illusion is effected by a number of narrow, endless canvas belts, painted in low tones to represent the ground and placed edgewise on stage between and in front of chariots and extending across stage. On being driven toward rear of chariot it appears to spectator that the chariots are moving over the ground. To give proper perspective to this effect the speed at which the belts are driven is gradually decreased toward rear of stage. Suitable gearing is provided for driving these belts, which are actuated by an independent motor shown at right of picture. The belts themselves are carried on pulleys mounted on housings which may be readily placed in position when the scene is set. For connecting the pulleys which carry the belts with gear for driving them, couplings are provided which pass through floor of stage and which may be readily taken up when the chariots are removed, leaving a clear and uninterrupted stage.

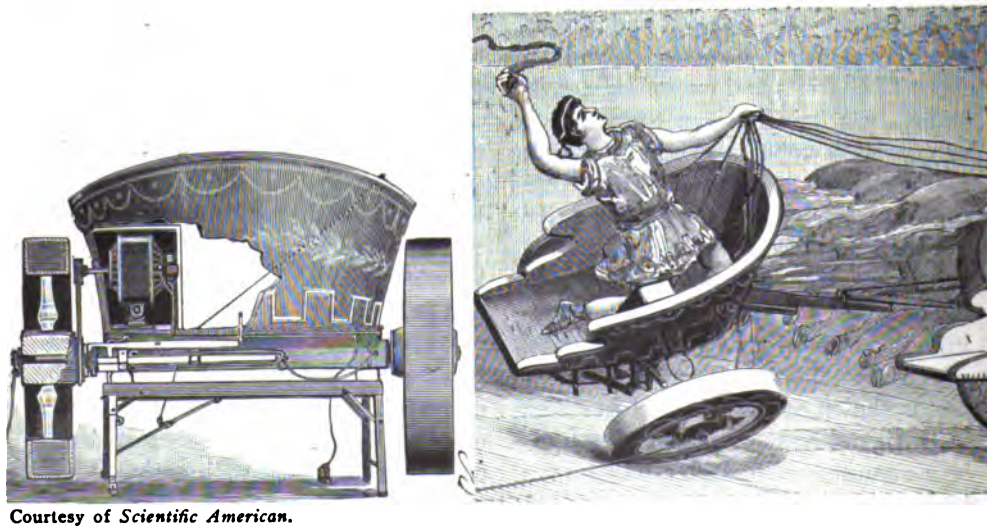
We now come to the chariots themselves (Fig. III.).

Treadmills are placed immediately beneath the stage and are covered by sections of planking which are removed and carried out to the wings when the race is to take place. There are eight treadmills, one for each horse, and the horses are brought from stables a short time before needed, and take their places with artists and supernumeraries awaiting their cue to go on the stage. They seem to take huge delight in the performance, and seem to know to the minute the time when they are to run. There are two chariots and each is supposed to be drawn by four horses, and each chariot is provided with a pole. The chariot of Ben-Hur is not a trick chariot, but that of Messala is arranged to go to pieces when Ben-Hur is supposed to strike his chariot, throwing him and causing him to lose the race. The chariot wheels do not rest on floor of stage, but are supported on metal yokes not noticed by audience. The wheels are actuated by a small electric motor inside the body, and can be switched on by the drivers. Both chariots have these motors, and current is obtained by aid of plugs inserted in floor. The chariot of Messala is arranged so that at the critical moment when Ben-Hur strikes Messala's chariot by dropping a catch, powerful springs on axle throw the wheels off and body of chariot drops on a yoke provided with springs. Of course, it is necessary to make one of the chariots appear to go ahead of the other. This could be managed by allowing the horses really to advance,

but with four horses this might prove dangerous. The same means is accomplished by having the four treadmills and the place Messala's chariot rests on an independent section of flooring, which can be moved back 15 feet. Underneath stage joists support this movable section and it slides directly on top of these joists. Curtains simulating the color of stage close the aperture at both ends, so that it is not visible to audience.

At extreme right of Fig. II. behind side of panorama, will be seen men working at a winch. This winch winds up a wire rope which is carried over a pulley at extreme left underneath stage, and is connected with entire movable section carrying Messala's chariot and horses, and three men move the whole affair back with ease and give the appearance of Ben-Hur winning the race. A stop is provided so that the treadmill cannot be operated by the horses until panorama has begun to move and curtain is ready for operation. The horses are very securely fastened, so that there is little danger of accident. To simulate dust raised by chariot wheels, a combination of powders is forced out underneath horses' feet and behind chariot wheels. This is accomplished by a blower in cellar, driven by same electric motor which actuates the belts. The dust is fed into a hopper and blown through fourteen ducts arranged at proper intervals to produce desired result. The "dust" is a combination of vegetable products arranged so as to imitate the dust of a road having the buoyancy of natural dust without its grit.

It requires about eight minutes to set this scene, and in that time the side panoramas are folded out into position, sections of floors are removed, and chariots are rolled into position and adjusted. The horses are hitched to chariots, connections are made with belts for giving effect of moving ground, and dust arrangements are put in place.



Courtesy of *Scientific American.*

FIG. III.—TRICK CHARIOT IN "BEN-HUR."

Courtesy of *Scientific American.*

FIG. I.—WRECK SCENE IN "BEN-HUR," SHOWING MECHANISM EMPLOYED.

Courtesy of Scientific American.

FIG. II.—CHARIOT RACE IN THE CIRCUS OF ANTIOCH—BEN-HUR DESTROYS MESSALA'S CHARIOT AND WINS THE RACE.

Posed by Emma L. Ambler.

MRS. H. H. SALMAN AS "HIGHLAND MARY."

"If a body meet a body, comin' thro' the rye."

EMMA L. AMBLER,

Arranger of the following poses soon to appear in WERNER'S MAGAZINE:

6 "Gipsy Fantasy" poses.
6 Child poses.
2 "Minnehaha" poses.
1 "Juliet and Nurse" pose.

WILLIAM G. STEWART,

General Director of the American School of Opera, an institution recently incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, for the exclusive purpose of giving instruction in opera repertoire in English.

CHARLES LUNN,

Writer of article, "Practical Vocal Physiology."
See page 109 of this issue.

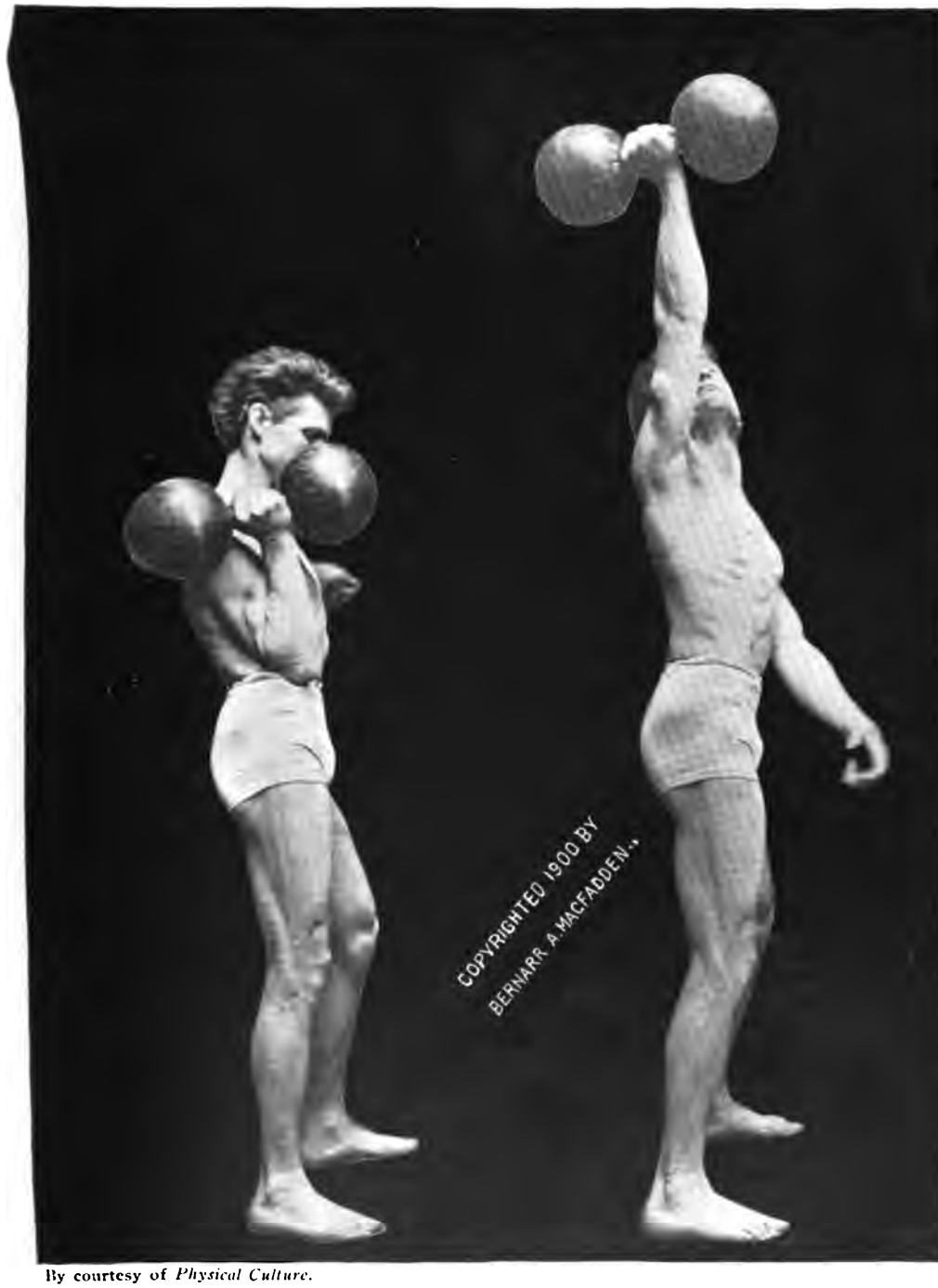
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SENT TO PARIS EXPOSITION ILLUSTRATIVE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE WORK IN NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH SENT TO PARIS EXPOSITION ILLUSTRATIVE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE WORK IN NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By courtesy of *Physical Culture*.

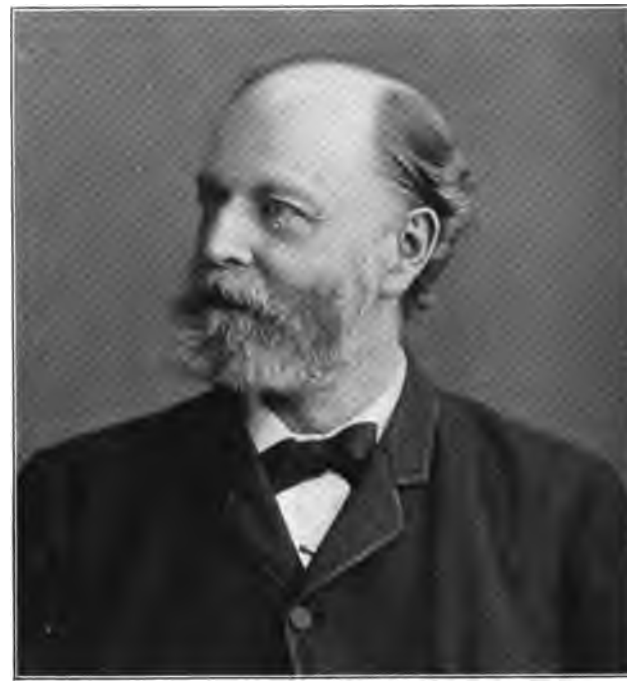
Bernarr A. McFadden, Athlete, Before and After a Seven Days' Fast.

Bernarr A. McFadden, the athlete, is shown above, before and after a seven days' fast, during which he lost fifteen pounds. He took no nourishment, although he drank freely of water. His theory is that diseases can be cured by fasting. He asks, "When animals are sick they stop eating—why shouldn't man? The American people are actually eating themselves into their graves!" During his fast he walked every day ten miles, and attended to his regular work. His greatest discomfort was in the first four days, while "the sixth and seventh days were by far the most comfortable. I felt it would require but little effort to continue on for three or four weeks. I thoroughly believe any one can be benefited by intelligently fasting at times."



By courtesy of *Physical Culture.*

BERNARR A. McFADDEN PUTTING 100-LB. DUMB-BELL OVER HEAD WITH ONE ARM AFTER SEVEN DAYS' FAST.



Moses True Brown.

Moses True Brown died at Sandusky, Ohio, September 11, 1900.

MOSES TRUE BROWN was born at Deerfield, N. H., March 4, 1827; was educated at Manchester High School; taught in public schools for a number of years; served for two years as critic and adviser of the publishing firm of Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., of Cincinnati, resigning to take the road as teacher of elocution in schools and colleges. After a year of itinerary teaching he settled in Boston, where he set up as independent teacher of elocution. In a short time he became professor of oratory at Tufts College, a position he held for over twenty years. During this time he came under the personal influence of Professor Lewis B. Monroe, dean of the Boston University School of Oratory. After Monroe's death in 1879 the school was abandoned by the university and was reorganized as a private enterprise by Professor Robert R. Raymond, who continued it until 1884, being succeeded by Professor Brown, who remained its president and proprietor until 1894, when, upon physician's advice, he retired from active work and removed to Sandusky, the home of his wife, Cora B. Barney, whom he married in 1863, and who died four years ago. After discontinuing the Boston School of Oratory he lectured in various parts of the country, filling an engagement as late as last May at Ohio Wesleyan University, where he had planned to give a more extended course this season. The National Association of Elocutionists at its Chautauqua meeting in 1899, elected him an honorary member, this distinction having been conferred upon only a few fathers in elocution, namely: James E. Murdoch, Alexander Melville Bell, William Rounsville Alger, Francis T. Russell, John C. Zachos, and Moses True Brown.

Professor Brown was active in forming the Ohio State Association of Elocutionists; was its first active president, and its honorary president thereafter ever since. This association meets at Sandusky early in October. The Board of Directors had

planned to make the occasion one of special honor to Professor Brown; a gold-headed cane was to have been presented him, while he himself had planned several social functions for the association. Probably his chief excellence as an elocutionist rests upon his interpretation of Dickens, whom he heard during his visit to this country and to whose works he devoted careful study. Many of his writings appeared in WERNER'S MAGAZINE. "The Synthetic Philosophy of Expression"—his chief literary work—is an attempt to reconcile the expressional teachings of Delsarte, Darwin, Spencer, Mantegazza, and others. At one of his summer schools Professor Brown sent a challenge broadcast to anyone who wished to attack this book. This was characteristic of him. Whatever may have been his shortcomings, he was a fearless and manly antagonist; he was outspoken; there was no doubt of where he stood nor of what he thought; he was always ready to express his views and to defend his theories. He would exclaim: "Lay on, Macduff, and damned be him that first cries, Hold, enough!"

Probably it never will be written, but a full and frank history of the work and relations of Professor Brown, Dr. S. S. Curry and Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson—three conspicuous, contemporaneous Boston elocutionists—would make an interesting chapter in the history of American elocution.

About a month ago Professor Brown had a fall which paralyzed parts of the upper body. Then his old trouble of the bladder became active and, having no strength to resist, he succumbed. A post-mortem revealed a malignant tumor which would have taken him off shortly even if paralysis had not hastened his death.

Professor Brown helped many good causes by bequests, among them an endowment to the Ohio Wesleyan School of Oratory, left in trust to Professor Robert I. Fulton for the school. This endowment will stand as a lasting memorial to him.

Professor Brown's relations with WERNER'S MAGAZINE were cordial and active until his retirement from the profession. He gave our enterprise substantial support, and was ever willing to aid by counsel. Our personal relations were always friendly. We feel a personal bereavement in his death, and the elocutionary profession has lost a towering and unique personality from its ranks. He belonged to a school of elocution that is fast disappearing.

ENTERTAINMENTS

I.

THE PUMPKIN PIE MAKERS.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR SEVERAL LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS.

CHARACTERS.

GODDESS OF THE PUMPKIN PIE.
TEN LITTLE MAIDS.
PUMPKIN RUNNER BOYS.
EGG MAIDENS.
SPICE BOYS.
FLOUR MAIDENS.
LITTLE MILKMEN.
SUGAR MAIDENS.

COSTUMES.

GODDESS in pumpkin colored cheese cloth, cap of same material, having gilt paper star in front. A wand covered with gilt paper in her hand.

TEN LITTLE MAIDS in short-waisted, white cheese cloth gowns; hair waved and flowing.

PUMPKIN RUNNER BOYS with snow shoes, black suits, big yellow wigs, and yellow ties.

EGG MAIDENS wear white suits, trimmed with egg yellow cheese cloth, slippers and sashes of same color.

SPICE BOYS wear brown suits and mottled ties.

FLOUR MAIDENS wear black dresses covered with flour dust.

LITTLE MILKMEN wear blue overalls and calico shirts, no collars.

SUGAR MAIDENS wear cream gowns and pink sashes.

DIRECTIONS.

All the little maidens should trip in lightly and gracefully. The boys come gliding in or come in making a noise.

SCENE.

As curtain rises GODDESS OF THE PUMPKIN PIE is seen at stage L. C., seated on throne. From stage R. enter TEN LITTLE MAIDS, who trip across the stage and bow low to GODDESS, then face audience.

TEN LITTLE MAIDS [*sing*]. Ten little maids from school are we,
Joyous and happy and full of glee;
Home for vacation, and glad to see,
The Goddess of Pumpkin Pie.

[TEN LITTLE MAIDS *face* GODDESS.]

GODDESS. Who can eat a pumpkin pie?

TEN LITTLE MAIDS [*dancing around in a circle, shout*]. I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I.

[*Each in turn, voices going the scale to sol, then back from sol.*]

GODDESS. Who can make a pumpkin pie?

[TEN LITTLE MAIDS *look sad, then each in turn sighs and shakes head.*]

GODDESS. Poor dears! Well here's a recipe good and true,
Which I now gladly give to you.

[*Hands one of them a long, narrow strip of paper, and another a bell. They stand in straight line across back of stage.*]

GODDESS. When all is ready tap the bell,
And forth will come, as in a spell,
All things you need; so do it well.

[*The maid with bell taps it, and then passes bell to next girl. Enter* PUMPKIN RUNNER BOYS *stage R. They roll before them a large yellow pumpkin. When near* GODDESS'S *throne they bow low, and speak.*]

PUMPKIN RUNNER BOYS. We have come to represent
At your call our pumpkin race.

[*They bow, roll pumpkin to stage C., and step to one side. Next maiden taps bell and passes it. Enter* EGG MAIDENS *stage R. with baskets of white eggs. They bow to* GODDESS, *then speak.*]

EGG MAIDENS. Eggs you're wanting.
Our white shells
Of good health
Right plainly tell.

[*They place baskets of eggs a short distance from pumpkin, then move to one side. Next girl taps bell. Enter* SPICE BOYS. *They bring large pans of spice, bow to* GODDESS, *then speak.*]

FIRST SPICE BOY. I am ginger. [*Puts pan of ginger on floor near eggs.*]

SECOND SPICE BOY. I am cloves. [*Puts pan of cloves next.*]

ALL SPICE BOYS. Don't let us get too near your nose. [*Put down rest of pans, making circle about pumpkin.*]

[*They step to one side. Next maid taps bell and then passes it. Enter* FLOUR MAIDENS *bearing large wooden trays of flour. They bow to* GODDESS, *then whirling about speak.*]

FLOUR MAIDENS. We're the flour, white and clean,
Don't you see [*whirl*], don't you see [*whirl*],
Better you have never seen,
Don't you see [*whirl rapidly*], don't you see [*whirl rapidly*].

[*They set flour down, then step to one side. Next maid taps bell and passes it, while* LITTLE MILKMEN *enter bearing brown jugs of milk. They bow to* GODDESS, *then speak.*]

LITTLE MILKMEN. Milk is very good to drink,
Which we can testify,
For pumpkin pie you'll need, I think
Our brown jugs' best supply.

[*They set jugs beside flour, then step to one side. Maid taps bell. Enter* SUGAR MAIDENS *with bowls of sugar. They bow to* GODDESS, *then speak.*]

SUGAR MAIDENS. We bring forth the sugar sweet;
Taste of it, it's good to eat.

[*They set sugar down, forming a second circle, and skip to one side.* GODDESS *waves her wand, and the* TEN LITTLE MAIDS *glide around the pumpkin and in and out among the other things, as if mixing, singing as they go chorus to tune of "Yankee Doodle."*]

We will have a pumpkin pie, pumpkin pie, pumpkin pie,
We will have a pumpkin pie for Thanksgiving dinner.

[*Repeat the march and song over and over again until the pie is supposed to be thoroughly mixed. Then step to one side and the* EGG MAIDENS, FLOUR MAIDENS, *and* SUGAR MAIDENS *form a close circle about the things. Then the* PUMPKIN RUNNER BOYS, SPICE BOYS, *and* LITTLE MILKMEN *form circle outside of them. All kneel, faces in and bend heads toward the center of circle. Then* TEN LITTLE MAIDS *separate, advancing from all sides of stage looking over kneeling ones, and nodding to one another with air of satisfaction.*]

ONE LITTLE MAID FROM SCHOOL. Now it's ready for the baking,

ANOTHER LITTLE MAID FROM SCHOOL. Oh, what fun there is in making,

ALL LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL. A good pumpkin pie.

[TEN LITTLE MAIDS *now pass to position in front of* GODDESS *and kneel.*]

GODDESS. Blessings on you little Maids,
These materials, and all aids,
Blessings on your Pumpkin Pie.

[GODDESS *rises, waves wand, and moves toward stage R. followed by* TEN LITTLE MAIDS. *When near door* GODDESS *moves wand again and the pie materials lift heads, rise slowly and glide off stage with materials, in the order in which they entered.*]

CURTAIN.

II.

AN INVITATION.

By MADELINE BRIDGES.

DORIS. Yes, dear, my invitation came today. I'm dying to go, but I simply dare not broach it to Harry!

DAISY RUSH. Oh, but why?

DORIS. Because he abominates the smart set—and the Leedhoffs are at the head of the clique. If we accept the invitation—but, that's out of the question; it would mean new gowns, don't you know, and all sorts of expense; and we would be expected to invite them here in return.

DAISY RUSH. You wouldn't. They're starting for Egypt in a month. Dodie, if you have no feeling for yourself, think of *me!* You *must* accept, on grounds of common humanity. Harry can beg off.

DORIS. *He* would not allow me to make the visit alone. He doesn't approve of the ways and manners of that little coterie—and the Leedhoffs especially. He declares they are as vulgar as they are arrogant.

DAISY RUSH. [*reflectively.*] They give you no end of a good time, all the same. Dodie, if you love me, do make an effort; *do* try to use your influence!

DORIS. Oh, I have the effort already planned. There is just one chance; and you may be sure I'll do my best. I'm longing to go with you to the Leedhoffs every bit as much as you are longing to have me by your side.

DAISY RUSH. Then you'll manage it!

DORIS. Sh! Here he comes. Run! Into the wardrobe with you! Don't suffocate, and please don't sneeze! [*To* HARRY, *as he enters*] Well, dearest! Anything I can do for you?

HARRY. Two letters here, if you're in the way of scribbling; I want them copied, to send on to father.

DORIS. With pleasure, dear. Talking of letters, Kitty Leedhoff has just written me a nice one. She's a kind, simple little soul.

HARRY [*opening his eyes*]. Kitty Leedhoff, simple!

DORIS. She really is; kind and simple, both, when you know her.

HARRY. Yes. *When!*

DORIS. They want us to go up for four days, the week after next. There's to be a house party of the swells—the very pick and choice. I can't imagine how it ever occurred to her to invite us.

HARRY. H-m-m. Is it so very singular?

DORIS. I should say so! We may not think it an honor, but people are scrambling for these invitations! It is quite a mark of distinction to be singled out——

HARRY [*with sarcasm*]. Pity we aren't duly grateful!

DORIS [*nobly*]. I am grateful for the kindliness, at least. Of course, we can't accept.

HARRY. We *won't* accept.

DORIS. We *can't.* In the first place, it would cost money, and that is what you can't afford, just now; and then we are so—so humdrum in our ways. Our little sphere is so different—we would feel out of place.

HARRY. I agree with you; we *would* feel out of place, but not for that reason.

DORIS [*reflectively*]. It's curious, don't you know. Those Leedhoffs are so full of go and vivacity; they know just how to carry things off. You and I must really seem stiff and awkward to them; so it *was* nice of Kitty to ask us. She says—where's her letter? Well, she says that she is aware that you consider them rather frivolous people, but she hopes to have two or three bright minds among the stupid ones, so you may find a congenial spirit—and she says, if we should come, you will have the unique position of being the only handsome man in the party, though she supposes you are somewhat used to *that.*

HARRY. Why—er, her husband is a handsome fellow—shouldn't you say?

DORIS. Oh, yes—handsome, but, but—not like you. And Daisy Rush is invited. She is wild to have us with her, but I nipped her hopes in the bud. I told her it was not to be thought of.

HARRY. Ah—h! The week after next, did you say?

DORIS. The week after next. The Count and Countess of Wackembold are to be there, and that wonderful English beauty, Miss Creemencheese. We'd be scared to death, wouldn't we?

HARRY. Scared? At what? Hem! If we *should* think of going you will not have much time to make preparations.

DORIS. Oh, I would have time enough; but we're not thinking of it. At least, I'm not. We have not the money to spare, and —all those fine people, I declare, the thing *does* frighten me.

HARRY. Doris, you're talking nonsense.

DORIS. Oh, I don't suppose I should tremble visibly. However, I'll write and thank the little woman. By the way, Harry-boy, when you go down town, I wish you'd step in——

HARRY. Suppose we—we take up that invitation?

DORIS. What? Oh, you're joking.

HARRY. No; I'm not. Write to Mrs. Leedhoff and say that we will accept with pleasure.

DORIS. Indeed, I won't. It would be *most* inadvisable.

HARRY. I differ with you. If you have no stronger objections against the visit than those you have mentioned——

DORIS. Surely, they are strong enough. But understand me, I am entirely willing to do what you wish. I always am. If you think you will find any pleasure at the Leedhoffs, your Doris goes with you, hand in hand. Only, dearest, if you should regret the experience, please bear in mind that I gave you wise counsel. And now, Harry, go and take a nap; you look all tired out. I will attend to the letters for Pa. [*Exit* HARRY. *Enter* DAISY RUSH *from wardrobe.*]

DAISY RUSH. Well, for goodness' sake!

DORIS. It's all right, girlie! I've won the sweepstakes; he's persuaded me to go.

DAISY RUSH. I nearly choked in there.

DORIS. For want of air?

DAISY RUSH. No, with laughter. Poor old Harry-boy!

—*Truth.*

III.

100 PLAYS RECOMMENDED FOR PERFORMANCE OR FOR STUDY.

"As You Like It" (12 male—4 female); "Hamlet" (12—9); "Adrienne Lecouvreur" (8—8); "Happy Pair (1—1); "Heir-at-Law" (10—3); "The Honeymoon" (8—4); "Ingomar" (8—3); "Julius Cæsar" (22—3); "King Lear" (16—4); "Lend Me Five Shillings" (5—2); "Macbeth" (20—4); "Merchant of Venice" (12—3); "Midsummer Night's Dream" (14—6); "Othello" (18—2); "Pygmalion and Galatea" (5—4); "Richard III." (30—8); "Romeo and Juliet" (15—6); "School for Scandal" (16—6); "She Stoops To Conquer" (16—4); "The Tempest" (11—5); "Ticket of Leave Man" (9—3); "Twelfth Night" (14—4); "Camille" (7—2); "Frou Frou" (7—7); "Iron Master" (9—6); "Led Astray" (8—2); "Masks and Faces" (12—6); "The Two Orphans" (14—10); "The Shaughraun" (12—6); "The Falcon" (Tennyson); "The Doll's House" (Ibsen); "Blot on the Escutcheon" (Browning); "Book the Third" (2—1); "King John" (27—6); "Cape Mail" (3—4); "Comedy and Tragedy" (Gilbert), (12—2); "The Critic" (7—6); "Court Cards" (5—4); "Fazio" (10—3); "Harmony" (3—1); "The Hunchback" (12—2); "Ici on Parle Francais" (3—4); "Katharine and Petruchio" (10—3); "Ladies' Battle" (5—2); "Lady of Lyons" (12—5); "Leah the Forsaken" (10—7); "London Assurance" (10—3); "Lost in London" (7—3); "Love Chase" (10—7); "Love's Sacrifice" (8—4); "The Marble Heart" (8—6); "Medea" (6—5); "Much Ado About Nothing" (16—5); "Rough Diamond" (4—2); "Scrap of Paper" (6—6); "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" (7—4); "Theodora" (15—5); "Uncle's Will" (2—1); "Winter's Tale" (14—5); "Withered Leaves" (4—2); "Daniel Rochat" (19—5); "Ion" (10—3); "Long "Strike" (21—4); "Money" (17—3); "Richelieu" (13—2); "Barbara" (2—2); "Broken Hearts" (2—4); "Open Gate" (2—2); "The Snowball" (4—3).

Useful for Private Performances.

"Box and Cox" (2 male—1 female); "Captain of the Watch" (4—3) "Loan of a Lover" (4—2); "The Dowager" (4—3); "Meg's Diversion" (5—3); "Night of Suspense" (0—1); "Morning Call" (—1); "Our Bitterest Foe" (2—1); "Our Boys" (6—4); "Pipkin's Rustic Retreat" (5—3); "Sweethearts" (2—2); "Twenty Minutes Under an Umbrella" (1—1); "Wedding March" (11—6); "Who Killed Cock Robin" (2—2); "Woodcock's Little Game" (4—3); "Caprice" (5—2); "Caste" (5—3); "Home" (4—3); "Married Life" (5—5); "School" (5—9); "Arabian Nights" (4—5); "Dream Faces" (2—2); "Drifted Apart" (1—1); "In Honor Bound" (2—2); "Pair of Lunatics" (1—1); "Petticoat Perfidy" (—3); "Sunset" (3—3); "Three Hats" (5—4); "Yellow Roses" (1—1); "On Bail" (9—7); "Still Waters Run Deep" (9—2).—*Franklin H. Sargent.*

IV.

CAROLINA ROSE'S COURTSHIP AND WEDDING PARTY.

Send out invitations two weeks in advance. Word invitation so that lady and gentleman mentioned will come together.

> MRS. ALICE BROWN and her daughter ALICE MAY. cordially invite MR. JOHN SPENCER and MISS LUCY MILLER to be present at CAROLINA ROSE'S COURTSHIP and WEDDING PARTY on Nov. 20, 1900, at 8 p. m. No. 140 Lincoln Place.
> November Sixth, Nineteen Hundred.

Hostess gives note-book and pencil to guests, who are asked to answer her questions by writing the names of flowers; the answers to the questions to make a story.

SAMPLE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. The name of the pretty girl the bride-to-be of the wedding?

A. Carolina Rose.

Q. Is she good looking?

A. An American beauty.

Q. What advice did her parents give her in choosing a husband?

A. Marigold.

Q. Did she have many lovers?

A. Phlox.

Q. Which one did she like best?

A. (Mr.) Basil.

Q. How did he propose?

A. Aster.

Q. What did she say?

A. Sweet William.

Q. What did he call her at that time?

A. Moss Rosebud.

Q. Whose consent did he have to win?

A. Poppy.

Q. What hour in the day was set for the wedding?

A. Four o'clock.

Q. What priests performed the ceremony?

A. Hazel and Hyacinth.

Q. Who were the bridesmaids?

A. Violet, Pansy and Lily.

Q. Who was the best man?

A. Adorus Veenalls.

Q. What did the bride wear on her head?

A. Orange flowers.

Q. And carry in her hand?

A. Bridal roses.

Q. Who gave her away?

A. Her father, Ionquit Rose.

Q. What decorated the church?

A. Apple blossoms.

Q. What music was played as she walked up the aisle?

A. Narcissus.

Q. How did the groom salute the bride?

A. Tulips.

Q. What did friends say on parting from her?

A. Forget-me-not.

Q. Where did they make their home?

A. Cape Jessamine.

Q. The name of their cottage?

A. Evergreen.

After all questions have been answered, books are collected and three judges (appointed by hostess) award a prize to the couple having the best story.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Evening Readings at the Brooklyn Institute Y. M. C. A. Building, Bond and Fulton Streets.

November 9—F. Hopkinson Smith: From his own works: "Dick Sands—Convict," and "The Man with the Empty Sleeve."
November 16—Leland T. Powers: "David Copperfield."
November 23—Katherine E. Oliver: "The Little Minister."
November 30—Livingston Barbour: "The Tale of Two Cities."
December 7—Gay Zenola McClaran: "The Sign of the Cross."
December 14—Jessie Alexander: "Enoch Arden," with musical accompaniment.
January 18—George Riddle: "Lucrezia Borgia," with musical accompaniment.
January 25—George Riddle: "The Merchant of Venice."
February 1—George Riddle: "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with orchestral accompaniment.
February 8—George Riddle: "Othello."
February 15—Mr. Riddle's 100th reading before Institute; play named by request of Institute, to be announced later.
February 22—George Riddle: "Hamlet."
March 2—F. Hopkinson Smith: From his own works; subjects announced later.
March 9—Gay Zenola McClaran: "Romeo and Juliet."
March 17—Marshall Darrach: "Macbeth."
March 23—Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh: "Paolo and Francesca."
March 30—Leland T. Powers: From works of Richard Harding Davis.
April 13—Marie Collins: "Peer Gynt," with musical accompaniment.

His Friend—What part did you find most difficult when you were on the stage?
Footlights—Trying to live up to the salary I told my friends I was drawing.

"So, then, Schubert is your favorite composer. Why is that?"
"Because he is the only composer whose works my wife does not play."

"Appearances are very deceptive," remarked the tenor.
"Yes," replied the prima donna, "especially farewell appearances."

Clara—He says I sing more beautifully than any girl he knows. What do you think of that?
Maud—I think he should extend his acquaintance."

CURRENT THOUGHT

VOICE-CULTURE AND MUSIC.

MME. MARCHESI GIVES PRINTED LESSONS IN SINGING.

This distinguished Paris singing-teacher is writing a series of articles for *Harper's Bazar*. Much of what she says is patronizing or frivolous, and should have been edited out. The first temptation is to write a humorous criticism, but the training of the singing-voice is too vital a question to waste time either of ourselves or of our readers. We therefore from a large quantity of chaff winnow a few kernels:

"An attractive appearance, the gifts of the musician, quickness of conception, power of representation, a good ear, a sound and rich voice of extended compass, added to an ardent desire to become an artist—such is the essential equipment. From the very inception of one's studies, vanity, false ambition, and greed must be set aside, and art only must inspire the pupil with zeal, compel industry, and illumine the distant goal. If the young singer comes of artistic stock, her future, provided the conditions already referred to are fulfilled, may be regarded as assured. From her earliest childhood she lives in musical atmosphere; from morning until night music and art are the themes of conversation; she listens to master-works; her taste is ever undergoing a process of refinement, her ear acquiring practice, her ambition gathering stimulus. As she moves about her home, merrily dancing and warbling, no stiff and grim governess, no severe anti-artistic parent censures or forbids as useless or improper her harmless diversions. In most ordinary households, as in aristocratic families, natural expression of feeling is repressed; form, icy form, must be respected. From infancy, the child must not laugh too loudly, must not give itself up to grief or to joy; it must, so to say, grow used to the fetters of conventionalism. A child that has undergone this experience will seldom make its mark in art. Yet, training of this sort finds favor not only in England, but in America, where, as all are aware, business interests, which are guarded with feverish anxiety, are held the main objects of life, and art plays a secondary part. It is true that, within the last few years, a considerable change has been noted, particularly since America has drawn to her shores the leading artists of the age, and has sent her students to gather artistic education in Europe. But the impress of early parental surroundings and of their artistically inexperienced native land abides; the free expression of students' feelings, indispensable to lyric declamation, is become impossible. An icy coating has formed about the youthful heart; to thaw it, not merely years of study, but contact and influence of lively and happy men and women, all aglow with the spirit of art, is needed.

"How shall the education of a child be conducted which, from infancy, has revealed the possession of an acute ear, a vivacious temperament, and valuable gifts —a sweet voice and one true of pitch; of a child who, from morn to eve, sings with faultless intonation the melodies it overhears; and prefers sitting at the piano and fingering the scales to busying itself with dolls?

"With due consideration for the bodily health of this gifted little creature, its parents, after it has learned the alphabet and is between seven and eight years of age, may give it piano-instruction, without, however, constraining it to too constant practice. When the girl reaches her twelfth year, and change to womanhood claims all her physical strength to preserve her voice for the future, all singing must be strictly prohibited. Woe to those who disregard this injunction! Now that the goung girl's lips are temporarily sealed, her general education must be commenced. Literature, declamation, history, harmony, history of music, French, German and Italian languages—all these branches of learning must be thoroughly studied. The soundness, strength, and endurance of the voice being determined, and leaving nothing to be wished for, the study of singing may, when the student is eighteen or nineteen years old, be begun.

"When intonation is uncertain, the voice small as to compass, or worn or displaced through other methods; when the outward appearance is displeasing and the disposition gloomy or reserved—I unhesitatingly advise the pupil against the choice of an operatic career.

"To become an operatic singer one should possess, besides an attractive personality, a strong voice, resonant in all its registers; the conceptive power of a born artist, an iron memory, and unquestionable talent for the stage. The concert-singer must study voice-placing, conception, interpretation, declamation, foreign tongues, etc., thoroughly and diligently. It will scarcely be believed when I assert that the concert-singer must master the art of song more completely than the operatic songstress; that the work must be more finished, even, than that of her haughty sister. The operatic songstress is aided by the stage-setting, the scenery, the orchestra, the chorus, and her brother and sister singers, all of which hold the attention of the public, and cause it often to overlook small defects; while

the concert-singer stands alone in his or her solitude, and reveals the slightest shortcomings. It is only through absolute completeness of performance that the concert-singer wins the favor of the public and rises to the highest position attainable.

"Some of the new prophets say there are not three registers in the female voice. To this I answer: There are. The connection of the registers often offers extreme difficulty; in some cases, particularly when the voice is naturally hard, unyielding, and powerful, months of study are necessary before the tones are made even and the passage from one register to another becomes imperceptible. Contralto and mezzo-soprano voices are in this regard more difficult of management than soprano voices.

"I caution the pupil against a too violent attack (called *coup de glotte*) which many teachers counsel, and which wearies the vocal cords. A beginner must not practice, at the very outset, more than half an hour daily. Concerning the opening of the glottis, when attacking the tone—this new discovery, this fantasy of an overwrought brain, must be steadfastly opposed. For the completion of the tone, the closing of the glottis, on the two edges of which, as it is known, the vocal cords lie, is indispensable. The efficiency of the vocal cords must be increased by their being drawn together, provided always that in the attack of a tone a hard impulse (known as the *coup de glotte,* as mentioned above) be sedulously avoided.

"The position of the mouth must be natural and absolutely unartificial. No change must take place in passing from one register to another; no forced, grinning smile worn during study; this is but a mask applied to the face, and leads to the formation of the shallow, open tone that the French term a *voix blanche,* and makes sustained singing almost impossible. In vocalizing, as also in exercises, in florid style the pupil must never change position of mouth, as this produces a change in vowels. It happens, unfortunately, but too frequently that songstresses, through incorrect tone-formation and a wrong attack of higher tones, distort their mouths in order to produce by force the complete tone. This bad habit, this dangerous effort, would be prevented from the very beginning by good schooling. Song is dependent upon internal not upon external mechanism.

"Habits such as drinking glass upon glass of iced water, eating fresh bread, and nibbling at sweets all day long, must be overcome. The student of singing must make great sacrifices for the preservation of the voice; the singer is usually the slave of his or her instrument. Bicycling, rowing, dancing, long walks, reading late at night, singing too soon after meals, exposure to excessive heat or cold, too frequent theatre parties or social gatherings—all must be abandoned."

HOW LISZT TAUGHT.

"Liszt never taught in the ordinary sense of the word. During the entire time that I was with him I did not see him give a regular lesson in the pedagogical sense. He would notify us to come up to the Altenburg (Liszt's house at Weimar). For instance, he would say to me, 'Tell the boys to come up to-night at half-past six or seven.' We would go up there and he would call on us to play. I remember very well the first time I played to him after I had been accepted as a pupil. I began with the 'Ballade' of Chopin in A flat major; then I played a fugue by Handel in E minor.

"After I was well started he began to get excited. He made audible suggestions, inciting me to put more enthusiasm into my playing, and occasionally he would push me gently off the chair and sit down at the piano and play a phrase or two himself by way of illustration. He gradually got me worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that I put all the grit that was in me into my playing. I found at this first lesson that he was very fond of strong accents in order to mark off periods and phrases, and he talked so much about strong accentuation that one might have supposed that he would abuse it, but he never did.

"While I was playing to him for the first time, he said on one of the occasions when he pushed me from the chair: 'Don't play it that way. Play it like this.' Evidently I had been playing ahead in a steady, uniform way. He sat down, and gave the same phrases with an accentuated, elastic movement which let in a flood of light upon me. From that one experience I learned to bring out the same effect, where it was appropriate, in almost every piece that I played. It eradicated much that was mechanical, stilted and unmusical in my playing, and developed an elasticity of touch which has lasted all my life.

"At this first lesson I must have played for two or three hours. For some reason or other Raff was not present, but Klindworth and Pruckner were there. They lounged on a sofa and smoked, and I remember wondering if they appreciated the nice time they were having at my ordeal. However, not many days afterward came my opportunity to light a cigar and lounge about the room while Liszt put them through their paces. Two or three hours is not a long time for a professional musician to practice, and I had often spent many more hours at the piano, but never under such strong incitement. I was exceedingly tired afterward, and actually felt stiff the next day, as if I had performed some very arduous physical work.

"The difference between Liszt's playing and that of others was the difference between creative genius and interpretation. His genius flashed through every pianistic phrase, it illuminated a composition to its innermost recesses, and yet his wonderful effects, strange as it must seem, were produced without the advantage of a genuinely musical touch. There was too little pliancy, flexion and relaxation in his muscles;

hence a lack of economy in the expenditure of his energies. He was aware of this, and said in effect on one occasion: 'You are to learn all you can from my playing, relating to conception, style, phrasing, etc., but do not imitate my touch, which, I am well aware, is not a good model to follow. In early years I was not patient enough to 'make haste slowly'—thoroughly to develop in an orderly, logical and progressive way. I was impatient for immediate results, and took short cuts, so to speak, and jumped through sheer force of will to the goal of my ambition. I wish now that I had progressed by logical steps instead of by leaps.'

"There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that Liszt was the greatest pianist of the nineteenth century."—*William Mason in "The Century."*

WILLIAM MASON ON JOHANNES BRAHMS.

"Brahms's work is wonderfully condensed, his constructive power masterly. By his scholarly development of themes through augmentation, diminution, inversion, imitation, and other devices, he seems to be introducing new thematic material, while the fact is, as will be seen on close investigation, he is presenting the original theme in varied form and shape, and gradually unfolding and expanding its possibilities to the uttermost. In other words, his treatment is exhaustive and complete. In his later piano compositions this is readily apparent, and as these pieces are short, and at the same time complete in form, they furnish excellent opportunities to the student for analytical studies. In all that relates to the intellectual faculty Brahms is indisputably a master. I find this to be the consensus of opinion among intelligent musicians. But there are differences of opinion as regards his emotional susceptibilities, and it is just this fact that prevents many from fully accepting him. The emotional and intellectual should be in equipoise in order to attain the highest results, but in the music of Brahms the latter seems to predominate. In sympathetic and affectionate treatment, so far as relates to his piano composition, he does not compare with Chopin."—*"The Century."*

SOME POINTS IN RIGHT VOICE-PRODUCTION.

"The fundamental principle of good voice-production is to secure a full breath, which must be enclosed in the chest before the singer attempts to utter a tone, much as one would do in holding the breath for an instant; then, without allowing the organs to slip from the position they take in this way, utter the tone quickly but easily. This should be practiced mainly in middle voice, and the manner of taking breath should be diaphragmatic and inferior-costal, *i. e.*, by contraction of diaphragm and expansion outward of lower ribs—in other words, contraction of diaphragm will make that part of the body situated at bottom of breastbone press outward (this is the first movement in proper breath-taking) and is followed by outward movement of lower ribs. This manner of breathing is a great aid in establishing proper methods of using the voice, and will assist a pupil to overcome unnatural effort of throat. Any great amount of practice of breath-movements alone without tone I find usually unnecessary. Control of breath while singing is the question. We hear such catch-phrases as 'to be able to sing is to be able to breathe,' and so on *ad nauseam*. To be able to breathe correctly is the foundation, the starting-point.

"Tone can be modified wonderfully in its utterance at will of singer. Tone should be produced with a free throat, that is, without any contraction of muscles of throat, much the same as when one yawns. The pupil should learn to open the throat freely, and make certain that the tongue is not allowed to wabble in the mouth. The tongue should be pressed lightly against back of lower teeth, and should not be allowed to move backward during production of tone, and should be practically flat in mouth. The larynx is attached to the tongue-bone and consequently a wabbling of the tongue displaces the larynx—an act fatal to security of tone. One of the crudest of faults is throatiness, which is an attempt to produce voice with the back part of tongue elevated instead of depressed as it should be, closing the throat. True throatiness also involves a false use of muscles; the extrinsic muscles that elevate or depress the larynx being brought into play too much instead of the intrinsic muscles, which are the true voice-producers. The signs of a throaty use of the voice are soreness of muscles back of jaw and an irritated feeling about root of tongue."—*Alexander S. Thompson in "Music."*

THE DRAMA.

THE MYSTERY PLAYS.

"The return last summer of the Passion-Play at Oberammergau has revived and increased the interest in this most famous of all mystery plays. While religious plays of a similar nature existed before the Christian era, and some are known of more modern people other than Christians, it may be said that the Christian mystery plays are as old as the story of Christ. From the beginning of the Christian services, there was more or less of a dramatic element in them, which has developed with the church. This is due to the instinct in man to express his religious sentiments and feelings by act as well as by word, and is more or less shared by all religious services. Indeed, every art of man has grown out of this human impulse and need. The pure dramatic art especially, representing the highest ideal types, not in colors and dead materials as sculpture and painting, but by imitation through living figures, has sprung from the unavoidable acting in religious services.

"The mystery plays in all countries were

largely of the same character, since they have the same foundation and the same origin, the coloring only varying in small measure with the characteristics and peculiar religious conceptions of the people. They reached their climax in the latter half of the middle ages, when the performance of the larger plays lasted several days. Their texts, taken from the Gospels and the legends of the church, were mostly crude and, while generally written in the language of the country, profusely interspersed with Latin words and phrases.

"It is a remarkable fact that the great solemnity of these plays did not protect them against the intrusion of jokes and comic intermezzos, for which an opportunity was offered in the part played by the devil, the deeds of Judas, and the bitterness of the Jews. The latter especially fared ill in these plays, and it may be supposed that their portraiture in them had not a little to do with the contempt in which the Jews were held in the middle ages.

"The oldest of the passion plays known is that of St. Gall, Switzerland, which came down to us from the fourteenth century. In England the mystery plays were generally only performed in connection with the processions on Corpus Christi day. In Austria, the Tyrol, and Germany, they were prevalent up to the eighteenth century, while in France a special community, the 'Confrèrie de la Passion,' was founded for the purpose of producing and enacting passion plays. From the north of France we have only mystery plays of the fifteenth century, but these in large numbers. It is worthy of notice that while Italy is the centre of the Catholic Church, where its ceremonies are matters of daily observance and therefore most familiar to the people, we know of only one Italian passion play, and that was published as late as 1888 at Turin.

"The performance of the mystery plays was, as indicated before, originally part of the church services and very simple. The performers were, as a rule, either priests or members of sacred orders, monks or nuns. The latter were at one time very prominent in them, because the Virgin and Mary Magdelene were necessarily represented. Soon the mystery plays became in a measure worldly, inasmuch as they were played by worldly companies in public places, generally at fairs and marts. On such occasions the mystery plays were performed on special stages, roughly erected in market-places, or even more commonly in the street between the houses, extending from one side to the other. These stages ordinarily consisted of three divisions, *heaven, earth* and *hell*, which could be opened to rear and front, or on large places to all four sides, so that the performance could be witnessed by all the people gathered around the stage.

"Aside from some minor performances connected with the services of the Catholic Church, nothing is left in our days of the old mystery plays, except the great Passion-Play at Oberammergau, and in minor form in some other German and Swiss villages, refined and purified in conception as well as in its dramatic production. The town of Oberammergau itself is of historic interest. The Romans used the place as a trading-post and called it Coveliaca. It has always been a thrifty village latterly, especially in certain industries connected with the religious life of Catholic people. It is not known whether mystery plays were performed in the town in the middle ages or previously, but there are strong indications that such was the case. However this may be, the fact is authenticated that in 1633 the present Passion-Play was first produced there. It came about in this wise: In the year named the plague visited that neighborhood and claimed a great many victims in the village. The inhabitants in their simple faith trusted that God would send them succor, and they made a vow to perform 'the great atoning-sacrifice upon Calvary to the glory of God.' The vow was enthusiastically participated in by all the people of the town and piously carried out. Miraculously—as the people looked upon it—the plague ceased, and in their gratitude to their deliverer and in their desire to perpetuate their thanks through their children, the godly peasants resolved to repeat the performance every ten years, the present year closing the twenty-sixth decade.

"Originally performances took place in the most primitive way at the cemetery of the village, but the play gradually attracted large numbers of people, who now flock to witness it from all parts of the globe, so that it soon became necessary to erect a playhouse in the village and to repeat the play a number of times during the season. But not until 1890 was there anything but a board fence surrounding the seats of the auditorium, beside the spacious stage, all uncovered. This year there was a large and commodious building, costing $62,000, with a seating capacity of from 4,000 to 5,000, still partly without a roof, as is also the greater portion of the stage. The auditorium, fitted out with folding-chairs, is so well arranged that every foot of the stage is clearly in view from even the cheapest seat, and the acoustic properties of the hall are most perfect. The stage is immense, representing chiefly the streets and buildings of Jerusalem at the time of Christ. Decorative paintings show the original 'play-ground' upon the cemetery, the old commercial roads of the Germans and Biblical scenes. Everything is most artistic.

The text of the Passion-Play was originally of the same crudeness that marked the early mystery plays, and is claimed to have been written by one of the monks of the neighboring monastery of Ettal. In the course of time, however, the words were repeatedly improved, until the drama reached a high perfection in its present form, which was given it in 1850 by the priest of the village, Daisenberger. This pious man was for many years the spiritual guide of the villagers, and to his wise and

energetic efforts and zeal is due the great interest of the entire world in the Passion-Play, which never fails to make a deep impression upon every spectator, of whatever creed and views he may be. The performers are all people of the village, and those impersonating the more important characters generally play them a number of seasons, achieving thereby international reputation."—*E. F. L. Gauss in "Open Court."*

SARDOU'S GREAT TEACHING QUALITIES.

"It is characteristic of the French disposition that neither the author nor any member of his family could summon courage to undertake the prodigious journey from Paris to London in order to see the first performance [of 'Robespierre']. Even Sardou's business agent, M. Roget, did not get farther than Calais, where his courage gave out. 'The sea was so terrible!' Both those gentlemen, however, took it quite as a matter of course that Sardou's American agent should make a three-thousand-mile journey to be present at the first night.

"The fact that the French author resisted Sir Henry Irving's pressing invitation to visit him in no way indicates a lack of interest in the success of the play. I had just arrived from London, and so had to go into every detail of the performance—a rather delicate task, as I had been discouraged with the acting of both Miss Terry and Irving, who have neither of them the age, voice, nor temperament to represent either the revolutionary tyrant or the woman he betrayed. As the staging had been excellent, I enlarged on that side of the subject, but when pressed into a corner by the author, had to acknowledge that in the scene where Robespierre, alone at midnight in the Conciergerie, sees the phantoms of his victims advance from the surrounding shadows and form a menacing circle around him, Irving had used his poor voice with so little skill that there was little left for the splendid climax, when, in trying to escape from his ghastly visitors, Robespierre finds himself face to face with Marie Antoinette, and with a wild cry, half of horror, half of remorse, falls back insensible.

"In spite of previous good resolutions, I must have given to the author the impression that Sir Henry spoke too loud at the beginning of this scene, and was in consequence inadequate at the end.

"'What?' cried Sardou. 'He raised his voice in that act! Why, it's a scene to be played with the soft pedal down! This is the way it should be done!' Dropping into a chair in the middle of the room my host began mimicking the gestures and expression of Robespierre as the phantoms (which, after all, are but the figments of an overwrought brain) gather around him. Gradually he slipped to the floor, hiding his face with his upraised elbow, whispering and sobbing, but never raising his voice until, staggering toward the portal to escape, he meets the Queen face to face. Then the whole force of his voice came out in one awful cry that froze the blood in my veins!

"'What a teacher you would make?' instinctively rose to my lips as he ended."—*Eliot Gregory's "Sketch of Sardou."*

HISTORY OF THE PASSION PLAY.

"Dr. Hans Devrient contributes an interesting historical study of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. It seems that the Passion Play was furnished to the people of Oberammergau by the clergy of the Imperial monastery of Ettal. The play originated at Augsburg, from which city an old commercial highway led over the mountains to Innsbrück and Venice. Oberammergau acquired the text of the present play, preserved in a manuscript of 1662. Dr. Devrient thinks that the Oberammergau play may be accepted as a type embodying the salient features of all the sacred dramas of medieval times. In Dr. Devrient's opinion, the performances at Oberammergau are chiefly notable for their simplicity and sincerity of purpose. 'Indeed, wherever an effort has been made to instruct these good people in the technique of acting the charm has been broken, and the insufficiency of the achievement has become painfully evident.'"

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

PHYSICAL TRAINING MORE THAN MUSCLE DEVELOPMENT.

"Physical culture is fashionable. Gymnasiums, schools and 'studios' of physical culture have been established everywhere. 'Professors' of physical culture abound. The 'professor' is usually an athlete with bulging biceps and phenomenal 'chest expansion.' He writes seductive advertisements, claiming peculiar prowess and a special scientific knowledge of the workings of the human body. Because he has big muscles, because he can lift a ton, because of his preposterous claims to physiological knowledge—the 'professor' usually commands the confidence of his pupils. Under his drastic methods they are equally successful in adding inches to the size of their muscles, and in taking years off the length of their lives. For of physical culture in the true meaning of that term the 'professor' knows little. He can teach methods of muscle development, but muscle development is not physical culture.

"Physical culture means more—much more—than muscle development. Physical training, to be worthy of the name, should imply, first, such a treatment of the various bodily organs, heart, lungs, stomach, liver, intestines, skin, mucous membranes, etc., that their several functions shall be properly performed. Secondly, the body is to be trained to proper habits of standing, walking, sitting, breathing and tone production in song or speech. Thirdly, the muscular system should be duly (and not unduly) exercised. The exercises of this department of physical training should be so devised as to teach muscular control. Muscular con-

trol implies not only the power of forcibly contracting one or all of the muscles, but also the ability entirely to relax the muscles either of the entire system or of any desired part. Current methods of physical culture, as taught in the gymnasiums and by the 'professors,' deal only with a part, and the least important part, of muscular training. They teach how to contract the muscles, but not—what is far more important—how to relax them.

"In personal development, physical, mental and spiritual, the condition expressed by the word *relaxation* is of prime importance. Muscular activity, particularly when severe, produces chronic muscular rigidity. Muscular rigidity exhausts the nervous energy, interferes with the action of the vital organs (as, for instance, a rigid chest, which prevents proper breathing) and renders bodily expressiveness impossible. Grace consists merely in moving with the least possible outlay of muscular force. Grace is merely a fine equilibrium of the body made possible through flexibility and muscular relaxation. In other words, grace is merely muscular economy in action.

"Moreover, muscular rigidity impedes thought, for thought is merely latent muscular action, 'the first two-thirds of a reflex,' as Alexander Bain expresses it, and anything that interferes with the expression of thought interferes, at the same time, with its development. So, also, in the development of the spiritual powers, physical relaxation and the corresponding mental attitude are most important."—*W. R. C. Latson, M. D., in "Health-Culture."*

A Question of Nomenclature.

BY F. TOWNSEND SOUTHWICK.

IS it still necessary to explain to the learned members of our profession that "elocution" and "expression" are not synonymous, that they never were supposed to be synonymous, that no intelligent teacher of expression has claimed that they were synonymous? Is a university course in rhetoric, forensics, logic, psychology, and what-not as desirable for the elocutionist as simple common-sense?

Elocution is only one kind of expression. When Mr. Charles Darwin, a gentleman who lacked the educational advantages of some of our modern authorities, but who contrived to make a name for himself, got out a book on this subject, he did not call it "The Elocution of Men and Animals," but "The Expression of the Emotions in Men and Animals." Even Mantegazza, who is a real professor, was recalcitrant to the extent of writing on "Physiognomy and Expression" instead of "Physiognomy and Elocution," or, at least, his translator has writ it so. Steele Mackaye, who had the first school of expression, knew something about this subject, and doubtless in his dim, dreaming way felt that his spiral had outgrown its last year's dwelling-place. He didn't succeed in "avoiding imitations," but he impressed on his generation the idea that expression was a more comprehensive term than the other. And, sir, that impression remains despite the Johnsonian rhetoric of an Ayres* or the forensic eloquence of a Clark.† Even the pathetic remonstrances of the genial president of our New York State Association of Elocutionists leave us unmoved.‡

Elocution is, in the strict sense of the word, the science or art of vocal delivery; in its broader sense the science or art of vocal delivery assisted by bodily expression, that is, by attitude and gesture, so far as these are necessary to a clear comprehension of the words uttered. In a loose way we may include physical culture, pantomime, literature, rhetoric, logic, physiology, psychology and pedagogics in the term; but, if Mr. Ayres is to be our authority, these are not "The Essentials of Elocution." The essentials of elocution, according to Mr. Ayres, are emphasis, pause, and breathing "with the belly."

Now, a school of expression, endeavors in its feeble, non-essential way to teach many things besides these, including some that are expressive but not necessarily elocutionary. Among the latter are stage-business, pantomime, the principles of art, oratorical composition and literature, poetic and dramatic form, characterization, and even statue-posing, which so great an actress as Rachel found useful in her art, and which is not merely a valuable means for acquiring repose, but in itself a charming and effective entertainment.

*See WERNER'S MAGAZINE for September, 1900, page 82.

†See WERNER'S MAGAZINE for September, 1900, page 83.

‡See 1899 report of National Association of Elocutionists.

The word "expression" covers these subjects and leaves room for expansion, which is our American watchword just now. It may be justly criticised as too broad, but elocution or oratory is just as open to criticism on the score of narrowness. If the school of expression does not teach all that its name implies, the school of elocution must needs teach much that is not strictly elocution. Certainly the school of oratory does not confine itself in these days to public speaking.

Elocution is a specialty of the greatest value and importance. Pantomime from time immemorial has held a place among the arts. Oratory, or the art of public speaking, is a noble and interesting study. Some kind of physical training is and has always been recognized as essential to all three. Any of these subjects may be made an end or a means, according to the leanings of the student. Each is in some degree essential to excellence in the others. Even the actor must know something of oratory, and the orator often makes use of the devices of the actor.

There are elocutionists who would be the better for the study of other forms of expression, just as there are pantomimists who can not read or recite particularly well. I have in mind the case of a would-be tragedian in New York, who scorns expression and has a sovereign contempt for everything that he does not know, yet somehow when he gets up to speak, and, above all, when he essays dramatic performance, betrays in voice and action the lack of technical discipline. A year's course in statue-posing and pantomime would have given the gentleman a measurable command over his body and a knowledge of the meaning of action which, I am sure, he would have found most valuable. Attention to the tone of his voice would have corrected certain very palpable faults in his vocal delivery.

But let us be frank regarding our somewhat composite profession. The majority of our graduates expect to teach either privately or in schools, but very few schools can afford to support a specialist in elocution, while very few cities even offer a sufficient field to the teacher of this branch only. The young elocutionist, by whatever name he calls himself, like the beginner in medicine, must be a general practitioner. Sooner or later he or she may develop into a specialist, but with young women (and nine-tenths of our graduates are of the graceful sex) the demand is for the combination of elocution and "esthetic" physical culture, or "Delsarte," as it is called. Besides these, the teacher must have a fair knowledge of the principles of stage-business, and sufficient general culture to hold her own with teachers of other subjects.

The average elocutionist can not hope to make a living by public work alone, any more than the average musician or painter does. Certainly the beginner must take what he can get, until study and experience have given him a standing in the profession. As for college positions, of which we hear so much, they go for the most part to college men, seldom to young women, and scarcely ever to anybody. I myself don't believe that there are three desirable ones vacant in the United States. Nor are these vaunted instructorships the prizes of our profession. How many are worth more than $1,000 a year?

Certainly, from the artistic point of view, the ordinary college position offers no great attractions. The work is usually of the most rudimentary nature: the routine practice of the mechanics of gesture, the simplest vocal exercises, and an occasional five minutes' criticism of the delivery of an original or memorized oration. The profession are not altogether to blame for the status of college elocution. The college does its share by putting the subject below every other branch, paying half salaries and crowding the work into corners. Then, when it gets the results it pays for, it proceeds to condemn the art and its practitioners!

We know that, in the West especially, there is an occasional exception to this rule; now and then we hear of a strong man in the East who has forced recognition from a reluctant faculty; but no conscientious teacher will guarantee like good fortune to the youthful aspirant, and certainly no school could confine itself to preparation for these rare opportunities and pay its rent. The professional school that would do justice to its pupils must give them a training that will enable them to earn a living, and that at the same time lays a broad foundation for future specialization. Post-graduate courses and private lessons will supply the demand for advanced work.

In oratorical training our business is pretty generally confined to teaching de-

livery and will be until oratory is studied as an art as it was in Greece and Rome. In the meanwhile there is plenty for us to do in that department. Few of us could aspire, for instance, to better the forensic ability of our present Secretary of War, but more than one of us, I trust, could have shown him how to better his vocal technique. There are plenty of eminent clergymen who can compose satisfactory sermons, but whose action and utterance betray the lack of fundamental training which any well-trained elocutionist could have given. Let us prove that we can help them and eventually they will come to us.

Suppose, instead of throwing the blame for non-recognition on the shoulders of some other fellow, we set to work squarely to improve ourselves? Some of us have succeeded to a greater or less extent. Some of the most violent critics of the present state of things have, on the other hand, little professional recognition. None of us, I am sure, is quite satisfied with himself. Would it not be worth while, for example, to discuss fully the question whether King Lear spoke habitually in monotone, whether mannerisms of voice and gesture should be allowed to obtrude themselves in a public performance just because the performer's excitement carries him away, and, if such habits are voted improper, what means of cure beside the study of emphasis or rhetorical form are legitimate and what must be discarded?

The discussion of these, and a hundred similar questions, would throw light on our faults and help us to improve ourselves and our pupils. If we are artists at heart, we shall get more profit out of such discussions than from waxing overearnest and personal over questions of a purely academic nature.

Mea culpa! But if my dear professional friends will drop it, I promise to avoid the subject, which I should not have touched upon but for their invidious suggestions that "expression" is an illegitimate word and savors of charlatanry. May I add, that I, too, have written a book called "Elocution and Action," and that when I get ready I may write one on the broader subject of expression?

READERS AND SINGERS

Mrs. C. Hervey Frye is teacher of elocution for the third year in Drury Academy.

Mrs. Anna P. Tucker opened her school September 26 by a formal reception.

Mr. Grenville Kleiser has issued a tastily-printed circular announcing this season's work.

The School of Vocal Art, of which Miss Ida E. Heyl is principal, begins its fall term October 8.

The Coombs School of Elocution and Physical Culture opened its fall term with an increased number of pupils.

Mr. Alfred Gerard-Thiers, the voice-specialist, has returned from his Western summer season to his New York studio.

Mrs. Frederick W. Pender recently recited in New York "After the Battle," "Picnic Time," and "Mamma's Precious Girl."

Miss Fanny Robinson, the Texas elocutionist, recited at Randolph College, Sept. 5, a scene from "Macbeth" and "As the Moon Rose."

Mr. David Ross, formerly of Winnipeg, has located at Toronto. He is the American representative of Prof. North's method of singing.

Mr. Frederick H. Koch, impersonator, reports a successful season on the Northern lakes in "A Tale of Two Cities," and in "Katharine and Petruchio."

One of Mr. George Riddle's Chautauqua programs included "When Angry Count One Hundred," "The Other Side of the Moon," "A Female Jury," "The Village Dressmaker," and several Kipling selections.

Miss Agnes A. Killin, graduate of National School of Oratory, and pupil of Emerson College of Oratory, will continue as teacher of elocution at the Barnard School for Boys.

Miss S. J. Baumes, pupil of Miss Jennie Mannheimer, has been appointed director of elocution department of Glendale Female College, one of the oldest institutions in Ohio.

Miss Marguerite A. Baker, graduate of the New York School of Expression, will teach elocution and physical culture this year at Albert College, where there are nearly 300 students.

Mrs. Kittie Middlebrook-Holton, director of the Danbury School of Elocution and Oratory, issues a prospectus showing that her work is based on Americanized Delsarte Physical Culture.

Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal A. Williams are still in New Zealand. In our November issue we shall give their latest portraits with a view of a bit of the city they were in at the time.

Miss Annie M. Lennan, at a recital before a Masonic lodge, September 20, recited "The Gipsy Flower Girl," "Angelina," "Hullo," "The Lady from the West," "Good-bye, and God Bless You."

Miss Louise M. Graff will read before the Brooklyn Institute this season, in a course of five afternoon readings, selections from Longfellow, Tennyson, Riley, Ruth McEnery Stuart, and Mary E. Wilkins.

The Toledo Conservatory of Music and Dramatic Art, Mrs. Lucia Julian Martin, principal of the Elocution and Dramatic Department, has issued an artistic prospectus, giving exterior and interior views.

Mrs. Anne Day Mayes, whose portrait appeared in our June issue and who until recently taught elocution and physical culture in Georgia, is dead.

Miss R. Anna Morris, after a summer term in Iowa, where for a number of years she was teacher in the public schools, has resumed work as supervisor of reading and physical training in Cleveland public schools.

Miss Alice Washburn has opened a school of expression at Milwaukee, succeeding to the field formerly worked by Marion Graig Wentworth. Miss Washburn is one of the most striking personalities in the elocutionary profession.

Mr. Virgil A. Pinkley has opened his own school of elocution and oratory in Cincinnati, and reports large enrolment of pupils. The prospect is that his work will exceed that of any of the seventeen years he has been in Cincinnati.

Miss Mary Bass Merritt has resigned from the faculty of Emerson College of Oratory to become associate principal of Laurel Institute, where she will have charge of instruction in expression, physical culture and physical health.

"In Imminent Peril," "Her Letter," "The Cherry-tree," and "The Shadow of a Song" were the principal numbers of a recital given Sept. 5 by Miss Martha Stuart Millar, of the California School of Elocution and Oratory, Miss Emily Curtis, principal.

The address of Mr. Henry M. Soper, as president of the National Association of Elocutionists, is being circulated in separate leaflet form, before its appearance in the official report. The Soper School of Oratory's prospectus for 1900-01 makes a good showing.

Miss Ethel Mason, the Texas elocutionist, recited September 28 "Under the Buggy Seat," "My Ships," "If We Knew," "Bird Song," "End of the Honeymoon," "Rejected," "A Set of Turquoise," "Candy Pull," and gave the pantomime of "My Faith Looks Up to Thee."

Mr. W. H. Webbe, who recently wrote an extended account of American music journals for the *New Zealand Graphic*, announces a series of seventeen music lectures from May 3d to November 29, showing that our friends in that far-off land are fully abreast of the times in musical matters.

"The Crossing of the Red Sea," and "The Light That Failed," two excellent recitations, were first read by Miss Jennie Mannheimer, who is one of the few readers that have sufficient courage to read new selections. She does not wait for others to point out good pieces, but discovers them herself.

Mr. Duncan Campbell Lee, professor of oratory at Cornell University, made quite a stir at the New York State Democratic convention, at Saratoga, in forcing through a declaration against the Ice Trust. It is said that his speech was most effective and graceful, a practical illustration of the art he teaches.

Miss Sarah McGehee Isom, professor of oratory at University of Mississippi, has brought a second suit against the company who rented her California property for residential purposes, but who has taken therefrom large quantities of oil without her knowledge and without offering to compensate her.

At the 291st dinner of Ye Twilight Club, of New York, recently, during a discussion of the subject, "Whose Names Should be Enrolled in the American Temple of Fame?" Dr. Henry Hanchett gave an interesting sketch of some of our notable musical composers, including L. M. Gottschalk, the pianist; Stephen C. Foster, the song writer; Professor McDowell, of Columbia University; Mrs. Beach, of Boston, and A. J. Goodrich, who is known as the most prominent writer on musical analyses and theory.

Miss Minnie Swayze, formerly teacher at New Jersey State Normal School, at Vassar College, and for sixteen years at Hotel Albert, New York, now has her studio at Westminster Hotel, Irving Place and 16th Street. Few teachers have as many pupils actively engaged in teaching elocution and physical culture.

Mrs. Evelyn Gurley Kane, graduate of Highland Park School of Oratory, took part at a recital at Lamoin, Aug. 31, reciting "How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost," "Seein' Things at Night," "Goliath," "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry," "It Ain't a Feller's Fault," "The Rivals," and the Prison Scene and Arena Scene from "Quo Vadis."

Mrs. Louise Humphrey Smith, who was unable to appear on the program at St. Louis convention of elocutionists, writes from California that "the outlook is one of reasonable activity, notwithstanding the presidential campaign, which with us is usually sufficiently absorbing to distract attention from ordinary pursuits, even from those of art."

Miss M. Elizabeth Millard, principal of Maryland School of Expression, has issued a neatly printed prospectus, concisely and comprehensively stating the aims of her school and giving many references and testimonials from pupils. At her seventh annual entertainment at Ford's Grand Opera House "As the Moon Rose" was considered the most taking selection.

Miss Helen K. Alt-Müller, teacher of elocution at Packer Collegiate Institute, wishes to give Mr. Alfred Young credit for the special coaching received by members of the Institute's Associate Alumnæ at their recent presentation of "As You Like It," at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The girls, however, had received elocutionary instruction from Miss Alt-Müller during the school course.

Miss Isabel Goodhue has achieved distinction as originator of various artistic drills and pantomimes, among which may be mentioned "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Greek Mirth Drill," and "Comin' Thro' the Rye," the last two having appeared in this magazine, and the first named having been published with an artistic setting on heavy enameled paper, suitable for framing, and very appropriate to be hung in Sunday School room or in a home.

The Smith-Premier Typewriter received the Grand Prize at Paris Exposition, leading all the other twenty machines exhibited, the award being, in the language of the jury's report, "for general superiority of construction, and efficiency at the highest rating." WERNER'S MAGAZINE can testify to the excellence of the Smith-Premier, one of our Smith-Premier machines having crossed the ocean several times and having been used by our representative in various parts of Europe.

Miss Leila Olivia Hume's School of Practical Elocution began its fifth season in September in new and larger apartments, necessitated by growth of the school, which has a well-ventilated hall, equipped with stage, etc. A special feature is the "silent course," planned for the benefit of people too busy to prepare lessons, but who wish to improve. These "silent" pupils attend classes, absorb all the information they can and are not called upon to recite or answer questions.

The American School of Opera, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, has begun its first season at Carnegie Hall, New York, William G. Stewart, general director. The vocal instructors are: S. C. Bennett, A. Y. Cornell, F. X. Arens, Anna Lankow, Herbert Wilber Greene, Edmund J. Myer, Marie Seymour Bissell, Nora Maynard Green, Emma Howson, A. A. Pattou, Max Bendheim, Dudley Buck, Jr., Arthur D. Woodruff, Lena Doria Devine, Theo J. Toedt.

New York School of Expression.

THE season of the New York School of Expression opens October 1, with evening classes for young men. The regular professional courses, however, do not begin until October 17. At present writing the prospects for the year are exceptionally brilliant, the number of applicants being the largest in the history of the school and a considerable number having already registered. A gratifying feature is the enlarged registration of professional men in the special classes in oratory and voice-culture.

The importance of the proper cultivation of the speaking-voice is becoming more and more widely recognized, and the vocal methods of the N. Y. School of Expression challenge comparison with the best. Genevieve Stebbins and Mr. Southwick have been enthusiastic students of this subject, both in America and Europe. They have investigated and compared the teachings of elocutionists and musicians of the highest authority, and the result is a method which, while constantly directed toward the improvement of speech-tones, has no affinity with the vociferous and unnatural mouthing which frequently usurps the title of elocution. The essence of the method may be described as the attainment of power through beauty. The aim is to conserve the fresh normal quality of the voice through all degrees of pitch and volume. Strange as it may appear to many students, breathing, while of great importance, is not the secret of beautiful tone, nor is a relaxed jaw the sole means of attaining excellence in vocalization. There are other requisites of equal importance, and these receive adequate attention.

A special feature of this season's program is the Saturday Morning Course, which has been considerably broadened, and is now so arranged that students in the suburbs may, in two seasons, virtually complete the work of the full Junior year.

A novel experiment is the normal practice class, in which advanced pupils will give instruction under the direction of members of the faculty.

From 11 to 12 on Saturdays there will be a lecture, reading or other public exercise in the auditorium. The list of lecturers is not yet complete, but will include the principals and a number of well-known professionals. We hope to have Prof. Raymond of Princeton, in readings from his own dramatic works; Prof. Fulton, in a lecture on "The Sources of Power in Oratory"; Charles F. Underhill in readings; and, later, Mr. S. H. Clark. There will also be recitals by advanced pupils and graduates.

Besides the Saturday lectures there will be six evening entertainments during the season, including the usual commencement exercises.

The alumnæ are planning a reception to the students early in the season.

Some pleasant reports have come from graduates since the publication of our latest bulletin.

Miss Laura E. Aldrich, who has spent the summer in Europe, writes most enthusiastically of her work in Walnut Hills High School, Cincinnati. Miss Aldrich knows how to teach oratory as well as reading, and has several successful debates to her credit. She has also drilled an elaborate spectacular play, "The Riddle of the Sphynx," in which over 100 pupils took part. It was a feature of the School Class Night, and included a very effective presentation of "The Eastern Temple Drill." Miss Aldrich is treasurer of the Ohio State Association of Elocutionists and a director of the National Association of Elocutionists.

Miss Marguerite Baker, whose excellent work in "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" will be remembered by all who were present at our graduating exercises last year, has accepted the chair of elocution and physical culture in Albert College, Belleville, Ontario, succeeding Prof. Shepherd.

Mrs. William Calvin Chilton, of Oxford, Miss., is planning an evening of readings from Thomas Nelson Page. Mrs. Chilton is exceptionally clever in Southern dialect. Her characterizations of the Mississippi darkey are as true to nature as they are amusing.

Miss Lena Sanford, of Lima, Ohio (1900), reports a very successful summer class. Miss Sanford made her debut last season as Ophelia. She has remarkable dramatic ability, and above all is a faithful worker. Though one of our youngest graduates, she will soon rank with the best.

Miss Luella Cothran ('98), 64 Elm St., New Rochelle, N. Y., writes:

"I am to be in the same school. Another increase in salary and many kind things said of our Commencement are pleasant helps for another year. I say this not in self-praise, but that you may know that I am still true to my training with you—hence successful."

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WERNERS MAGAZINE

From painting by F. Roybet.

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Vol. XXVI. NOVEMBER, 1900. No. 8.

"My Faith Looks Up to Thee."

Pantomimed by Augusta Caywood. Posed by her five-year-old pupil, Helen Kincaid.

I.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

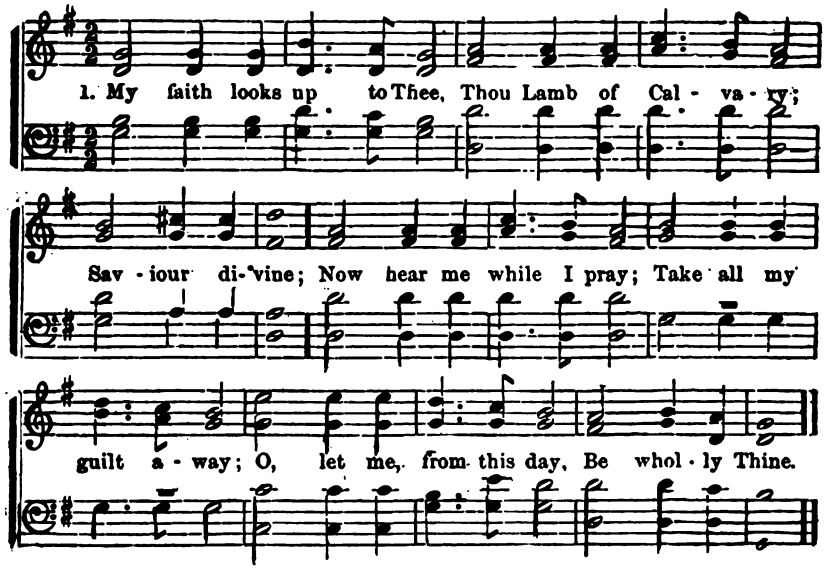
II.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

III.

When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary."



PANTOMIME OF "MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE."

"Saviour divine."

"Now hear me while I pray."

"Take all my guilt away."

"O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine."

PANTOMIME OF "MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE."

"While life's dark maze I tread."

"And griefs around me spread."

"Be Thou my guide."

"Bid darkness."

PANTOMIME OF "MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE."

"Turn to day."

"Wipe sorrow's tears away."

"Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside."

"When ends life's transient dream."

PANTOMIME OF "MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE."

"When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll."

"Blest Saviour, then in love."

"Fear and distrust remove."

"O, bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul."

PANTOMIME OF "MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE."

A Question of Poetic Metre.

By JOHN RUMMELL.

IT is refreshing at last to have some one say, as Mr. S. H. Clark does in his excellent "Notes on Rhyme" in the August number of this magazine, that "verse is not prose, and never should be read as such." For many years elocutionists have taught their pupils when reading poetry to "break up the jingle of the verse," to conceal as much as possible the rhyme and rhythm (1), as if these things were blemishes to be covered up instead of beauties to receive their proper setting. Such teachers have always overlooked the fact that the poet's object (2) in writing verse instead of prose is to give his thought the added charm of poetic form, and that it is the reader's business to interpret the form of a poem as well as the thought.

There is, however, one point in Mr. Clark's paper which it seems to me is open to discussion. He says:

"It would seriously mar the movement of the following stanza of Shelley's 'Skylark' to throw the accent entirely upon the second syllable of 'profuse:'

"'Hail to thee, blithe spirit!—
Bird thou never wert—
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.'

"Correct pronunciation demands that the accent shall fall on *fuse,* but the metre demands the accent on *pro;* and in this poem the rhythm is a most important factor as manifesting the feeling."

Here Mr. Clark touches on an interesting point in the matter of scansion, which I imagine is but little understood by most readers of English poetry.

"The metre demands the accent on *pro,*" says Mr. Clark. To decide this question it is necessary to analyze the metrical structure of the stanza, and in doing so we find that the first four lines are essentially trochaic. They present one or two irregularities, however. The second foot of the fourth line (*thy full*) is an iambus. Perhaps the second foot of the first line (*thee, blithe*) might be called a spondee, though I should prefer to call it a trochee. In the third line it is necessary to pronounce "heaven" as a monosyllable, otherwise the second foot of the line (*heaven, or*) is a dactyl. Now the last line, if we accept Mr. Clark's statement, is an iambic line throughout;—an iambic hexameter (3). But if we read the line with no thought of scanning it; in other words, if we allow it to scan itself, we find that the second foot (*fuse strains*) becomes a spondee, and the first (*In pro*) becomes—what? a foot which is seldom mentioned in connection with English verse, but which has its counterpart in Greek and Latin, namely, a foot of two short, or, in English, two unaccented syllables, known as the *pyrrhic.*

That the pyrrhic occurs very frequently in English poetry the following examples selected almost at random from the greatest English poets will serve to show:

"Nor wind | y sus | pira | *tion of* | forc'd breath." |
—"Hamlet," I. ii. 79.

"Togeth | *er with* | all forms, | modes, shows | of grief." |
—"Hamlet," I. ii. 82.

"Ă wóm | *ăn thăt* | Lórd Brú | tŭs tóok | tŏ wífe." |
—"Julius Cæsar," II. i. 293.

"Hăth dóne | thĭs deéd | ŏn *Cæsăr*. Fŏr | yóur párt, |
To you our swords have leaden points."
—"Julius Cæsar," III. i. 172.

"Whĕnce é | vĕn nów | thĕ tú | *mŭlt ŏf* | loúd mírth." |
—Milton's "Comus," line 202.

"Căn á | ny mór | tăl míx | *tŭre ŏf* | éarth's móuld." |
—Milton's "Comus," line 244.

"Ĭ sáw | thĕm ún | *dĕr ă* | gréen mánt | lĭng víne." |
—Milton's "Comus," line 294.

"*Wĭth thy* | lóng lév | ĕll'd rúle | ŏf stréam | ĭng líght." |
—Milton's "Comus," line 340.

"Ănd É | nŏch Ár | *dĕn, ă* | rough sáil | ŏr's lád." |
—Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," line 14.

"—or following up
Ănd fly | *ĭng thĕ* | whíte bréak | ĕr, dái | ly léft |
The little footprint." |
—"Enoch Arden," line 21.

"Thĕ mov | ĭng whís | *pĕr ŏf* | huge trées | thăt bránched |
And blossomed in the zenith." |
—"Enoch Arden," line 581.

"Ănd hĕ | rose quick | *ly ŏn* | one árm, | ănd said." |
—Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," line 30.

"At once they rush'd
Tŏgéth | *ĕr, ăs* | two éa | glĕs ŏn | one préy." |
—"Sohrab and Rustum." line 472.

All of the foregoing examples are taken from poems written in the iambic pentameter. Now it should be observed that a pyrrhic may occur in any part of a line except at the end, and that, as in the last example, a pentameter line may contain even two pyrrhics. Indeed, this last example, though theoretically an iambic line, has but one iambic foot, the first, the remaining four feet being alternate pyrrhics and spondees. But wherever the pyrrhic occurs, it is always balanced by a spondee immediately succeeding it (4). Thus the line is sure of having the requisite (5) number of accents, though, owing to the presence of more than one spondee, it may have more than that number, as in the second and the last example but one given above, which have each six accents instead of five.

Any one with a fine ear and a knowledge of English prosody can find abundant instances in our poets of the use of the pyrrhic, verses that before seemed to stumble along and need to be helped by such devices (6) as Mr. Clark suggests, namely, "attenuating," or prolonging unaccented syllables, will, when the presence of the pyrrhic is frankly recognized, be seen to have an entirely new rhythm and to offer a pleasing contrast to the smoothness of other verses in the context. Note the powerful effect produced in the following passage by the introduction of the pyrrhics and spondees:

"Hĕ spóke, | ănd Sóh | răb kínd | lĕd át | hĭs taúnts, |
Ănd hé | too drew | hĭs swórd: | at ónce | thĕy rúsh'd |
Tŏgéth | ĕr, ăs | two éa | glĕs ŏn | one préy |
Cŏme rúsh | ĭng dówn | tŏgéth | ĕr from | thĕ clóuds, |
One from | thĕ east, | one from | thĕ wést." |

Here in the third line the two pyrrhics throw the objects of interest, "two eagles," "one prey," into such bold relief that the mind grasps them at once. Then the unusual rhythm of the line contrasts forcibly with the smooth regularity of the next line describing the rapid downward movement of the eagles, which movement we feel is suddenly checked in the last line by the clashing of the eagles. The poet does not tell us in so many words that the eagles clash, but he makes us feel it by means of his wonderful rhythm. The alternate trochees and iambuses in the line give an abrupt movement unlike that of any of the preceding lines, and suggests that there has been a sudden collision of forces.

But how, by Mr. Clark's device of "attenuation," could you possibly produce a regular iambic movement in the line,

"Together, as two eagles on one prey?" (7)

To apply the trick of attenuation here would require prolonging "as" and "on." Read the line so, and see how it not only still fails to give you the iambic movement but even suggests hesitation on the poet's part, as if he were searching for a simile, and having thought of two eagles to which to compare his heroes, Sohrab and Rustum, he were still searching for some motive to bring the eagles together. Such a state of mind must surely not be suggested in the most exciting part of a narrative where the poet's faculties are supposed to be working at white heat, and where he sees things at a flash.

No, Mr. Arnold never meant the line to be regularly iambic. He did not expect the reader to compromise with him on this line because he himself could not make it right. He varied it intentionally, (8) because it served his purpose better so. The same, I think, may be said of the line in Shelley's "Skylark." Let me quote the entire stanza once more, this time marking the metre:

"Hail to | thee, blithe | spirit!— |
Bird thou | never | wert— |
That from | heaven, or | near it, |
Pourest | thy full | heart |
In pro | fuse strains | of un | premed | itat | ed art." |

Mr. Clark says, "in this poem the rhythm is a most important factor as manifesting the feeling." So it is, but that does not of course imply that the rhythm must needs be perfectly regular from beginning to end. It is the variations from that regularity that enrich the melody of the poem, just as the syncopation of notes often makes an agreeable change in the rhythm of a piece of music.

In the fourth line of the foregoing stanza the introduction of the iambus in the second foot produces an effect that is repeated by the pyrrhic and spondee beginning the next line. The strong syllables *full heart* have vowels more open than those in the syllables *fuse strains,* so that, to *my* ear, the effect is that of a musical swell on the first two syllables which is re-echoed by a weaker swell on the second two. An inevitable *ritardando* is also thus produced which contrasts pleasantly with the *accelerando* at the end of the line—"of unpremeditated art." If Mr. Clark will read the stanza as here suggested, he will feel, I think, that the rendering is entirely satisfactory and quite in keeping with the poet's intention.

It is right to "strive after legitimate compromise" (9) when there is no other way out of a difficulty, but in

this instance the metrical difficulty, which seems at first to call for compromise, is really a metrical beauty (10) which simply demands its own special interpretation.

COMMENT BY S. H. CLARK.

(1). At the time of writing the article on metre I had in mind to prepare another on rhythm, but thus far I have not had the time to do this. To treat adequately the subject of rhythm in a brief article is impossible. There are so many ramifications which must be dealt with in order to avoid misunderstanding that I am compelled to postpone the essay until I have more leisure. Meantime those who desire to look into the matter may consult Raymond's "Poetry as a Representative Art;" Corson's "Primer of English Verse;" Gummere's "Poetics," and Lanier's "Science of English Verse."

(2). It must be understood that rhythm is not merely a device chosen deliberately for the purpose of amusing the reader; it is the *unconscious manifestation of the very spirit of poetry.* To miss this rhythm is to miss the spirit, the feeling, the atmosphere of poetry. I would especially commend Sidney Lanier's essay on "The Centennial Ode" in his volume entitled "Poetry and Music" as a splendid exposition of this idea. John A. Symond's treatise, simple and profound, on "Blank Verse," is also very suggestive and helpful.

(3). By no means do I claim the line to be a perfect iambic hexameter line, nor did I make any such claim in my article. I appealed simply for a prolongation of the syllable *pro,* and urged that reading for *particular* reasons. If I left the impression that such procedure should always obtain in reading verse, that is, that sense accent must be sacrificed to metrical accent, I would take this opportunity of correcting that impression. (See notes 6 and 7, and particularly 10.)

(4). So palpable is the misstatement here that I have studied it with particular care to make sure I had not misread it. But I am afraid the writer has made a hasty generalization not warranted by the facts. While it is true that the pyrrhic foot is sometimes followed by a spondee, it is more often not. I open to Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur," and examine the first eleven lines, and find eight of these containing pyrrhic feet, and in only one instance, in the ninth line, do I find a spondee following a pyrrhic foot. Here are the eight lines:

"Among | the moun | *tains by* | the win | ter sea |
Had fallen | in Ly | *onesse* | about | their lord. |
The bold | Sir Bed | *ivere* | uplift | ed him |
And bore | *him to* | a chap | el nigh | the field. |
A brok | en chan | *cel with* | a brok | en cross |
That stood | *on a* | dark strait | of bar | ren land." |

Here the third foot is spondaic.

"On one | side lay | the O | *cean and* | on one |
Lay a | great wa | *ter, and* | the moon | was full." |

That these examples are not exceptional may be proved in five minutes by any who will study a page of iambic verse.

(5). Once more, I must question the truth of this statement. I presume in the first place that Mr. Rummell does not mean what his words imply. Surely he cannot mean "requi-

site," for a moment later he calls our attention to lines that have "six accents instead of five." I take him to mean that the line will have *at least* the requisite number of accents, or, better still, the normal number of accents. But even here he seems to have erred. Let him examine the nine lines from "Morte d'Arthur," and he will find that in seven of them there are but four accents. Here are a few other examples from Gray's "Elegy:"

And leáves the wórld to dárkness and to mé.
The móping ówl does to the móon complain.
Molést her áncient, sólitary réign.
The rúde forefáthers of the hámlet sléep.

And so one could go on multiplying examples from every page of poetry.

(6). It is here that my kindly critic has, I fear, entirely misunderstood me, or perhaps was misled by my faulty expression. The term *device* is hardly fair. It was not a device that I suggested, but merely an appeal which I made for a careful and sympathetic study of the poet's intention. I am sure Mr. Rummell will give me credit for knowing something concerning pyrrhic feet; that many deviations from the normal metre are made intentionally for the sake of variety, and many others perhaps unconsciously in response to the feeling. In the many illustrations cited by Mr. Rummell no one with any insight into poetry could possibly sing-song the verse. It is strange, therefore, that my critic should so far misunderstand me as to imagine that I was urging the student to read according to the rules of classic scansion. If I have left such an impression, I am glad to have this opportunity of stating that English rhythm is determined *largely* by sense accent; that is, the sense determines the rhythm. But occasionally *quantity* and *pause* must be carefully observed, or we shall lose the poet's meaning entirely. In the lines from Arnold the new rhythm is not a conscious device for the sake of contrast, but unconscious manifestation of the inmost spirit of the passage. It is not so much the clash of eagles that we are made to *see*, as that we are made to *feel* the fury of the combat.

(7). Why, no one would desire to produce regular iambic movement, much less Mr. Clark. I go even further than Mr. Rummell, and hold that, especially in blank verse, most deviations from the normal are not intentional so much as inevitable; they result from deviations in the normal feeling of the poem, so to speak. Instead of urging one to adhere to regular iambic movement, I am constantly drawing the attention of pupils to the subtleties of deviations from the normal and iterating and reiterating my plea for a careful study of deviations in order to render one responsive to the deviations from the normal feeling.

(8). No, I don't believe he varied it intentionally. It varied itself. The emotion, the passion, forced the variation. So it is seen that I go even further than Mr. Rummell.

(9). Let it be observed that Mr. Rummell agrees with my general proposition. He would, no doubt, agree that my suggestion regarding the reading of "The Bells of Shandon" was not all amiss. Let me now add that the difference between us is in the application of my principle to a particular line. Well, I may be mistaken. I do not think I am, but I may be. I believe a greater fulness is imparted to the line by distributing the accent over *pro* and *fuse* than by confining it to the *fuse*. The main point to be borne in mind by those who are interested in this discussion is this:

That there are times, rare though they be, when the sensitive reader will recognize the necessity of legitimate compromise. If he approaches poetry with this idea in mind, his judgment will do the rest.

(10). I would add that in blank verse (and Mr. Rummell takes all his examples from blank verse) compromise is never needed. In blank verse the poet is not hampered as he is in other forms of poetry. There are, however, to be found many passages in rhymed verse in which compromise is not only legitimate, but necessary.

It sometimes will happen that the poet writing in rhymed verse finds that a given word best expresses his conception, but custom has determined that that word shall have a particular accent. To read the word with that accent would be to destroy the movement. Now when the movement is clearly an emotional manifestation, we must throw aside custom, or sacrifice the subtle emotional effect of rhythm, or compromise. When to compromise and how much, only the reader of artistic sensibilities can determine. I add one more illustration from the third stanza of Shelley's "Cloud:"

"And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest
As still as a brooding dove."

The *m's*, the *e's*, the *l's* and the full vowels are eminently adapted to the expression of the brooding peace and calm of this scene. The rhythm, too, contributes much to the brooding effect. Now note, that the reading of the first syllable of *airy* attenuated so that it occupies the time of two syllables adds much to the effect; read as it would be under ordinary circumstances would be—well, would be a mistake, to say the least. A poetic reader would make of *airy* a trisyllable; he could scarcely help it if the rhythm of the passage possessed him.

I am highly pleased that Mr. Rummell has taken the time to read my article and to offer his suggestions. For if I have failed to make myself clear to him, I surely have failed with others. I trust that now there can be no further misunderstanding. But what gratifies me most is the kindly, courteous manner in which Mr. Rummell has approached this discussion. Such criticism I always welcome. If I am mistaken in my views, I should be foolish to cast aside correction; if I am careless in my exposition, I am but too glad to be given the opportunity for explanation. And, lastly, there is just the possibility that my critics may err, in which case I am always willing to set other views before them, as I would have them do for me.

The great speakers to whom I have listened have confirmed certain conclusions upon the subject of speaking at which I arrived while in college. It seemed to me that the college method of speaking was wrong because it was irrational—that the studied gestures, the "cultivated" voice, the staccato impressiveness, were all artificial devices to attract the attention of an audience to these things instead of to the thought of the address.—*Senator Albert J. Beveridge.*

Enemies Inside the Elocution Profession.

By ED. AMHERST OTT.

THE graduates from so-called schools of oratory do not always find it easy to secure lucrative positions. The market for elocution is a slowly rising one, but not yet satisfactory. Why are not the speech arts represented in every high school and college, and why do institutions, which pay professors of science and letters from $1000 to $4000 a year, engage a teacher of elocution at from $200 to $800? Why are there not higher standards in the colleges, and why has the profession not done better for itself? There are colleges and universities which pay good salaries to the professor of oratory. They are exceptions and prove something. They prove that there are no "lions without;" that the enemies of the art are inside, not outside of the profession.

Let us be more specific. There are in the United States many public speakers, thousands of preachers, about an equal number of lawyers. But there are probably less than twenty-five centers of oratorical education of a character that would be recognized by educators. It is safe to say that not more than 25 per cent. of the great army of professional speakers have ever been drilled for their special work. This will not be otherwise until in the courses of study prescribed for the professions requiring elocutionary and oratorical power, we correlate a special course in oratory with the other studies absolutely necessary for success in the profession for which the particular student is preparing. Further, this must be done in a way to convince those who are preparing for the platform that such work is necessary and beneficial.

It is not fair, however, to underestimate the man who devotes himself solely to the development of his art, not to its promulgation. In every cult there must be some to look after the clannish interests. It would be unfair to decry the work Dr. Rush did, to underestimate the esthetic influence of Delsarte; and no elocutionist is in danger of forgetting the esthetic and artistic work of Alexander Melville Bell. There are others whose names deserve to be mentioned.

Here is a fact which cannot be ignored. The large number of men occupying places on the lyceum platform, or standing in the pulpit, or practising at the bar, come from colleges and universities, from laboratories and libraries, from farms and palaces, without ever passing through the studio of the elocutionist. In other words, they are reaping material success, abundant financial reward, without our ministrations. They succeed without us, just as Fred Douglass succeeded without the assistance of the white man's school and teacher. They succeed through the power latent in human nature.

Let us fairly and frankly state that thousands who are really fairly good public speakers, who would be desirable material in our oratory classes, are the very ones that the school of oratory as a rule does not reach. Of the fifty thousand or more public speakers, 98 per cent. are men. Of the people who are teaching oratory in our country, 90 per cent. are women.

This shows that there must be special adaptability in voice and temperament of a woman which leads her to teach expression, but does not move her to seek professions requiring its practice. Not that she could not, but that she does not. But of the 98 per cent. men making a competence, probably not more than one-fourth came under the influence of teachers of elocution. In examining the class roll of schools of oratory, east, west, north and south, we find the proportion of men to women is about 10 to 90, and yet 98 per cent. of public speakers are men.

Now the financial side of the profession, and the money value of a diploma from a school of oratory, are directly involved in this statement. Universities and the better class of colleges have secured, and will continue to secure, teachers of oratory able to bring the work to a plane where it will meet the needs of ambitious young men and women who desire to benefit by special oratorical study. No large or permanent place will be given to the oratorical profession until it develops more fully the stern and dignified air characteristic of real oratory. The teacher of oratory who can make an address, who has a good voice, who knows the psychology of appeal, who feels the needs of his age and time, who can inspire literary composition as well as vocal expression, who knows how to develop the debating club and maintain it in the institution in which he is laboring, will find a place for his services, will be well remunerated, will have a dignified position in the faculty of which he is a member, and the educational world will accord him the same honor that it gives the teacher of mathematics, philosophy, biology and theology.

The interests of the orator and the teacher of oratory are one. The master should know the requirements of success. He must frankly and freely note the characteristics of the successful speaker. First, a strong, vigorous body. Without underestimating the good of physical culture, we must all acknowledge that the frail, weak person, a consumptive, needs physical culture, but that no amount of physical culture of the best kind can give this person the strength to do the work of Mary A. Livermore, Frances Willard, Wendell Phillips or Henry Ward Beecher. A good rugged character and a purpose to do and dare are also necessary. The orator is a type, a character, a leader. It is the duty of the educational regime to discover genius and power, to develop natural qualities, not to create them. We have sometimes assumed that we could take people, intellectually, morally and physically weak, and make artists of them, elocutionary, oratorical artists. Have we contented ourselves with saying that we could improve these people? If the claims of the profession had always been honest, the battle of to-day for the National Association of Elocutionists would result in an easy victory.

To make the oratory departments in universities and colleges a recruiting station for live, ambitious, soulful, strenuous young men and women is the only way materially to improve the profession. In order to do this, the professional training classes, which are really the normal schools of the elocutionary profession, must realize the problems; make a different appeal; and make it to the right kind of people.

Each year there are graduated from schools of oratory a large number of pupils. Where are they? Whether they were benefited by their instruc-

tion, how much was added to the heart, and the soul, to the size of the chest, to the imaginative powers of these students, are questions to consider. We have faith in the spiritual and moral good of our work, but the real problem is this: Are they the ones that are speaking from the platform, are they the ones to whom the world will look in the next great crisis? When the next movement of civilization comes, will any of these people do the speaking and the writing, and can we rely upon them as our nation relies on the products of West Point to fight its battles? Do so-called teachers of oratory believe they are making orators? In our great civil strifes will the elocutionary profession furnish the Grants, the Lees, or the "sutlers of the camp?" Are we prepared to furnish the man and woman who will speak with the voice of Savonarola, the intensity and earnestness of Luther, or of Phillips? Have we courses of study that appeal to such men and keep them in our schools if they come to us? If we have, they do not know it, for as yet most great speakers have come through other gateways.

We do not forget there are great pioneers in this field. We have observed their splendid work done in some of our universities where people with educational ideas are studying, but the balance of power is against us.

A teacher of oratory should be found in every college, and a teacher of reading in every public school. In the training schools which supply these teachers, there should be a clear understanding of the problems of our civilization and what our young people need. There are some very pretty things for which there is no market. The world is above some things. It is not unappreciative, it is superior. The young man or woman who can interpret literature, will have a place on the lyceum, but the ranting elocutionist must go; every honest teacher is his enemy, for he is the enemy of the profession.

The world constantly calls for orators of ability. The good speaker is in demand, and the teacher who can appeal to the nobler qualities of mind and heart and develop higher types of manhood and womanhood, can find a place for his services amply remunerative. There should be remuneration for no other kind of teaching, and the world should listen only to public speakers who have genuine messages.

Reading from the Pedagogical Viewpoint.

By SUE D. HOAGLIN.

TWO things are necessary to place one who desires to become a good reader in the ranks of the hopeful—ability to think and ability to feel. When these conditions are present, the work of the teacher consists largely in freeing the avenues of expression and awakening a keen appreciation in the one who is learning to read.

Thinking constitutes the basis of this appreciation, but it is conditioned by experience, temperament and imagination. Time and the gods control experience and temperament, but the teacher can accomplish much through developing the imagination. To fail here is to deprive the one taught of his birthright, for the life devoid of imagination is prosaic and material.

It has no play of fancy—no touch of color—its world is done in grays. One so deprived fails to see the life back of the printed page—the spirit back of the form.

Why is it that the single *telling* of the incident fixes it in the minds of those who hear it, to the minutest detail, while from the single reading of the same incident many of the details are not remembered? Is it not because words are to many only dead and empty forms and the mind fails to respond to the ideas for which the words stand—or at best there is but a hazy or vague understanding of the word-content? It is true that the ideas for which words stand will, to each individual, be conditioned by his experience along the line of those ideas, and this is the teacher's opportunity.

The pupil may be led, through the imagination, from his limited experience and meagre word-content to a larger and more universal experience and richer word-content. The printed page must become a series of experiences and situations. It must bear the stamp of reality. Its people must materialize before the reader; must live, suffer, enjoy, love and hate. If the lesson be a description of a bit of nature—the river must flow, the trees rustle and the birds sing. When these conditions are fulfilled there will be no more lifeless naming of words under pretense of reading. If the imagination is the saving grace of all arts it is especially so of the art of reading, for the reading-lesson becomes a vital culture force when those engaged in it are encouraged to vitalize every situation and everything told about.

The development of the imagination through picture-forming or visualizing should begin in the lowest grade. In tests made along this line in a first primary grade only 12.1 per cent. of the pupils failed to respond readily. The ideas, of which words are the symbols, must be vital ideas, and to get, hold and give these ideas at the same time will soon result in effective reading.

What shall guide us in the selection of our reading? It is a pedagogical principle that interest is the basis of mental acquisition, and this furnishes a clew to its selection. *The material used for reading must touch the life and experience of the one reading, at some point.* In this day, when we have the best thought and style of the ages from which to select; when the masterpieces of all tongues and the classics of all lands become ours through translation, and when our own literature has no mean array of classics—we must use the best literature for reading material that brain and heart have produced. But a promiscuous reading of the classics, while it may give a knowledge of the best literature, will not secure the best results in its appreciation and interpretation in oral expression.

Good reading demands more than a knowledge of literature. It demands such an absorption of the spirit of the production that the literary creation comes forth a re-creation. From the very nature of the case we must have such an arrangement of these classics as shall be in harmony with the natural order of mental growth. The question ever uppermost must be—"What does the nature of the child demand at this period of his development?"

Were we considering literature alone it might be well to let a child read all good literature in which the incident is simple enough to give him a relish for the reading, even though the human emotions described were

beyond his experience or comprehension. But reading has a purpose beyond literature; its purpose is to bring forth from the printed pages a new creation. To know the old creation is not enough. To take symbols of ideas—words—and to put back of them a largeness of life and richness of experience and then to give this life and experience *through words* to hearers, is to read. When a child reads he interprets life by his own experiences. When a grown person reads he, too, interprets life by his experience. There is a period in the development of the child when vivid description awakens a ready response, when he loves to exercise the imagination in the creation of mental pictures and the wise teacher will take advantage of this tendency. Later he responds to altruistic sentiments and literature that is calculated to arouse altruistic emotions should be given him. As personality strengthens, judgment and will are exercised in discriminating choice and the grand in nature and the heroic in action make a powerful appeal to the mind. Here the voice rounds out and becomes beautiful. Later the purely intellectual rules, and the logical and analytical appeal to the mind.

Perhaps it is wise to correlate all the subjects of a school curriculum, but the reading-lesson should never degenerate into a lesson in history, geography, or even literature. Only so much outside matter should be introduced as will enable the pupil to put a large content into his word-forms. Appreciative reading must be the goal of the teacher's effort in whatever stage the pupil is working.

Two Notable Shakespeare Productions.

By WILLIAM WINTER.

E. H. Sothern as Hamlet.

IT is "sweet and commendable" in the nature of any actor that he should wish to impersonate Hamlet, for the character is beautiful and the play which it pervades and illumines is one of transcendent intellect and sublimity. There are, however, insuperable obstacles in the way of most actors when they approach this subject. It is, indeed, readily possible for an experienced actor of respectable talent to dress in the customary trappings of woe and to walk conventionally through the part of Hamlet, speaking the words smoothly, and giving a more or less picturesque embodiment of meditative melancholy; and this is all that usually is accomplished. The essential quality of the character,—its soul of misery, its grandeur of desolation; its significance as an image of finite man, baffled, overwhelmed, and ruined in the struggle to comprehend and dominate the awful mystery of his environment,—is scarcely ever even remotely suggested.

The poet has created and displayed a type of human nature at its highest and best, overwhelmed with affliction, blasted with grief, tainted with madness, and, alike by innate tendency and external propulsion, made a total failure: the stage ordinarily presents, as a correlative of this image, a handsome young man, in black velvet clothes, well-groomed and looking as if just liberated from a bandbox, with no more sense of the terrible facts of life and death, moral responsibility

and spiritual destiny, than a feather has of the breeze by which it is blown.

Within the last fifty years two actors, and only two, have appeared in the theatre, who could really and fully impersonate Hamlet: one of them was Edwin Booth; the other was Henry Irving.

Many actors, to be sure, have played Hamlet in a respectable manner. E. L. Davenport was, for many years, customarily accepted and cited as, in all respects, an efficient and thoroughly satisfactory representative of the part. He had a sufficiently correct ideal of it for practical purposes, and he expressed that ideal clearly, fluently, and with effective precision; but, probably, no one of his auditors was ever thrilled, fascinated, or even deeply moved, by his expression of it, howsoever impressed by his profound reverence for the subject and by the inherent power and magical charm of the play: and this, which was true of Davenport, was also true of his compeers, such as Forrest, Murdoch, Couldock, Vandenhoff, Marshall, and others, the capable, admired, and honored chieftains of a by-gone age.

The simple truth is that no actor has ever really conquered as Hamlet, or can ever hope to conquer, unless possessed of the temperament of genius, possessed of the Hamlet nature,—which commingles great intellect, great imagination, and great tenderness with a melancholia that hovers over incipient insanity,—and possessed, also, of that strange personal allurement, partly physical beauty, partly inspirational light, and partly spiritual charm, which never yet was wholly explicable in words, but which never yet has failed, in whatsoever branch of art made manifest, to diffuse an irresistible enchantment for the human race. In many other characters the efficiency of trained talent proves adequate and victorious; never in Hamlet.

Mr. E. H. Sothern, who, at the Garden Theatre, has been acting as Hamlet since Monday night, September 17, is unquestionably a man of talent, and it may justly be said that his performance is intelligent, thoughtful, careful, and respectably good. He has attempted a tremendous task; he has measured himself by a colossal standard; and, considering the slender caliber of his natural gifts and cultivated powers, it is much to his credit that he has not broken himself all to pieces in the effort. He does not embody Hamlet, but he presents, after the manner of consistent mediocrity, a sufficiently interesting type of fantastic mental disturbance and juvenile gloom. The principal attributes of his embodiment of the man whom he supposes to be Hamlet are sincerity of purpose, earnestness of mind, continuity of strenuous effort, and fitful, spasmodic force. He speaks the text with fluency, and, though seldom with expressive modulation such as is sequent on spontaneity of feeling, with a propriety of intelligence that usually apprehends and conveys its surface meaning. He indicates a right sense of filial tenderness and reverence. He shows a certain nobility of righteous scorn and moral fervor,—notably in the Closet scene,—and, once or twice, as when listening to the Ghost apostrophizing "your gracious figure," and uttering Hamlet's dying words, he becomes mournfully passionate and momentarily sympathetic. On the other hand, he lacks personal distinction, innate princely authority, grace of movement, invariable clarity of articulation, mobility of facial expression, tenderness of feeling, depth, variety, and charm of voice, that sense of being haunted which only a powerful imagination

can awaken and impart, and, at certain great pivotal moments of the tragedy,—such as Hamlet's first meeting with the Ghost, his parting with Ophelia, his delirium at the climax of "the mouse-trap" play, and his frenzied joy and horror at the killing of Polonius, —he conspicuously lacks the passion that should be electrical and the tragic power that should carry all before it. Of the corrosive misery of Hamlet,—misery that has sapped the foundations of his mind and life, and which steadily, mercilessly, inexorably and irresistibly burns out his heart and propels him onward to ruin and death, —he gives no denotement whatever. In a word, the performance begins, continues, and ends completely within the usual limits of stage utility, the conventional, and the commonplace.

There is, of course, "new business." Each fresh performer of the Melancholy Dane deems it necessary to speak words that are usually omitted, to omit words that are usually spoken, and to invent devices that will diversify action. After Hamlet's first Ghost scene, at "Let us go in together," Mr. Sothern makes the prince absolutely trivial, by causing him, with mere stage trickery, to stop and pose, facing the audience, in the white glare of a limelight.

In the Decoy scene with Ophelia he places Hamlet's discovery of the eavesdropping king and minister, not at "Are you honest?" —where certainly it belongs if it is to occur at all,—but at "Go thy ways to a nunnery"; and this, necessarily, makes the whole action meaningless and motiveless. In the same scene he furtively kisses the back hair of Ophelia,—as if Hamlet were a lover; when, in fact, love has become to him nothing but a charnel-house memory.

The "old mole" hysterical ejaculations are preserved; but Hamlet's most illuminative speech, the indispensable "Now might I do it," is omitted. In the Mad scene with Claudius, at "seek him in the other place yourself," the prince is made to seize a sword, that the king has affably picked up and placed upon a convenient chair, and to assail his majesty with murderous violence: And in the same scene, at "I see a cherub," he is made to display his miniature of his father, and to indicate that the "cherub" is that lamented relative.

The exit of Hamlet from Ophelia's funeral is made with a prolonged burst of insane laughter—no previous intimation of any sort of insanity having been even remotely suggested. In the mock duel Hamlet is made to receive a wound in the wrist, to disarm Laertes, and then to compel the exchange of weapons by treading on the fallen foil, reclaiming it for himself and forcing Laertes to accept his own in its place.

Finally, Fortinbras—a character good to think of but tedious to see—is brought on, at the close, to point the moral of successful Action triumphant over unsuccessful Thought: But this is an old device, and one that never yet, in actual practice, has had an impressive effect.

These things, however, are of no particular moment. The instructive facts are that, in the Ghost scenes, which are the test scenes, of this tragedy, Mr. Sothern neither expresses awe nor inspires terror; that his delivery of the speech—"To be or not to be"—on life and death and the "something after death" is so hollow and superficial as to be completely insignificant; that he does not dominate, as surely Hamlet ought to do, the climax of the Play scene; that he is merely melodramatic in the killing of

Polonius—a crisis so terrible that it ought almost to rend the hearts of his hearers; and that, from first to last, his demeanor and speech, his repose and action, all the concurrent attributes of his personality, are so void of authoritative puissance, so light and thin, that, while he pleases by his earnestness, he often seems hopelessly frivolous. Denial of his abstract merit as a conscientious and capable actor would be idle and wrong, but no man can rationally expect to be applauded who goes to sea in a teaspoon.

In due process of time, and through many repetitions of his performance, Mr. Sothern may, perhaps, obtain weight and authoritative poise, a definite ideal, and the felicity of rounded execution. At present his acting of Hamlet,—alternating long levels of strenuous monotony with sudden explosions of glib and rattling vocal vehemence,—while it is excellent practice for himself, means no more for other people, if they know this subject, than the idle spinning of a weather-cock on a church spire. "Some persons are busy," said old Jeremy Taylor, "but it is as the Emperor Domitian was, in catching flies."

Mr. Sothern's restorations of the text of "Hamlet," like those of Mr. Tree and Mr. Forbes-Robertson, are merely capricious, and their chief effect is to make the performance much too long. The restoration of Hamlet's delirium after the first Ghost scene (when his already unsettled brain receives the shock from which it never afterward wholly recovers), would, indeed, be wise, if Mr. Sothern were able to act it. The best words of Polonius, "My liege and madam, to expostulate," etc., are omitted.

Mr. Edwin Varrey's performance of Polonius would be more true to Shakespeare if it were less robust and hard,—that is to say, if it revealed more of the encroaching feebleness of incipient senility and more of the attribute of paternal tenderness. "E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires." The Queen was slain long before she drank the poison.

The performance of Ophelia, by Miss Virginia Harned, transcends comprehension and may be recorded as unique; it probably has a meaning, of some kind, to the actress: it was furnished with a harp, seemingly of straw, in the Mad scene, and this musical instrument was very kindly taken from the unfortunate lady, upon her distracted entrance, and restored to her, upon her still more agonized exit, by no less a person than the King of Denmark himself.

Mr. Rowland Buckstone, as the First Grave Digger, expressed the slow sapience of that clown with an abounding glee and brisk geniality seldom encountered upon the brink of the grave. The treatment of the opening scene, by Mr. H. S. Northrop and Mr. George E. Bryant, as Bernardo and Marcellus, though a little overemphatic, is especially to be commended, and the performance of Osric by Mr. Richard Lambert, though flurried, should be mentioned as creditable. Mr. Flockton was an excellent representative of the priest.

The scenic presentment of the tragedy is far more ornamental than appropriate: there is much new paint and there are many torches,—the spectre of King Hamlet appearing with a light in his headgear. One scene, however,—the second of the fifth act, showing the outside of Elsinore upon a long, irregular, gloomy crag overhanging the sea,—is poetical and beautiful. The attendance, it is understood, has been large: and this is a good sign—for anything and every-

thing is welcome that may tend to qualify and abate the general tone of public levity as to all that happens in the theatre.—*New York Tribune,* Sept. 22, 1900.

II.

Richard Mansfield as Henry V.

The dark is followed by the day. Shakespeare's representative image of Failure and Sorrow fades and disappears, and, emerging on the same stage, with golden flare of banner and vibrant tumult of martial sound, comes Shakespeare's representative image of Success and Happiness. For Hamlet the pall and the sepulchre, the heavy night and the moaning of the unknown sea: for Henry of Monmouth the throne and the sceptre, the blaze of noon, and all the glories and pleasures of the world. These two figures stand at the furthest opposite extremes of life, and nothing could be more instructive, whether as a study of human nature or an illuminative disclosure of Shakespeare's mind, than the contrast that they present. In Hamlet the poet has portrayed baffled thought and nerveless will, culminant in misery; in Henry of Monmouth, artfully building on a stanch historic basis of fact and poetically magnifying an actual character, he has portrayed his consummate ideal of the perfect man of action,—the man who knows exactly what he wants, and, having no "craven scruple of thinking too precisely on the event," will take the instant way to grasp it, and will hold it against all the world. His love, with all that this word means, undoubtedly went with Hamlet: his sane approval and calm admiration go with Henry. He has drawn, in this character, a man without weakness, and he has invested him with almost every virtue—with sincerity, simplicity, stability, dignity, piety, truth, valor, and wisdom, the graces of gallantry and the charms of kindness and humor. This type of man is readily comprehensible, and since the permanence and welfare of society depend upon exactly such persons, it would hardly be possible to say too much in his praise. But it will not pass unobserved that this type of man moves wholly in the region of fact. Henry of Monmouth has neither imagination nor strong affections. The man who could break the heart of Falstaff must be admired for his impartial justice and respected and honored for his righteous behavior; but he cannot be loved. All the same he carries with him the liking of the busy world, he is exceptionally worthy of study, and his presence on the stage is a public benefit. Mr. Mansfield, accordingly, has done well and wisely, not for himself alone but for the community, in his timely revival and splendid production of "Henry V."

To the Shakespeare student the poet's fine amplification of truth, in his delineation of Henry's character, is especially delightful. The actual man seems to have been a reformed rake. He entered while yet in boyhood upon the active business of life, leaving Oxford university when about twelve years old, and following King Richard II. in his expedition of warfare into Ireland. By King Richard he was knighted when in that country. A little later, when only fifteen, he led one of the armies of his usurpatory father, Henry IV., in Wales, and he participated in the decisive battle of Shrewsbury, where he fought bravely and was severely wounded. His precocious talents, his efficiency, and his popularity, however, at first displeased his father,—engendering in the mind of that wily and treacherous politician the furtive distrust and jealous sus-

picion that insincere and crafty persons, judging others by themselves, are always quick to entertain and slow to relinquish,—and the restraints consequently put upon his youthful ardor thereupon drove him into some excesses of profligate behavior, "covering discretion with a coat of folly." Such a result is not altogether uncommon in human experience, and Shakespeare has happily remarked that "the strawberry grows underneath the nettle." When the hour of royal responsibility arrived the prince cast away his lightness and became a man in earnest,—ruling himself, as the first and most essential preparation for ruling others. At twenty-four he became King of England; at twenty-six he gained his astonishing and dazzling victory over the French, at Agincourt, defeating and subduing a force vastly superior to his own; and at thirty-four, after other wars and vicissitudes, he died,—so young a man, to be so astute in statesmanship and so potent in arms, that his career seemed only to have just begun. Undoubtedly he was a great executive spirit: only a great executive spirit could thus have predominated, in an age when the most common of crimes was the cutting off of tongues and the putting out of eyes: but there is nothing in history or tradition showing him to have been such a man as might have merited the almost ecstatic encomium of Canterbury, in Shakespeare's play, or might have uttered the wonderfully fine farewell speech to Scroop, or the wide-reaching, philosophic, noble soliloquy on the vanity of mortal greatness. Shakespeare has transfigured him, adding poetic glamour to historic truth, and making a great fact still greater with the augmentative glory of an immortal ideal.

According to the old chronicles, the prince changed as if by a miraculous conversion from a profligate brawler and reveler to a virtuous monarch. According to Shakespeare—and herein the poet is a better authority than the historian—he did not change but was developed, laying down a mask, casting aside the loosely worn garment of assumed depravity and discarding by natural process the vices and follies which he had only tolerated but which never had been an integral part of his character.

No wonder, surely, that the memory of Henry V. is revered by the English people, and that every relic and memento of him is sacredly cherished. The traveler in Wales still sees Monmouth castle, in which this prince was born,—preserved as a shrine of pilgrimage. In a little church in Southampton, not far from the steamship landing, a tablet marks the grave of Scroop and his accomplices who conspired to murder him, just as he was embarking for the memorable campaign in France, and who suffered death for their treason. Queen's College at Oxford has its memorial of his lodgment and his brief days of discipline and study. And over his tomb in Westminster Abbey are still displayed, with one of his helmets not of the kind that was worn in battle, the saddle and the shield that he used at Agincourt.

The great speeches for an actor with which the play of "Henry V." is adorned are the king's adjuration to Lord Scroop; his appeal to the soldiers before Harfleur; his soliloquy on the contrasted fortunes of the monarch and the peasant; Canterbury's description of the king, and that same eloquent primate's verbal portrayal of a well-ordered kingdom, as symbolized by the commonwealth of the bees; Exeter's pathetic account of the deaths

of York and Suffolk, who were slain at Agincourt; and the superb word-picture, by the Chorus, of the night before the battle. Most of these passages were retained in Calvert's stage version of the drama, but Mr. Mansfield has somewhat exceeded Calvert (who followed Charles Kean's plan in all essentials), in the liberality of his retentions of the original text, so that the piece, though necessarily pruned and shortened, is presented with large fidelity to the author.

The original play, as all readers of it are aware, is more epic than dramatic, a narrative of episodes illustrated with pictorial tableaus and with lyrical commentary more than a fabric of continuous action; and, for this reason, when given on the stage, it must be treated more or less as a spectacle. The central fact to be exhibited is that King Henry V., on coming to the throne of England and being advised by his counselors that he possessed a valid claim to that of France, led an army into that country (then torn and distracted by internal feuds), met and defeated, with great slaughter, the forces of the French king, Charles VI., at Agincourt, and returned home, in triumph, to wed the French king's daughter, the Princess Katharine, and to become, for all time, a supreme image of regal authority and martial renown. It must have been very difficult to frame this sequence of events in a practical play; but Shakespeare, with admirable ingenuity (the dramatic instinct and faculty with which he was born and the apt stagecraft that he had acquired), dexterously resorted to the old Greek expedient of a Chorus, and by the introduction of various humorous characters of common life and the invention of various effective situations and striking and amusing incidents, overcame the intrinsic obstacles of the theme; and he has made a historical piece, commingling drama and spectacle, which expresses, more fully and better than any other single work in existence, the national spirit of England and the universal idea of practical achievement.

There is not nearly as much character in "Henry V." as there is in "Henry IV."; but in some of its scenes,—notably that of the death of Falstaff and that of the night before Agincourt,—the light of Shakespeare's genius, alike in humor and pathos, shines with all the lustre of his brighter day. In this play the lover of quaint character and of the seriocomic contrasts of gravity and mirth, first meets with the delightful Fluellen; and in this play, having long rejoiced over the pranks and frolics of Falstaff and his associates, he is made to think of the old knight when smiling on his fingers' ends and babbling of green fields and so lapsing into the silence and the cold; and he follows Bardolph and Nym to their haven of the gallows tree, and poor old Quickly, —having become Mrs. Pistol,—to her death in the hospital, and Ancient Pistol himself, who has swallowed his leek, to the scene of new adventures, that can have but one close, as a cutpurse on the highways of England. "For humors do abound," in this history, and solemn thoughts are prompted by it, and "when time serves there shall be smiles."

There is no subtlety in the character of Henry of Monmouth. The words that he says of himself in the piquant wooing scene with the Princess Katharine,—most charmingly acted, on this occasion,—describe him clearly, and no intelligent actor of the part can miss its meaning. He is "a fellow that never looks in his glass

for love of anything that he sees there"; he has "a good heart that never changes"; and he is "the best king of good fellows." In that way Mr. Mansfield has comprehended the poet's conception and that is the ideal he has embodied.

There is, to be sure, in Mr. Mansfield's nature,—either elemental or acquired,—a propensity to grim and mordant sarcasm, an attribute which, while it gives point and brilliancy to every impersonation of incarnate wickedness, such as Baron Chevrial or Mr. Hyde, is radically inharmonious with the temperament of Henry; and this subtle emanation of character is apt, at odd moments, to glimmer forth, in a look or a tone, a pose or a verbal inflection, in all that he embodies. There is, also, a certain sluggishness, at times, in his movements,—probably the vis inertia of German phlegm,—which a little dims his brilliancy; and he does not give as scrupulous heed as might be desired to the niceties of elocution; but this is the fashion of the time. On the other hand, he possesses abundant geniality and humor, a bold presence, a bluff manner, a remarkably copious and resonant voice, the power of intellectual concentration, the repose of self-control at the topmost tensity of excitement, and great capability of illuminative, diversified action. His performance of King Henry V. is noble, authoritative, winning, eloquent, and more sympathetic than any embodiment that he has hitherto set before this public. The spirit of it is manly and the method of it is simple. Indeed, the element of simplicity should be named as its pervasive, invariable and predominant virtue: and this is a crowning excellence—for, in every one of his actions, Henry is direct, and in every one of his speeches, howsoever elaborate, he uses the plainest words and comes quickly to his point: it would not, perhaps, be erroneous to say that he is impatient of talking and holds it in contempt. The straightforward frankness of the actor is exactly germane to the character, and it could not be too highly extolled. In the wooing scene,—which, though Henry is not a lover, requires deep sincerity, veiled but not hidden by a sweet, airy playfulness and bantering levity,—he was entirely delightful. In the colloquy of mystification with the soldiers his temperative modulation of the princely manner with that of the comrade was skilful and happy. In the sadly pensive soliloquy upon the empty ceremony that environs a king he gave a very solemn expression to the sense of responsibility which sequesters and saddens a conscientious ruler, and he became a pathetic image of the sombre isolation of a great mind in a great station. In the exhortations to martial valor he was splendidly vehement if not irresistibly impulsive. But his highest achievement was his delivery of Henry's withering arraignment and piteous rebuke of the hideous treachery of his bosom friend Lord Scroop. There are few speeches comparable with this one, for feeling, for imagery, and for verbal beauty, even in Shakespeare: and Mr. Mansfield, in his utterance of it, rose to a noble height of dignity and pathos. His grasp of the character was shown to be complete, at that point. There is no other situation implicating so many and such varied and deep emotions. The rest of the part, indeed, is evenly heroic in spirit and generally bright in texture. A man so completely self-centred as Henry of Monmouth, a man whose view of himself is that of almost unqualified approbation, and who obtains everything

that he desires,—and this with the concurrent approbation and adulation of all the world,—should be characterized by a cheerful buoyancy; there should not only seem to be in him a kind of joy—he should be joy incarnate. This condition Mr. Mansfield has perceived, and this condition is abundantly expressed in his embodiment of Henry V.

Mr. Mansfield's efforts were seconded with great and often with signal talent by a numerous and well-selected company. Performances of exceptional merit were given by Mr. Andrews as the peppery little Fluellen; Mr. Griffith as the flamboyant, grandiloquent, swashbucklering, pusillanimous Pistol; Joseph Whiting as Williams, the blunt and burly soldier; Estelle Mortimer as Mrs. Quickly (now Mrs. Pistol); Florence Kahn as the Chorus (her speeches being spoken with discretion, efficient intelligence and fine effect); and little Dorothy Chester as the Boy who attends on Falstaff's trio of blackguards and so comically sees through their bluster.

Upon the details of Mr. Mansfield's production of this Shakespeare spectacle—the stage-setting of the numerous scenes, the processions, the tableaus, the banners, the weapons, the armor, the apparel, the music, the fourteenth and fifteenth century trappings and characteristic shows,—it would be possible to write "a whole history." Much has been done to create and sustain illusion, as to the architecture, the habiliments and the customs,—social and martial of England and France five hundred years ago. Many of the dresses are those that the lamented Augustin Daly caused to be made for his contemplated revival,—which was abandoned for want of a Falstaff,—of "Henry IV." They fit this play as well, and they are magnificent.

The vigilant eye of a Planché, gazing upon this profuse and replete spectacle, would probably discern in it, here and there, an incorrect spearhead or an inappropriate spur, or an Englishman with long hair, in a reign when long hair was never worn. "The present eye praises the present object"—as Shakespeare himself has said. The production was very beautiful, and it was hailed with acclamations of pleasure. Slightly to vary the well-known lines of Campbell—

> Had Shakespeare's self among you been,
> Friends, he had seen your joy,
> And triumphed to have seen.

—*New York Tribune*, Oct. 4, 1900.

Some Elocutionary Problems.

By F. TOWNSEND SOUTHWICK.

THERE is no better mental exercise for the elocutionist than analysis of a given passage, not merely for its meaning, but for its expression. Nor would it be easy to find a more interesting study. The determination of exactly the right shade of inflection, the precise degree of emphasis, the appropriate attitude, the most effective gesture, demand not only comprehension of the author's meaning but a knowledge of the subtlest manifestations of which the human voice and body are capable. Indeed, the arts of impersonation and characterization might almost claim the whole realm of anthropology for their own. There is, in fact, no end to

the study of expression, and this is the secret of the fascination.

Every one knows that the analytic method has great dangers. Constant reliance upon it is destructive of all spontaneity; but, on the other hand, the opposite fault, of trusting exclusively to inspiration, intuition, or luck, is fatal to art. There is, however, no great fear that the majority of our profession will overdo the scientific side of expression. The trouble with most of us is that we stop so far short of science that what knowledge we have is oftener a hindrance than a help.

But I have no intention of penning a jeremiad, but of calling attention to one or two simple problems in expression. Here, for instance, is the eternal question of emphasis,—the fundamental problem of elocutionary expression. The best and most logical rule for determining the emphatic word is that which I have given in "Elocution and Action," namely, that the emphatic word is that which completes the new thought. This rule, practically the same as that given by Alexander Melville Bell in his "Principles of Elocution," is founded on the psychological truth that our present thought is the only one which is really alive. But logical and scientific as the rule is, and thoroughly useful as a help, we must confess that it will not do everything for us.

Take, for example, the first line of "The Merchant of Venice": "In truth I know not why I am so sad." It admirably illustrates our rule. The uncultured or thoughtless reader would, very likely, throw the principal emphasis on "sad." But the student knows that Antonio is not making a didactic statement, but carrying on a conversation supposed to have been begun behind the scenes. His sadness is the subject of the discourse, it is not the new thought. The new idea is evidently, "I know not why I am." Now, the next question is, which of these words receives the chief emphasis? It is a problem worth discussing, and I shall venture to leave it to the readers of WERNER'S MAGAZINE for a month or two.

Another problem: Having determined the emphatic word to our satisfaction, how shall we emphasize it, and why? Shall it be by stress, "retarded time" (rhythmical emphasis) or melody? If by melody shall the emphatic word be higher or lower than the rest, or what shall be the melodic trend of the whole sentence?

Again, when our sister's chum greets her with, "Oh. you dear, sweet thing!" why does the strongest emphasis invariably fall on "thing"? Is it merely because of the acknowledged lack of logic in the feminine mind? I think there is another reason.

A curious fact came under my observation in London. We all know that the English speech-melody is very different from ours; in fact, it is almost exactly opposite, descending when ours ascends and making use of rising inflections almost to the exclusion of falling ones. But a well-known English elocutionist, whom I heard in an interesting interpretation of "Manfred," read his lines with what might be called the American melody, much as Murdoch or Churchill might have done, although in his introductions and comments he spoke like an Englishman. Now, why did he read his lines in one tone-idiom and speak in another? And was it right or wrong for him to do so?

I hope there will be plenty of bright minds ready with their solutions to these questions. I have some theories of my own regarding them, which I

will reserve until others have spoken.

Let us not despise these matters of detail. Remember, Michael Angelo's aphorism: "Trifles make up perfection, and perfection is no trifle." If our beloved art has any value as a means of intellectual discipline, it is just because we have to think out such problems as these. We may sometimes arrive at a wrong conclusion, but we shall at least have acquired greater logical power with each attempt, and sooner or later the habit of right thinking, joined, as it should be, with the habit of careful observation, will give us a sense of power and certainty that the mere emotionalist can never know.

Sometime I hope that we may have a re-established section of science in our National Association of Elocutionists where we can discuss the fundamental problems of our art. In the meantime here is a nice point in vocal dogmatics:

Mr. Louis Arthur Russell, in the June number of WERNER'S MAGAZINE, says, (and plenty of distinguished singing-masters agree with him) that "each vowel has its particular shape in the mouth, but this shape is never in external evidence. If allowed to do so it takes care of itself with almost functional ease. Just what it is, especially in the close vowels, no man has ever seen, notwithstanding the many attempts at picturing vowel-shapes. As Mr. Shakespeare so well says, students give 'distorted' sounds, in their attempt to sing with changing vowels; he might also have added 'distorted faces.' All of this is uncalled for; lip-action is unnecessary for vowel-making, and in good singing one vowel is as easy of production as another. Shaping of vowels with the lips may be a useful thing for mutes, but for audible speech there is no call for such action; furthermore, such lip contractions not only are negatively useless, but they positively interfere with freedom of tone-emission."

Now, if Mr. Russell says just what he means—and there is no reason for supposing that he does not,—he is in flat contradiction not only to many vocalists, but to every elocutionist and phonetician. Just before reading Mr. Russell's article I happened to be discussing this very point with a young and promising vocalist, a pupil of one of the best-known masters of New York, who insisted that she was singing ō when she was really singing a modified ä̤. Concentration on the sound of ō with no thought of the mechanism, resulted in an unconscious but noticeable rounding of the lips, accompanying the correct vowel. Now, was hers an exceptional case or not? And is Mr. Russell right, and Bell, Ellis, Sweet, and the rest wrong?

We can not deny that many elocutionists exaggerate the normal labial actions, and that distorted facial expression results therefrom. If we must choose between absolute immobility and those hideous grins, gapes and pouts which sometimes do duty as articulation exercises, all of us, I trust, would choose the former. But are we confined to a choice of extremes? Is there not a normal labial action which is essential to perfect delivery? Is not freedom of every part essential to normal expression?

And why, apropos of articulation and voice-production, do so many vocal theorists, some of whom are on record as spurning elocution and elocutionary methods, fail so completely in the effort to fill an ordinary hall with the speaking-voice? On the other hand, why are so many of our own profession so lamentably deficient

in purity of tone, or why is that desirable quality so frequently found in conjunction with a tendency to monotonic inflections? That last, by the way, is an easy one.

These and other vocal problems are of great importance and press not only for diagnosis, but for cure, which is sometimes a very different thing. It is easier to teach twenty what were good to be done than to show one of the twenty how to do it. They can not be solved by reiteration of the traditions of our predecessors, nor by the confident though too often nasal assertion of faith in a mysterious psychic influence which will somehow revolutionize our lifelong and hereditary habits.

Neither breathing nor the fact that we have a larynx will settle the matter, either. The enumeration of manifold "qualities" of the voice leaves us where we were before we learned the mysterious significance of orotund, pectoral, and the rest,—so far, at least, as voice-culture is concerned. We must observe, experiment, record and compare results. Only by patient accumulation and sifting of materials can we hope to build up a real science of expression.

The Body Responsive.

By E. V. SHERIDAN.

FIRST ARTICLE.

I.

YOUR body is always unerringly responsive to inside command as long as you live. There is never a moment when you are not, outside, an expression of something inside. The outside may not express all that is inside, it may not express that portion of the inside which you wish expressed, it may not be expressing that which you fondly imagine it is expressing, but it never for a living instant fails to express something, and that something is never for a living instant anywhere but inside.

I shall help you to command the outside to the expression of just that which you wish expressed. It is your privilege to give the order; it is your right to be obeyed; it is your duty to get the right order. Some day we shall talk about getting the order. That you may the better understand on that day, understand now that the body which you must command is a beautiful, complete and delicate machine; it is equipped to respond to the slightest order, that it may, if its action be free and true, express to the fullest and the smallest every shade of suggestion the inside can give—all it wants is a chance. If you have limited its expression, repressed, misused it, its power for expression is for the time injured. You need only study its laws, realize its resources, leave it free to follow its laws—and the thing is done. It remains only to see to it that orders are correctly received and transmitted.

Remember, not only the elocutionist and the actor, but you, and I, the cook, the clergyman, and the car conductor, present an external that is constantly and accurately expressing what is within.

The elocutionist and the actor have a more complicated job than have we. We merely express what is inside, and it "is" of itself. They must arbi-

trarily put something inside, and command the outside to the expression of that arbitrary something, making connection so that the body responds according to its own laws, as freely and as truly as if thrown into action in response to something that naturally grew inside.

If you want to be an elocutionist, or an actor, we will sometime talk further along this line. Just now, whether it be your ambition sometime to do Romeo, or Juliet, or recite "Curfew," or merely to be in command for your own daily life of the powers that are yours, the beginning is the same: You must get in touch with your powers of expression, and learn to command them to manifesting yourself. Later you may venture, if you wish, to go outside of your own personality for orders.

All of us have need to command something of the actor's art, when we find it necessary to express externally something that does not fall into place easily, inside, or that does not, unstimulated, demand expression. When Aunt Maria comes for a visit, for instance, and we are not glad, but must be glad, then without the support of the same principle that inspires the actor, we shall make a mess of it. The root of it all is that the body is always expressing something, and that we may voluntarily dictate what that something shall be.

The poor wretch who, on exhibition day, shuffles out on the platform, turns to stone; and, with jaw dropped, knees bent, elbows stiff or limp, eyes glazed and staring, does "Spartacus to the Gladiators," makes a horrid mess of it; he fails utterly to supply orders from within for the expression of Spartacus. He is, nevertheless, expressing, eloquently, triumphantly—not Spartacus, oh, no! but his entire and panic-struck divorce from all the interests of Spartacuses, and his anguish at being expected to identify himself with the expression of such interests. The pupil who shuffles forward to take his diploma for a course in physical culture, grabs the unoffending roll, and scuttles to his seat, is a reproach to his teacher, but a vindication of the law that the external expresses always what calls for expression, from within.

Why wail "put some feeling into it" at the pupil, whose stiff arms, shifty eyes, and raucous voice do not yield to the influence of theory? The pupil is full of feeling, poor thing, and all of her is mercilessly responsive to that feeling. To enable her to call the required feeling into authority would be a step toward enabling her to throw the poor stiffened body into responsive action—but that would be another story, and another teacher.

Let us stay at the roots of things a little longer. Feeling comes first; it is the result of the "order" whose source we can consider later; expression follows. We are born and grow that way. To command fully the source whence orders come, and to command completely all the possibilities of the body to express, is to be in complete possession of ourself.

At the source is everything: Our own best and highest, and the stuff of which all best and highest is made. Romeo, Juliet, Shakespeare—all are there. We need only get in touch, that we may receive and understand instruction—order—from the source. We need only be in command of the resources of the external to its most delicate fibre, and these great impulses are shaped into corresponding action. But let us go slow. Let us begin by honestly expressing ourselves, plain Miss Me, and Mr. You, expressing

ourselves just as we wish, doing what we want to do. Presently that becomes being what we want to be. Later we may want to be Romeo, or Juliet, or perhaps a better Miss Me, or Mr. You. Let us begin.

II.

Without and Within.

How do you judge a person is angry, glad, sorry? By the way that person acts, looks, or speaks. Good. We judge the feeling within by the physical without. A better man than I made exhaustive study of laws governing the outside to expression of the inside. He made tables and diagrams and charts, where every inch of the exterior is according to law and principle related to every corresponding inch inside. All this presents a solemn and beautiful philosophy, and it must be glorious to understand. Yet we need not be scared of charts and things. To understand the play and interplay of mind and body, to realize the divine impulses of humanity, and the solemn mystery of blending feeling and expression, to apprehend the dazzling resources of human expression, and the sacred source of human demand,—to grasp it all, must, indeed, be ennobling and splendid. The Better Man grasped a good deal of it all, I fancy, but we need not. We are considering only plain Miss Me, and Mr. You, and our plain ordinary friends and relations. We shall be busy. You are your own chart. Get to work.

You are to understand your resources and command them. By activity they will develop, and develop you. It is your right to choose what the body shall express. Remember your dignity. If you wish to radiate cordiality, confidence, frankness, do not permit timidity, sullenness, reserve, to dominate you. Remember your right to meet people's eyes. The same God looks out of your eyes that looks out of the other man's. It may be that he is giving that God fuller, more complete expression than are you. But that is no reason for you to dare to be ashamed of your God. It is only reason why here and now, at this moment, and from now on, for all time and forever, you should give Him use of eyes and all, as full, complete and true as you can uplift yourself to offer.

Eyes first is a good beginning. If they serve even a little, they will not shift, and flicker, dull and go down. If they respond, the rest will follow. Get alone by yourself. Yourself is a power of dignity. The only power active in this world that is capable of understanding all the rest. Its source is the source of all power. No impulse may stir you to activity that comes not from that source. Only you can study this yourself. Understand what it is to make choice according to order, and demand full expression for what is chosen, and for that only.

Now toward the outside. Living is taking in and giving out. We never give out just what we take in. We give out something much more precious. We take in from environment. We give out from our very self. Sun, wind, the good scent of the earth assault us; the blood leaps; we give out energy, life, joy, the happy laugh, the strong hand-clasp. A reverse stuns us. Slowly self squares for the report, knows itself stronger than anything outside; the brow clears, forces are marshaled, the voice grows rich and steady; we give out courage, dignity, strength. Nature demonstrates herself to you in some new way. Before report can reach yourself, surface

impulses are thrown into panic, fear riots through you, the blood leaves the face, limbs fail, words thicken and lose shape.

The senses take in, adjustment is made to what comes in, and the result of that adjustment is given out. The outside serves twice then. Through it environment reaches you. Through it you reach out. It is necessary that both processes should be just, and complete. If a distorted version of the outside reaches you, you will be misled, adjustment will not be to the real thing but to the distortion. The order will accord, and expression will misrepresent your true relation to your surroundings.

A hasty report is likely to miss you entirely, so may one made without your authority. Through the senses, the body, we are constantly open to impression. You should always be ready at the inside end, to dispose of what comes. If you abdicate this right, reports stop short at instincts, superstitions, and all the surface horde, and this horde commands the body to expression that degrades it and you, while you sit down cellar your head between your knees, oblivious to the fact that there is an upstairs and a household to command.

Be at the helm yourself. Keep in authoritative touch with the world outside. Admit no hasty report. Take time. Direct the attention. That means focus the senses, at your will, upon that with which you would come in touch. Give the senses time, give the report time. You will not then fail to get it straight. Give time for adjustment within. Get your order, and the without, the body, will respond.

The first step, then, is to establish well-ordered communication between the within and the without, to control the focusing of senses upon environment, to command attention.

[*To be continued.*]

IN order to have a free passage of the voice, or what the Italians call a good portamento, the tongue should be kept back, and the mouth made hollow and open within; and this should be done without offending the sight by awkwardly gaping as many do. The voice should never be forced beyond its natural tone; when it is, it can not be called singing, it is but bawling. The portamento of the Italian singers is so good that I can not recollect ever hearing one of them sing through his nose; but nothing is more common in England than this shocking custom, especially amongst our village choristers. Different kinds of voices seem to require a different mode of expression. Thus, the treble requires delicacy, with the use of the sostenuto, appoggiatura, and a good shake. The counter tenor, sweetness and subordination. The tenor should be flowing, full and energetic; and the bass possess gravity, solidity and bold expression. The right compass of the voice should also be duly considered, to avoid squeaking above, or grumbling below. In congregations where there are no instruments, the use of a large pitch-pipe is strongly recommended; for want of this help, nothing is more common than to hear a tune so injudiciously pitched that the singers are obliged to begin again before they have got half through the tune. To remedy this defect, the author of this book has been very particular in marking the right pitch, or keynote of every tune; which, with the help of a large pitch-pipe to sound the keynote, will render the performance more harmonious and more edifying. In this part of divine worship, above all, let the singer endeavor to have his mind duly impressed by the real and true meaning of the words he is to sing; thus qualified, his sympathetic tones will either be expressed in the plaintive voice of grief, supplication and prayer; or, when the heart is transported by themes of love, gratitude and thanksgiving, his animated voice will rise to rapture in the praises of his Creator, his Saviour, and his God.—*From "Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns," a book over* 100 *years old.*

Graded Physical Exercises.

FOR USE IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

By Bertha Louise Colburn.

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EIGHTH ARTICLE.

[The April, 1900, number of Werner's Magazine contained the introduction to this serial. The exercises have been arranged with special reference to the mental as well as the physical needs of school children. Six years in schools have demonstrated their value. They have also been used with benefit by older persons whose physical training has been neglected, and all who desire systematic exercise at home will find in them some complete set of exercises adapted to their needs. They are arranged in eight groups, one for each year in graded schools; each group consists of ten lessons, one for every four weeks. Additional lessons in marching, games, etc., are also given. Each lesson contains exercises for all parts of the body; but, as it is only from frequent repetition of a movement that benefit can be derived, only one or two new exercises are given in each lesson, and these are a natural outgrowth from the preceding ones. Thus, the eighth year exercises contain all the movements of the preceding grades.]

Grade IV.—Fourth Year in School—*Continued.*

[Teachers are referred to "Note to Teachers," page 264 of Werner's Magazine for May, 1900.]

ACTION STORIES—Continued.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

By William Cullen Bryant.

[By permission of D. Appleton & Co., publishers of Bryant's complete works.]

Come, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade; (1)
Wide let its hollow bed be made, (2)
There gently lay the roots, and there (3)
Sift the dark mould with kindly care, (4)
And press it o'er them tenderly, (5)
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet, (6)
To plant we the apple-tree. (7)

What plant we in this apple-tree? (7)
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays. (8)
Boughs, where the thrush, with crimson breast, (9)
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest; (10)
We plant, upon the sunny lea, (11)
A shadow for the noontide hour, (12)
A shelter from the summer shower, (13)
When we plant the apple-tree. (7)

* * * * *

What plant we in this apple-tree? (7)
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June (14)
And redden in the August noon (15)
And drop, when gentle airs come by, (16)
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee, (17)
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass (18)
At the foot of the apple-tree. (19)

And when, above this apple-tree, (20)
The winter stars are quivering bright, (21)
And winds go howling through the night, (22)
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth, (23)
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine (24)
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree. (14)

* * * * *

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom, (25)
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom, (26)
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower. (27)
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie, (28)
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree. (14)

(1) Hands held as if grasping spade. (2) Show width by holding hands at low front line with palms turned toward each other. (3) Turn palms to floor. (4) Motions of pulverizing earth with fingers. (5) Press down with open palms. (6) Motion of fold-

ing blanket around feet. (7) Point to right front at mid line, palm up. (8) Turn palm down and raise arm above head. (9) From (8) turn palm up. (10) Hands together, with curved fingers, to represent nest. (11) Both arms held out front at mid line, palms up. (12) Same, tipping head back and looking up. (13) Turn palms down and lift arms above head. (14) Point upward toward right. (15) Point upward with left hand. (16) Raise both hands to head level, then drop swiftly, with forearm leading. (17) Clap hands together noiselessly in joyful manner. (18) Point down to ground at right front with both hands. (19) Point to right front below mid-line, with palm up. (20) Point higher than in (14). (21) Move fingers rapidly for "quivering." (22) Extend both arms to right side, then carry with sweeping movement to left. (23) Motions of peeling apple. (24) Raise arms in front and indicate the heaped fruit by bringing the hands upward and toward each other with a wrist movement. (25) Lift both arms to right, pointing toward tree, then separate arms to show breadth. (25) Lower both arms slightly. (27) Lower both arms, moving the fingers to show many fluttering leaves. (27) Point to ground with left hand.

BEST.

By E. H. Thomas.

[From *Youth's Companion*, by permission.]

When all across the dimpled pond
  The little laughing breezes blow, (1)
And in the cattails just beyond (2)
  The summer sun is sinking low, (3)
The swallows then in airy flight
  Along the sparkling waters go, (4)
And dip their feathers blue and bright, (5)
  And softly twitter to and fro,
"Tweet, weet! Sweet, sweet! Oh, who is so free,
So cheery, so happy, so blithe as we?
For of all the most delightful things (6)
The very best is a pair of wings."

When all across the frozen pond
  The merry, roaring north winds blow, (7)
And from the leafless wood beyond (8)
  The winter moon is rising slow, (9)
The children then like swallows light
  Go wheeling, whirling to and fro (10)
Along the ice that sparkles bright
  With frosty jewels all aglow.
And they laugh and shout and sing for glee,
"No summer bird is so glad as we!
And better than wings for us merry mates (11)
Is a pair of sharp and shiny skates!"

(1) Raise arms in front of chest and float them to one side, with waving movement of hands from wrists to show little waves on pond. (2) Extend arms in front at shoulder level, palms down. (3) Sink them a few inches, with forearms leading. (4) Extend arms to right at mid line and float straight across to left side. (5) Make sudden dip downward from (4) position. (6) Float the extended arms quickly up and down at the sides above shoulder level. (7) Extend arms to right at mid line and sweep them swiftly across to left side. (8) Extend arms in front at shoulder level. (9) Raise them a few inches, with forearms leading. (10) Make two circular movements for "wheeling, whirling"; sweep to right on "to," to left on "fro," then to right again on next line. (11) Extend right hand from waist line forward to right side, and left arm the same to left side, to imitate the strokes of the skaters.

GATHERING LILIES.

By Bertha Louise Colburn.

I know a lake, a tiny lake,
  Where only gentle breezes blow; (1)
And in this placid, smiling lake (2)
  The fairest snow-white lilies grow. (2)

An empty boat, a waiting boat, (3)
  Lies idly rocking by the shore; (3)
Oh, joyfully we both step in,
  And eager grasp each willing oar. (4)

We forward bend; we backward pull; (5)
  Our rhythmic strokes are quick and strong,
And o'er the dimpling waters blue
  We swiftly, gayly glide along.

When hearts are light, are young and light,
  Hard work seems oft but merest play;
And soon the lilies come in view,
  Seen dimly in yon rounding bay. (6)

With sturdy strength, with practised pull, (7)
  Still on we send our bounding boat, (7)
Till now, behold! the magic nook (2)
  Where fairy lilies swim and float. (8)

With steady reach, with careful grasp, (9)
I pull a lily from its bed; (10)
Another lures, I quickly snatch, (11)
But only gain its sunny head. (12)

I reach again—a careful reach; (13)
This time I gain my lily prize; (14)
Another one, another yet! (15)
What countless beauties greet our eyes. (16)

We reach and pull; we pull and reach, (17)
And lade our boat with lilies fair; (18)
Then back we turn; we homeward row, (19)
And Jason-like our treasures bear.

(1) Both hands raised high to right front, and floated slowly across to left side. (2) Forearms raised outward at waist-line, palms up. (3) Raise arms to (2) position with palms down, and float from side to side in concave curves. (4) Reach arms outward. (5) Advance one foot and bend forward; bend backward, bringing arms toward body as in rowing. Repeat in each line of this stanza and first two of fourth. (6) Raise right arm to shoulder level, pointing with straight fingers and inclining head slightly to right. (7) Rowing movements. (8) Raise arms in front and float gently from side to side. (9) Reach with right hand; close fingers. (10) Pull. (11) Reach and pull quickly. (12) Open hand and drop arm to side. (13) Reach slowly. (14) Pull slowly. (15) Point to right; to left. (16) Turn both palms up. (17) With right hand; then left. (18) Forearms raised outward at waist line, palms down. (19) Rowing movement.

Grade V.—Fifth Year in School.

LESSON. I.

Prepare to stand!
Stand!
Space!

1. Position Exercise; *arms stretching at sides, palms upward.*
2. Poising; *rising upon toes of one foot and holding position.*
3. Foot and Leg; *heel and toe raising with stepping.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching; fist closing and arm twisting.*
5. Trunk; *twisting, with bending backward.*
6. Neck; *twisting, with bending backward at half side.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor without bending knees.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward at sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *inward circling.*
10. Floating; *upward and downward in front; above shoulder level at sides; horizontally.*

1. Position Exercise; Arms Stretching at Sides; Palms Upward.

Raise arms at sides, palms down, until they reach shoulder level: without stopping, turn palms front and continue reaching upward till arms are straight above head palms still front; carry with same stretching movement downward and slightly outward in front, then backward to an angle of thirty degrees; turn arms, raise to shoulder level with palms up, and reach outward with finger-tips during four counts; turn palms down, and drop arms easily to sides.

Time: Up! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Reach! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. This exercise erects the spine, broadens the chest, lifts all the internal organs to an altitude where they can properly perform their functions, and improves both health and carriage.

LESSON-TALK.

If the children have had proper physical training during the preceding years of school life, they will be able to stand in correct position, although they may still need frequent reminders to make it habitual. If there are new pupils in school, explain to them how weight of body must fall over balls of feet, and how they can erect spine by pushing upward with crown of head. If they have drooping shoulders this exercise will bring them into proper position.

2. Poising; Rising upon Toes of One Foot and Holding Position.

Stand on left foot. Put right foot forward six inches in direction to which it points; transfer weight to it; rise on toes, lifting toes of backward foot entirely from floor; hold four counts; sink to position; rise again; hold down. Repeat on left foot.

Time: Right foot! 2-3-4. Forward! 2-3-4. Rise! 2-3-4. Hold! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. This poising exercise establishes centre of gravity over balls of feet, strengthens leg and ankle muscles, and gives flexibility to feet; moreover, it is especially valuable for developing control over nerve force.

LESSON-TALK.

Fear of losing one's balance will give unsteadiness of movement; replace fear with self-confidence, and it will be easy to move steadily.

3. Foot and Leg; Heel and Toe Raising with Stepping.

Place hands on hips. Put right foot forward six inches; lift toe, keeping heel on floor; lower toe; lift heel; lower. Repeat three times. Step forward on right foot; extend left leg and raise heel and toe; step forward on left. Repeat stepping backward.

Time: Right foot! 2-3-4. Toe! 2. Heel! 4, etc. Step! 2-3-4. Left foot! 2-3-4. Toe! 2. Heel! 4, etc. This exercise strengthens flexor muscles of knee and ankle, and prepares for military facings given in marching lessons.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not allow the child to look at his feet. Stand erect and keep trunk motionless. Transfer weight forward and backward with a gliding movement, keeping chest firm.

4. Arm and Hand; Arm Floating and Stretching, Fist Closing and Arm Twisting.

Float both arms strongly, with forearms leading, across chest, left arm above right. Carry them out to sides at shoulder level with strong stretching movement, forearms still leading. Close fists, with thumbs outside fingers, twist arms from shoulder joint as far as possible in one direction, then in opposite direction. Unclose fist and float arms across chest again, repeating whole exercise three times.

Time: Arms! 2-3-4. Out! 2-3-4. Twist! 2. Back! 4. Float! 2-3-4. Out! 2-3-4, etc. This exercise is especially valuable for work it gives the little-used rotators; for chest-expansion resulting from lateral pull; and for flattening shoulder-blades.

LESSON-TALK.

Swing arms slightly away from body before floating them across chest. Let movement be as much of a stretching as possible. Do not cross arms on chest; let left be above right. Keep head erect.

5. Trunk; Twisting, with Bending Backward.

Place hands on hips, thumbs pointing forward, fingers together and pointing straight downward at sides. Without moving feet, twist trunk around to right until shoulders are at right angles with their normal position; bend trunk directly backward in direction which was left in normal position. Head begins backward movement. Lift trunk to erect position and rotate front. Repeat to left.

Time: Place hands on hips at command. Trunk! 2-3-4. Twist! 2-3-4. Bend! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Left! 2-3-4. This exercise gives strong work to muscles of abdomen and lower back, expands chest, and has direct effect on internal organs, improving digestion and assimilation.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not move feet; twist from ankles. Exercise must not be performed in a jerky manner; think of steady movement of great revolving doors, or a gate blown slowly to and fro by wind.

6. Neck; Twisting, with Bending Backward at Half Side.

Rotate head to right until chin is over, not on, shoulder; bend neck obliquely backward, midway between spine and right shoulder; lift head to position over right shoulder and rotate front. Rotate to left and bend obliquely backward.

Time: Right! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Lack of exercise causes muscles of neck to become weak and flaccid; exercise strengthens them and develops good poise of head, while acceleration of circulation relieves brain.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not twist shoulders while turning head nor open mouth while bending backward. Slowness and precision of movement are necessary in order to obtain good results. Explain to pupils how tight collars impede circulation, and prevent freedom of movement and consequent development of muscles.

7. Reaching; Both Hands to Floor without Bending Knees.

Stand upon both feet. Raise arms at sides with stretching movement, gradually turning them until palms are front, when arms are vertical; reach straight upward with finger-tips, then outward and downward, bending any part of body, except knees, until fingers touch floor. Lift trunk to position, letting arms relax and fall easily to sides, while neck relaxes and head is lifted last.

Time: Arms! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Muscles of arms, back and legs are stretched in such a manner as to obtain continuity of line throughout person; flexibility is cultivated; and circulation equalized through all parts of body.

LESSON-TALK.

Stretch arms strongly outward and upward; then reach outward as well as downward until fingers touch floor; do not be discouraged if fingers fail to reach floor by several inches at first attempt. Practice will bring flexibility. Strain comes back of knees, not in muscles of back, and no injury can result. Imagine that whole body is made of India-rubber, and that it is easy to stretch until one reaches floor.

8. Respiratory; Arm Stretching Upward and Pushing Downward at Sides.

Stand on both feet. Inhale while raising both arms upward at sides until vertical, letting forearm lead strongly, hands relaxed. Hold breath while pushing downward at sides with forearms until they reach position. Exhale and repeat.

Time: Inhale! 2-3-4. Hold! 2-3-4. Exhale! 2-3-4. This exercise establishes habit of deep, regular breathing, which is essential to health and happiness. Arm movement expands chest and hastens flow of blood to lungs; while holding breath causes air to rush upward and fill apices of lungs, thus preventing development of disease germs there.

LESSON-TALK.

Teacher should advise children to wear loose clothing, that organs may have perfect freedom of action. Pupils must stand with head erect and breathe inaudibly through nostrils. Let them try to experience a buoyant feeling as if pushing down against something.

9. Arm Swinging; Inward Circling.

Stand firmly on balls of feet. Raise forearms in front until horizontal at waist-line with elbows near body and hands hanging passive. Swing forearms around in a circle with vigorous inward movement for a minute or two, then drop to sides with swift, floating movement.

Time: At command, Arms horizontal! raise arms; at Swing! shake forearms rapidly for a minute or two, then drop easily to position. The music should change to something quick and running, like a galop, but the swinging is not done in time with the music.

Whatever the movement of any part of body, chest should suggest greater power than is put forth by part used; hence, the chief value of this exercise lies in development of power of keeping chest firm. It also strengthens arms, gives flexibility to wrists, and relieves habitual tension of hand muscles.

LESSON-TALK.

Swing forearms as vigorously as possible, but do not move body in the least. Imagine that body is a wooden statue of which the arms only can move.

10. Floating; Upward and Downward in Front; above Shoulder Level at Sides; Horizontally.

Stand lightly on balls of feet. Float both arms up above head in front, forearms leading, hands passive; float down; up; down; up, floating hands toward each other until they touch above head; turn palms outward and float arms down to shoulder level at sides; up, backs of hands meeting above head; turn backs of hands out and float down to shoulder level; up, palms meeting; down in front to shoulder level; turn palms out and float out to sides; together; down to position.

Time: Both arms! Float to slow waltz music without counting aloud; allow six counts for movement from position to above head; three from head to shoulder level, or from front to sides. During these movements circulation, which has been greatly accelerated by preceding vigorous movements, returns to its normal rate; harmony of muscular movement, which is necessary for highest mental development, is established, and reserve power is developed.

LESSON-TALK.

Stand in buoyant, expectant attitude, that head and chest may respond through reflex action to movements of arms. These may well be called "feather" movements on account of the light, easy manner in which they are made. They are performed in curving lines with no pause between movements. Forearms always lead, while wrists and hands are passive.

Marching.

1. *Backward—march! Forward—march! Backward—march!*
2. *March—touchstep and cross touch—left! (right.)*
3. *March—back touchstep and back cross touch—left! (right.)*

1. Stand on right foot; swing left leg lightly backward and touch toe to floor. As soon as executive word, "March!" is heard, transfer weight of body backward on left foot, swing right leg backward, transfer weight, etc. When command, "Forward—march!" is given during backward marching, executive word is given as left foot touches floor; right takes one more step backward, then left begins the forward march.

Executive word for backward marching is given as left foot touches floor; right takes one more step forward, then left begins backward march.

If lines are so long that there is little room for backward or forward marching between desks, pupils must march in two divisions. If teachers realized value of backward marching as an exercise, it would be practised more in spite of problems of little space. It produces a soothing sensation, and tranquilizes entire nervous system. Graceful rhythmic motion acquired in walking backward is transferred into forward movement when one is changed into the other. Toes and ball of feet must touch floor first in backward marching, and this gives flexibility to feet.

2. Starting with left foot advance two steps; on third count stretch left leg backward and touch toe to floor; on fourth count cross touch left in front of right. Start again with left. Same starting with right foot and touching right toe.

3. Starting with left foot advance two steps; on third count stretch left leg backward and touch toe to floor; on fourth count, cross touch left behind right. Same movement may be performed starting with right foot.

LESSON II.

1. Position Exercise; *arms stretching at sides, palms upward.*
2. Poising; *rising upon toes of one foot and holding position.*
3. Foot and Leg; *heel and toe raising with stepping.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching; fist closing and arm twisting.*
5. TRUNK; *bending backward at half side.*
6. Neck; *twisting, with bending backward at half side.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor without bending knees.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward at sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *inward circling.*
10. FLOATING; *at shoulder level with one arm.*

5. TRUNK; BENDING BACKWARD AT HALF SIDE.

Place hands on hips, thumbs pointing forward and fingers together and pointing straight downward. Bend trunk backward in direction halfway between spine and right shoulder, letting head droop in same direction. Bring trunk up into position, lifting head last. Same to left. Repeat whole exercise.

Time: Place hands on hips at command, Trunk! 2-3-4. Half right! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Half left! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Stretching and relaxing of chest and abdominal muscles has direct effect on internal organs, improving digestion and assimilation.

LESSON-TALK.

Head may begin backward bend; but trunk is lifted to position before head is raised.

10. FLOATING; *at shoulder level with one arm.*

Standing on right foot float right arm up across chest nearly to shoulder level with palm inward; float out to right side and back to chest; turn palms front with thumb down and float to side and back to chest; turn palm down and float to side, to chest, to side again and down to position. Standing on left foot float left arm in same manner.

For Time and Lesson-Talk see Lesson I.

Marching.

1. *Mark time—march! Backward—march!*
2. *March—touchstep and bend knee—left! (right.)*
3. *March—back touchstep and bend knee —left! (right.)*

1. When command, "Backward—march!" is given while marking time, the executive word is given as left foot touches floor; right foot is lifted and replaced once more, then backward march is begun by left foot.

2. Starting with left foot, advance two steps; touch left toe forward and bend right knee on third count; straighten knee and replace left foot without transferring weight to it on fourth count. Start again with left. Same movement may be performed starting with right foot.

3. Starting with left foot advance two steps; touch left toe backward and bend right knee on third count; replace left foot and straighten knee on fourth count. Same starting with right foot.

LESSON III.

1. Position Exercise; *arms stretching at sides, palms upward.*
2. Poising; *raising upon toes of one foot and holding position.*
3. Foot and Leg; *heel and toe raising with stepping.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching; fist closing and arm twisting.*
5. Trunk; *bending backward and half side.*
6. Neck; *bending forward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor without bending knees.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward at sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *inward circling.*
10. Floating; *at shoulder level with one arm.*

6. Neck; Bending Forward, with Twisting.

Bend neck forward till chin touches chest; twist slowly to right till chin rests on right shoulder; turn to front; twist to left; front; bring head up to position, not by lifting chin, but by pushing upward and backward with crown of head.

Time: Neck! 2-3-4. Twist! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Left! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. This exercise is valuable for correcting faulty carriage of the head; and, like other neck exercises, relieves brain by accelerating circulation.

LESSON-TALK.

Be careful to keep chin close to neck while turning head front, as well as while twisting to side. Do not twist shoulders.

Marching.

1. *Backward—march! Mark time—march!*
2. *March—cross touch and bend knees—left! (right.)*
3. *March—back cross touch and bend knees —left! (right.)*

1. When command, "Mark time—march!" is given during a backward march, executive is given as left foot touches floor; right foot takes one more step backward; then left begins to mark time.

2. Starting with left foot advance during two counts; cross touch left foot in front of right and bend knees during third count; straighten knees and replace foot without transferring weight to it during fourth count. Same starting with right foot.

3. Starting with left foot advance during two counts; cross touch left foot behind right and bend knees during third count; replace foot and straighten knees during fourth count. Same starting with right foot.

LESSON IV.

1. Position Exercise; *arms stretching at sides, palms upward.*
2. Poising; *rising upon toes of one foot and holding position.*
3. Foot and Leg; *foot turning to side.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching; fist closing and arm twisting.*
5. Trunk; *bending backward at half side.*
6. Neck; *bending forward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor without bending knees.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward at sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *inward circling.*
10. Floating; *at shoulder level with one arm.*

3. Foot and Leg; Foot Turning to Side.

Place hands on hips and stand on left foot. Put right foot forward six inches in direction in which it points; keeping heel upon floor, raise toes slightly and turn foot slowly around to right as far as possible, then to left. Repeat three times. Advance left foot and turn in same manner.

Time: Right foot! 2-3-4. Turn! 2. Front! 4. Left! 2. Front! 4. Right! 2, etc. Anterior leg muscles are most strongly exercised in these movements.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not look at foot; stand erect and keep trunk motionless. Imagine that cords fastened to foot draw it slowly from side to side.

Marching.

1. March—*touchstep and rise on toes—left! (right.)*
2. *March—cross touch and rise on toes—left! (right.)*
3. *March—back cross touch and rise on toes—left! (right.)*
4. *From place—forward—jump!*

1. Starting with left foot advance during two counts; touch left foot forward and rise on toes of right foot during third count; lower right heel and replace left foot without transferring weight to it on fourth count. Same starting with right foot.

2. Starting with left foot, advance during two counts; cross touch left in front of right and rise upon toes during third count; lower heels and replace left foot during fourth count. Same starting with right foot.

3. Starting with left foot advance during two counts; cross touch left back of right and rise upon toes during third count; lower heels and replace left foot during fourth count. Same with right foot.

4. Done in six counts. On *one* raise heels; *two* bend knees; *three* throw body upward and forward from the floor; on *four* land two or three feet in front of former position, keeping trunk and head erect; on *five* straighten knees; on *six* lower heels.

LESSON V.

1. Position Exercise; *arms stretching at sides, palms upward.*
2. Poising; *rising upon toes of one foot and holding position.*
3. Foot and Leg; *foot turning to side.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching; fist closing and arm twisting.*
5. TRUNK; *twisting, with bending backward at half side.*
6. Neck; *bending forward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor without bending knees.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward and pushing downward at sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *inward circling.*
10. FLOATING; *at shoulder level with one arm.*

5. TRUNK; TWISTING, WITH BENDING BACKWARD AT HALF SIDE.

Place hands on hips, and without moving feet twist trunk around to right until shoulders are at right angles with their normal position. Bend trunk backward in direction half-way between spine and right shoulder, letting head droop in same direction. Lift trunk and turn front. Twist to left and bend. Repeat whole exercise.

Time: Trunk! 2-3-4. Twist! 2-3-4. Bend! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Left! 2-3-4, etc. Muscles of abdomen and lower back are strongly exercised, chest expanded, and internal organs directly affected so that digestion and assimilation are improved.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not move feet while twisting trunk. Let head begin backward bend, but do not lift it to position until after trunk is raised.

Marching.

1. *Right—dress! Front!*
2. *Left—dress! Front!*
3. *Follow step—alternate!*

1. Each pupil turns his head to right, without twisting shoulders, and looks along line to see that it is straight. The one standing at right end of line does not turn his head. At command, "Front!" all look straight forward.

2. Same turning head to right.

3. Take one step forward with left foot; follow with right, viz.: bring the right up beside left, heels together and toes pointing outward. Step forward with right foot and follow with left; then again step with left and follow with right, etc.

LESSON VI.

1. Position Exercise; *arms stretching at sides, palms upward.*
2. Poising; *rising upon toes of one foot and holding position.*
3. Foot and Leg; *foot turning to side.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching; fist closing and arm twisting.*
5. Trunk; *twisting, with bending backward at half side.*
6. Neck; *bending forward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor without bending knees.*

8. RESPIRATORY; *arms stretching upward in front, downward at sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *inward circling.*
10. FLOATING; *at shoulder level with one arm.*

8. RESPIRATORY; ARMS STRETCHING UPWARD IN FRONT, DOWNWARD AT SIDES.

Stand on both feet. Bring hands together in front of body and raise arms, keeping forefingers side by side until directly above head; turn palms to sides and carry arms out and down at sides, pushing strongly with forearms. Inhale during upward movement; hold breath during downward; exhale; repeat.

Time: Inhale! 2-3-4. Hold! 2-3-4. Exhale! 2-3-4. For purpose of exercise and Lesson-Talk see Lesson I.

Marching.

1. *Mark time—march! Left (right)—face!*
2. *Mark time—march! Left (right) about—face!*
3. *Follow step—alternate—rise on toes!*

1. Command is given for facing left as left foot touches floor; the right marks time once more; then turn is made on ball of right foot and left foot begins to mark time in new direction. Command is given for facing right as right foot touches floor; the left marks time once more; then turn is made on ball of left foot, and right foot begins to mark time in new direction.

2. Same as above with one half turn.

3. Step forward with left foot and follow with right; step with right and follow with left; rise on toes during two counts; lower heels during two.

LESSON VII.

1. Position Exercise; *arms stretching at sides, palms upward.*
2. POISING; *leg circling.*
3. Foot and Leg; *foot turning to side.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching; fist closing and arm twisting.*
5. Trunk; *twisting, with bending backward at half side.*
6. Neck; *bending forward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor without bending knees.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward in front, downward at sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *inward circling.*
10. FLOATING; *at shoulder level with one arm.*

2. POISING; LEG CIRCLING.

Stand on left foot and swing right leg around left in a circle. Begin by swinging front and across left, then around to right and back of left, keeping toe pointed to floor; swing to front and repeat, ending movement with right leg behind and slightly touching left, toe raised from floor. Transfer weight to right foot and swing left in same manner.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Swing right! 2-3-4. Again! 2-3-4. Glide right! 2-3-4. Swing left! 2-3-4. Chief value of this exercise lies in gain in power of controlling nerve-force.

LESSON-TALK.

Knee of free leg must bend while it is being swung around strong one; imagine that a crayon is fastened to toe and that it marks a circle on floor. Do not look at leg after first few trials. Stand erect and do not allow trunk to move while swinging leg.

Marching.

1. *Left (right) face and mark time—march!*
2. *Left (right) about face and mark time—march!*
3. *Follow step—alternate—bend knees!*

1. During first part of command stand on right foot; on word, "March!" raise left foot to begin to mark time; turn to left on ball of right foot; replace left foot; lift right, etc. To face right and mark time turn to right upon ball of left foot, beginning to mark time with right foot.

2. Make one half turn to left or right.

3. Step forward with left foot; follow with right; step with right; follow with left; bend knees during two counts; straighten during two.

LESSON VIII.

1. Position Exercise; *arms stretching at sides, palms upward.*
2. Poising; *leg circling.*
3. Foot and Leg; *foot turning to side.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching; fist closing and arm twisting.*
5. Trunk; *twisting, with bending backward at half side.*
6 Neck; *bending forward, with twisting.*
7. REACHING; *both hands to floor at half side.*
8 Respiratory; *arms stretching upward in front, downward at sides.*

9. Arm Swinging; *inward circling.*
10. FLOATING; *at shoulder level with one arm.*

7. REACHING; BOTH HANDS TO FLOOR AT HALF SIDE.

Reach straight upward as in Lesson I. Turn trunk to half right side and reach downward until fingers touch floor on each side of right foot. Lift trunk. Repeat to left.

For Time, Effect, and Lesson-Talk see Lesson I.

Marching.

1. *From place—backward—jump!*
2. *Sidewise skip—left four—right four!*

1. Done in six counts. On *one* raise heels; *two,* bend knees; *three,* throw body upward and backward from floor; on *four* land two or three feet behind former position, keeping trunk and head erect; on *five* straigten knees; on *six* lower heels.

2. Skip sideward with left foot leading four counts; on fourth turn on ball of left foot, and skip with right foot leading four counts.

LESSON IX.

1. Position Exercise; *arms stretching at sides, palms upward.*
2. Poising; *leg circling.*
3. Foot and Leg; *foot turning to side.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching; fist closing and arm twisting.*
5. Trunk; *twisting, with bending backward at half side.*
6. Neck; *bending forward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor at half side.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward in front, downward at sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *inward circling.*
10. FLOATING; *low outward curves with both arms.*

10. FLOATING; LOW OUTWARD CURVES WITH BOTH ARMS.

Stand with weight on both feet. Raise forearms, bringing hands toward each other till they touch at waist-line; turn palms upward and carry them outward in curves and down to sides; without stopping movement raise forearms slightly so that palms are front, then turn hands inward and down to position.

For Time, Effect, and Lesson-Talk see Lesson I.

Marching.

1. *Follow step—alternate—supplication!*
2. *Follow step—alternate—salutation!*
3. *Follow step—alternate—defiance!*
4. *Follow step—alternate—dejection!*
5. *Sidewise hop—left four—right four!*

1. Step forward with left, follow with right; step with right, follow with left; stand during four counts, holding arms upward in front as in supplication. Let arms be slightly curved at elbows and wrist, palms upward, head tipped slightly backward with eyes directed upward. Turn palms down, lower arms with swift, floating movement, and starting with left foot, again follow step.

2. Same with arms extended at middle front line, half-way between front and sides, palms open, trunk inclined forward in attitude of salutation.

3. Same with both arms folded on chest, head tipped slightly backward in attitude of defiance.

4. Same with hands clasped at low front, head and shoulders drooping forward in attitude of dejection.

5. Hop sidewise on left foot four times; then on right four times. The turn is begun on fourth hop and finished on the first with the other foot.

LESSON X.

1. Position Exercise; *arms stretching at sides, palms upward.*
2. Poising; *leg circling.*
3. Foot and Leg; *foot turning to side.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching; fist closing and arm twisting.*
5. Trunk; *twisting, with bending backward at half side.*
6. Neck; *bending forward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor at half side.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward in front, downward at sides.*
9. ARM SWINGING; *arm raising with swinging up and down.*
10. FLOATING; *low outward curves with both arms.*

9. ARM SWINGING; ARM RAISING WITH SWINGING UP AND DOWN.

Stand firmly on both feet. Raise forearms in front until horizontal at waist-line, with elbows near body and hands hanging passive. Swing forearms vigorously up and

down, thus shaking hands. Still continuing movement of forearms, lift upper arms till they are vertical. Drop to sides with swift floating movement.

For Time, Effect, and Lesson-Talk see Lesson I.

Be sure that forearms shake hands, not hands the forearms. Swing slowly at first until forearm movement is acquired.

Marching.

1. *Feet—sideways—place—with a jump!*
2. *Together—place—with a jump!*
3. *Follow step—alternate—with arm positions!*

1. Standing in fundamental position, spring upward into air and land with feet apart.

2. Spring upward again and land with feet in fundamental position.

3. Follow step with left foot, then with right; stop and hold arms in attitude of supplication, as in preceding lesson; again follow step twice; then hold attitude of salutation; follow step; defiance; follow step; dejection.

ACTION POEMS.

NOTE TO TEACHER.

The purpose of these selections is to assist in training body to express mind. Vivid pictures are brought before pupil's mental eyes, his feelings are aroused, and movements of body portray these feelings. Were each body responsive to its mind, this training would be unnecessary. The Physical Exercises free the muscles and train them to work in harmony; these mental exercises rouse them to move in obedience to thought. The movements suggested for each poem are not arbitrary; they are given only as aids to the teacher whose own muscles have never been trained to express her thought. Remember to look in the direction indicated when pointing to an object; hold the hand for an instant in the position indicated before dropping to side. In pointing to objects on both sides, raise first one hand, then the other, instead of using one hand for both. Individual rendering is preferable for voice-culture, but concert work arouses enthusiasm and gives courage to the timid. Never allow the sing-song tone; insist upon mental work from each pupil.

SWINGING ON A BIRCH-TREE.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

[By special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.]

Swinging on a birch-tree (1)
To a sleepy tune,
Hummed by all the breezes
In the month of June!
Little leaves a-flutter, (2)
Sound like dancing drops (3)
Of a brook on pebbles; (4)
Song that never stops.

Up and down we seesaw: (5)
Up into the sky;
How it opens on us, (6)
Like a wide blue eye! (7)
You and I are sailors (8)
Rocking on a mast; (5)
And the world's our vessel; (9)
Ho! she sails so fast! (10)

Blue, blue sea around us; (6)
Not a ship in sight! (11)
They will hang out lanterns (12)
When they pass to-night. (13)
We with ours will follow (14)
Through the midnight deep;
Not a thought of danger,
Though the crew's asleep. (15)

Oh, how still the air is!
There an oriole flew; (16)
What a jolly whistle!
He's a sailor, too. (17)
Yonder is his hammock (18)
In the elm-top high:
One more ballad, messmate! (19)
Sing it as you fly! (20)

Up and down we seesaw; (1)
Down into the grass, (21)
Scented fern, and rosebuds, (22)
All a woven mass. (23)
That's the sort of carpet (24)
Fitted for our feet!
Tapestry nor velvet (25)
Is so rich and neat. (26)

Swinging on a birch-tree! (1)
This is summer joy, (27)
Fun for all vacation; (28)
Don't you think so, boy? (29)
Up and down to seesaw, (30)
Merry and at ease,
Careless as a brook is,
Idle as the breeze!

1. Advance one foot and sway forward and back, bending body at hips; continue during four lines. (2) Raise both arms in front and shake hands sidewise. (3) Lower hands and (4) carry to left in curving lines. (5) Sway as in 1st, beginning with backward movement of trunk on "up." (6) Raise arms together in front to head level and spread outward to sides. (7) Hold arms at shoulder level sides, palms up. (8) Point toward right, then to self. (9) Carry arms out to half side, palms up. (10) Sweep arms from 9th position out to side. (11) Look to right and left. (12) Point upward right and left. (13) Sweep both arms from 12th to one side. (14) Extend arms at front mid line. (15) Point downward with both hands. (16) Point left, palm down. (17) Lift left forearm to mid line at half side, palm up. (18) Turn palm down and point high. (19) Lower arm slightly, turning palm up. (20) Turn palm down and sweep to side. (21) Point down front with both hands, palms front. (22) Point down to right, then to left with palms down. (23) Down front with both hands. (24) Turn palms front. (25) Raise forearms till hands are at shoulder level. (26) Lower to mid line at half sides. (27) Carry arms from mid front to half sides, palms up. (28) Clasp hands joyfully. (29) Extend left arm at half side, mid line, palm up. (30) Like 1st, continuing to end.

WINTER.

By William Shakespeare.

When icicles hang by the wall, (1)
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail, (2)
And Tom bears logs into the hall, (3)
And milk comes frozen home in pail; (4)
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul, (5)
Then nightly sings the staring owl (6)
Tuwhoo!
Tuwhit! Tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. (7)

When all around the wind doth blow, (8)
And coughing drowns the parson's saw, (9)
And birds sit brooding in the snow, (10)
And Marion's nose looks red and raw; (11)
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—(12)
Then nightly sings the staring owl (6)
Tuwhoo!
Tuwhit! Tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. (7)

(1) Point upward left. (2) Hold hands up to mouth and blow on them. (3) Arms curved as if bearing logs. (4) Point downward to right. (5) Shiver and rub fingers; point downward left. (6) Point upward right (7) Point to left. (8) Arms raised front to shoulder level and carried to sides with palms up. (9) Nod head and hold hand to throat. (10) Draw down neck and shoulders, bend elbows and hold arms near chest. (11) Point left. (12) Point downward left.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

By Thomas Buchanan Read.

[By permission of J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers.]

Up from the South at break of day, (1)
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay, (2)
The affrighted air, with a shudder bore, (3)
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble and roar, (4)
Telling the battle was on once more, (1)
And Sheridan twenty miles away. (2)

And wider still those billows of war (5)
Thundered along the horizon's bar; (6)
And louder yet into Winchester rolled (2)
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled, (1)
Making the blood of the listener cold, (7)
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray, (8)
And Sheriday twenty miles away. (2)

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down; (9)
And there through the flush of the morning light, (10)
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight, (11)
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed; (12)
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay, (13)
With Sheridan fifteen miles way. (2)

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South, (14)
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth; (15)
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster, (16)
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster. (17)

The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master (18)
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls, (19)
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls; (1)
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play, (20)
With Sheridan only ten miles away. (2)

Under his spurning feet, the road (21)
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed, (22)
And the landscape sped away behind (23)
Like an ocean flying before the wind. (24)
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire, (25)
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire. (26)
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire; (1)
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray, (27)
With Sheridan only five miles away. (2)

The first that the general saw were the groups (1)
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops; (28)
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both, (29)
And striking his spurs, with a terrible oath (30)
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas, (31)
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because (32)
The sight of the master compelled it to pause, (33)
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray; (34)
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play, (35)
He seemed to the whole great army to say, (36)
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way, (37)
From Winchester down to save the day." (38)

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan! (39)
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man! (39)
And when their statues are placed on high, (40)
Under the dome of the Union sky—(41)
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,—
There with the glorious general's name, (40)
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day (42)
By carrying Sheridan into the fight, (43)
From Winchester—twenty miles away!" (44)

The whole poem must be given in an excited manner. (1) Point to right front. (2) Point left front. (3) Shudder. (4) Carry arms slightly away from body and give three short upward and downward movements of hands, palms parallel to floor. (5) Sweep arms from front to sides at shoulder level, palms down. (6) Carry them front with quick, slight up and down movement and point front to horizon. (7) Bend slightly forward, bringing closed hands near chest, in attitude of fear. (8) Point right front, palm up. (9) Carry arms from front to half sides, mid line, palms up; then turn palms down and carry arms straight forward on "leading down." (10) Carry arms to half sides shoulder level, turning palms up and looking to right and left. (11) Carry right arm straight forward from chest, palm down. (12) Carry both arms forward from chest in convex curves to show horse's gallop. (13) Carry arms to half sides in convex curves with wrist movement on "rose and fell." (14) Point downward front with both hands; then carry arms toward right for "South." (15) Raise arms and hold at head level, half sides, hands relaxed. (16) Sweep both arms to right side. (17) Carry arms to low half sides, palms parallel to floor. (18) Point left hand downward, then place on heart. (19) Quick movements of both arms toward and away from chest. (20) Extend both arms straight forward. (21) Point downward with both hands. (22) Sweep arms backward. (23) Raise arms behind to shoulder level. (24) Sweep arms front. (25) Point downward with left. (26) Carry left arm straight forward. (27) Lift chin. (28) Both arms forward, palms up. (29) Look from side to side. (30) Quick downward movement with hands at sides. (31) Like 20th, then wave both arms above head. (32) Hold arms at mid half sides, palms down. (33) Raise forearms slowly to head level, then lower to 32nd, palms up. (34) Point front at mid line. (35) Toss head and bring hands upward, pointing to head. (36) Carry arms out to sides at shoulder level, palms up. (37) Arms to front shoulder level, palms still up. (38) Point to left front, then wave hand above head. (39) Circle right arm above head. (40) Point

front with left hand at shoulder level, palm downward. (41) Point higher. (42) Point downward with both hands. (43) Sweep both hands out to right front. (44) Lower right, and point with left to left front; then hold both arms at mid half sides, palms up.

MEG MERRILIES.

By John Keats.

Old Meg she was a gipsy, (1)
And lived upon the moors; (2)
Her bed it was the brown heath turf (3)
And her house was out of doors. (4)
Her apples were swart blackberries, (5)
Her currants pods o' broom; (6)
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose, (7)
Her book a churchyard tomb. (8)

Her brothers were the craggy hills, (9)
Her sisters larchen trees; (10)
Alone with her great family (11)
She lived as she did please. (12)
No breakfast had she many a morn, (13)
No dinner many a noon, (14)
And, stead of supper, she would stare (15)
Full hard against the moon. (16)

But every morn, of woodbine fresh (17)
She made her garlanding, (18)
And, every night, the dark glen yew (19)
She wove, and she would sing. (20)
And with her fingers, old and brown, (21)
She plaited mats of rushes, (21)
And gave them to the cottagers (22)
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen, (23)
And tall as Amazon; (24)
And old red blanket cloak she wore, (25)
A ship-hat had she on; (26)
God rest her aged bones somewhere! (13)
She died full long agone! (14)

(1) Point to left front, palm up. (2) Turn palm down and point to distant front. (3) Point downward front with both hands, palms front. (4) Lift hands higher and more to sides. (5) Point to right. (6) Point front. (7) Lift right hand as if holding a glass, then carry downward, pointing to right. (8) Both hands up front as if holding book, then point downward with left. (9) Point upward right. (10) Point left. (11) Raise both hands to mid front, turn palms up and carry to sides. (12) Turn palms down and hold position, nodding head affirmatively. (13) Raise right hand at half side mid line, palm up. (14) Lift forearm to shoulder level, hand sidewise, and lower again emphatically to 5th position. (15) Raise left hand at half side mid line, palm up. (16) Point up to moon with left, and tip head back, looking up. (17) Point upward right. (18) Motions of weaving garlands. (19) Point left. (20) Motions of weaving. (21) Motions of plaiting rushes. (22) Point right and hold during next line. (23) Stand erect and tip head back defiantly. (24) Raise left arm high, palm parallel to floor, as if measuring height. (25) Hands up near neck, as if adjusting cloak. (26) Point to head with left hand.

THE EAGLE.

By Alfred Tennyson.

He clasps the crag with hookēd hands: (1)
Close to the sun in lonely lands, (2)
Ringed with the azure world, he stands. (3)

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls; (4)
He watches from his mountain walls, (5)
And like a thunderbolt he falls. (6)

(1) Arms slightly raised in front, fingers spread apart and curved. (2) Point upward with right hand, palm front. (3) Both arms extended at front shoulder level and carried to sides with sweeping gesture. (4) Arms carried from right to left in low curves, palms down. (5) Bend forward and peer downward. (6) Raise arms high in front, palms down, and swiftly drop to low front line, keeping palms parallel to floor.

[*To be continued.*]

ENTERTAINMENTS

I.

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

A JUVENILE PLAY FOR SCHOOL OR HOME PRODUCTION.

By Henry E. Hard.

Characters.

Aladdin.
Magician.
Sultan.
Grand Vizier.
Genie.
Executioner.
Landlord.
Butcher.
Street-Crier.
Princess Buddir-Al-Buddoor.
Maid of Honor.
Aladdin's Mother.

Scene I.—Interior of Aladdin's house. His Mother alone.

Mo. Alas! what can I do? Not a bit of bread is left in the house. I work as hard as I can to spin cloth enough to buy us food, and yet I can not earn enough to feed myself and that lazy, idle boy of mine, Aladdin. He does nothing but play with the boys all day in the street. [*Enter* Aladdin.]

Al. I am hungry, mother; give me some dinner.

Mo. Give you some dinner! Why should I? Do you think I will work night and day to feed a lazy fellow like you? Give you dinner, indeed—I will give you a beating. [*Takes stick.*] Take that, and that, for I have no food for you or myself. [*Begins to weep.*] You would let me die of hunger before you would work for me.

Al. Stop, stop, mother; I am very sorry I have been so lazy. After this I shall work and buy food for us both.

Mo. What will you do?

Al. Do? Why, I'll open a Chinese laundry, of course. All day long me washee, washee. [*Knock is heard.*]

Mo. Enter, whoever thou art. [*Enter* Magician.]

Al. Who are you?

Mag. I am thy uncle, boy, the brother of thy poor dead father.

Mo. You my husband's brother! I never heard him speak of any brother.

Mag. Perhaps not. For many years I have been traveling through Japan, Persia, Abyssinia, Mesopotamia, Klondike, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, and Manila, and it is long since I have been in my native China. I learned but to-day of my dear brother's death. Excuse me while I shed a few tears. [*Takes out handkerchief, which has been soaked with water, and after weeping upon it, wrings out tears.*]

Mo. How great is his grief! Truly, he must be my husband's brother.

Mag. But though I have lost a brother I have found a nephew in this his beautiful son. Come and let me embrace you. [*Embraces.*]

Mag. Of what trade, madam, is he?

Mo. Alas! sir, Aladdin is but an idle fellow, and as yet has done no work. I spin cloth and try to earn a poor living for us both. But Aladdin has promised to open a laundry.

Mag. A laundry! No, indeed. Trust him to me, and I shall make him the richest man in China.

Mo. Oh! many thanks, kind sir.

Mag. Come, then, Aladdin, it is settled. I shall begin to teach you how to be a mighty man. Farewell, madam. He departs poor and humble; he shall return great and noble. [Aladdin *and* Magician *exit.*]

Mo. What great fortune Allah has sent me. A moment ago it seemed as if I should die. Now I shall be happy all my days. [*Knock, and* Landlord *enters.*]

Lan. Pay me the last week's rent.

Mo. Alas! I have not a penny in the house.

Lan. Then out you must go. Those who don't pay can't stay.

Mo. Oh! not now. Wait until to-morrow.

Lan. Well, till to-morrow; then it must be paid or out you go. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter* Butcher.]

Mo. What! you here, butcher?

BU. Pay me the bill you owe me.

Mo. I cannot. I have no money, not a penny.

BU. Then you shall be arrested. Po—

Mo. Not now; just wait until to-morrow and I shall pay everything.

BU. Well, to-morrow, and no longer; if not paid then, remember! [*Exit.*]

Mo. If only my husband's brother keeps his word we are saved. [*Enter* ALADDIN *with lamp and jewel-box.*]

AL. Alas, mother, we are ruined. That old man was not my uncle, but a wicked magician, who tried to kill me. He sent me down into a great cave under the ground to get this lamp, and because I would not hand it out to him he closed the ground over my head, and thought he had buried me alive. [MOTHER *shrieks.*] But I got out, and here I am. Yet after all my hopes we are as poor as ever. I shall have to start the laundry anyway.

Mo. [*crying*]. And this after all that wicked man's promises! But we are not quite so poor, for we have the lamp and can sell that.

AL. Yes, I will go now and sell it and buy some food.

Mo. That's right, but just wait until I rub off the dust. [*Rubs.* GENIE *appears.*]

GEN. What wouldst thou have? I am thy slave and the slave of all who have that lamp in their hands.

AL. I am hungry; bring us some food.

GEN. What would you like? Say what you will, and it shall be brought.

AL. Yum. Well, first I should like some nice soup made of birds' nests.

Mo. Then you may bring me a nice roasted pussy cat.

AL. Then for me a couple of nice fat rats with rice dumplings.

Mo. And then, if you bring a very large pot of Oolong tea it will be enough. [GENIE *exits.*]

AL. I guess the magician knew what he wanted after all. [GENIE *returns with dishes. They begin to eat when* CRIER *is heard outside.*]

CRIER. All ye inhabitants, close your doors and your windows. The Princess Buddir-Al-Buddoor is passing through the streets.

Mo. The sultan's daughter is passing by, and we must not look out on pain of death.

AL. Oh, mother, I must take one little peek at her.

[CRIER *again; then music.*]

Mo. Come back, Aladdin; don't look out.

AL. I must; don't stop me.

Mo. Oh, my son, you will get us into great trouble.

AL. [*looking out*]. Oh, mother, what a beautiful woman; never have I seen such a one before. I must have her for my wife. Go, quick, and ask the sultan to let me marry her.

Mo. Oh, my son, what madness! Do you think the sultan would give his daughter to a poor boy like you? No, no; don't get us into trouble.

AL. Nothing will content me now but to marry her. Go to the sultan, I beg you.

Mo. No, I shall not.

AL. Yes, I command you.

Mo. Oh, I know not what dreadful thing will happen from this foolishness. But I can not refuse the boy. [*Exits.*]

AL. And now to get ready to meet the fair princess. [*Begins to improve his appearance. Ties a large bow on his queue, etc. Enter* MOTHER.]

Mo. The sultan, the sultan is coming here. [*Enter* SULTAN *and* VIZIER.]

SUL. Where is the youth that demands the hand of the sultan's daughter?

AL. I am he, your majesty. I'm Aladdin.

SUL. Ah, ha! So you are he. Can you guess why I came here?

AL. I hope, your majesty, to give to me your beautiful daughter.

SUL. Ha, ha! a presumptuous youth, indeed. To give my daughter to him. A good joke, isn't it, Vizier?

VIZ. Ha, ha! Yes, your majesty.

SUL. No, boy, I have not come for that. I have come to kill you. [ALADDIN *and* MOTHER *scream.*] Do you know the punishment of the crime which you and this old woman have commited?

AL. & Mo. We do not, your majesty.

SUL. Well, in China we make the punishment fit the crime. As for you, woman, since you have aspired to things above you, you shall be tied by the hair of your head to a balloon, and sent up, up, up to the moon.]*Screams.*] Young man, since you sought that which was not for you, you shall seek now in vain, and die a thousand deaths. You shall seek food, but shall be given nothing but stones. Therefore shall you die of hunger. You shall ask for drink, but shall be given nothing but

draughts of air. Therefore shall you die of thirst. Your garments shall be a coat of paint, your bed, the bed of a river. You shall "see nothing but sights, think nothing but thoughts, hear nothing but sounds, live nothing but life, die nothing but death." Thus shall you perish.

AL & MO. Mercy, mercy; spare us!

SUL. Silence! If you say any more to me you shall suffer them all twice.

AL. Since it pleases your majesty that I should die, I have one last request to make. Would your majesty kindly accept this present from your majesty's most grateful servant?

SUL. What! jewels! My treasury has none so fine. Jewels for me! Ha, ha! Well, after all, the lad is not so bad looking. Say, boy, have you more of these?

AL. I can get more, but when I am dead no one can find them.

SUL. Well, well, let me see; perhaps I might change my mind. What say you, Grand Vizier?

VIZ. I believe the boy is a cheat. Beware of him. Put him to a test.

SUL. Good advice, very good, Grand Vizier. Say, lad, what can you do to prove yourself worthy of the Princess Buddir-Al-Buddoor?

AL. Please your majesty. I will make her a beautiful palace, and in it I will give a great festival, and to you I will make presents of gold and gems.

SUL. Say no more, my dear boy. You really are a nice-looking fellow. Do what you have promised and you shall be happy all your days. Go, herald, and announce that Aladdin will wed the daughter of the sultan. Till then, madam, and dear boy, farewell. [*Exit* SULTAN *and* VIZIER.]

MO. Unhappy boy! How will you ever keep your promise to the sultan?

AL. Never fear, mother. While I have this trusty friend [*takes lamp*] nothing is impossible. [*Cheering in the street.*] Hear them, mother, they are cheering for me, and for my wedding. With *this* no one can get ahead of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp.

[*Curtain.*]

Scene II.—ALADDIN'S palace. ALADDIN and GENIE.

GEN. Master, are you satisfied?

AL. You have done well, I am satisfied. Now go, and bring hither the guests. [GENIE *exits.*]

AL. Now I shall behold her, face to face, whom I have seen only at a distance. [*Music outside, then enter grand procession, either singing or to a march.* SULTAN *and* PRINCESS *enter.*]

SUL. To you, Aladdin, I bring the greatest jewel that I have, my lovely daughter.

AL. Welcome, most beautiful princess, to this palace. Does it please you?

PR. It is more lovely than anything I ever dreamed of.

AL. And perhaps you will look with favor on him who is master of this palace?

PR. I do not know, noble sir; I only obey the commands of the sultan, my father.

AL. Well, be it so now, and let it please you to behold the spectacle I have prepared for you, and let these others plead my cause for me. Come hither, and let the spectacle begin.

[*All exit, and leave the stage clear. At this point all the talent available can be utilized. Songs, dances, playing on musical instruments. In fact, no form of entertainment can come amiss here. The performance is broken in the middle by the entrance of* ALADDIN *and* SULTAN.]*

AL. Are you satisfied that I can keep my promises?

SUL. My dear boy, the better I know you the more I love you. But go now back to the princess, for she does not seem willing to spare you. [*Exit both. The performance goes on until all the specialties have been rendered. Enter* ALADDIN *and* PRINCESS.]

AL. Are you ready, then, fair princess, to obey the commands of your father?

PR. Truly, noble sir, I will obey the commands of my father, but I obey also the commands of my heart.

AL. Dearest princess, you make me the happiest man in the world. [*Enter* SULTAN.]

SUL. I must take Aladdin away a few moments now. [*To him.*] You know there is a little matter about the jewels yet to be settled. [*Aloud.*] We shall soon return and the ceremony can take place.

PR. Ah, father, do not take him away now. I feel so happy, and I fear some misfortune may befall me.

"Parasol Drill" (leaflet 15c.), "Fan Drill" (in "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 7," 35 cts.).

SUL. Nonsense, child, there is nothing to fear. Wait here with your Maid of Honor till we return. [*Enter* MAID OF HONOR.]

AL. Farewell then, princess.

PR. Oh! do not go.

SUL. Silence, child, go he must.

PR. Farewell, then, and return soon.

AL. Farewell. [ALADDIN *and* SULTAN *exit.*]

M. H. Ah, madam, are you not indeed fortunate to have such a beautiful palace built for you?

PR. Yes, indeed, and such a noble husband, and so handsome.

M. H. And so rich.

PR. And so kind and good. Oh, I wish I could do something for him.

[*Cries outside: "New lamps for old."*]

PR. What is that? Go to the window and see. [*Cries again.*]

M. H. How strange. There is an old peddler out there saying he will give new lamps for old ones. Listen! [*Cries.*]

PR. Why, that is strange, the man must be crazy. No one would want an old lamp instead of a new one.

M. H. That lamp over there seems very old.

PR. So it does. The very thing. I will change this for a new one, and how surprised Aladdin will be when he comes back.

M. H. And how delighted.

PR. And what a clever little wife he will think he is getting. Call the old man.

M. H. Here, you, come up here. [*Enter* MAGICIAN.]

MAG. At your service, madam.

PR. You say you will give new lamps for old ones?

MAG. Truly, madam.

PR. Then take this one and give me a new one.

MAG. With pleasure. [*Takes lamp.*]

MAG. Ha! at last I have got it. Know, madam, that this is a wonderful lamp, and with it you are all in my power. At once I shall take you and this palace to the very heart of Africa.

PR. & M. H. Pity, alas! don't take us away.

MAG. Yes, yes, [*rubs lamp,* GENIE *appears*] I will.

GEN. I am thy slave, and the slave of all who have that lamp in their hands. What wouldst thou have?

MAG. Remove instantly this palace and all it contains to the heart of Africa.

PR. Aladdin, father, save me.

MAG. 'Tis no use to cry out; off we go; all aboard!

[*Fire, thunder, screams, confusion. Curtain.*]

Scene III.—This scene takes place in front of curtain.

[*Enter* SULTAN *and* GRAND VIZIER.]

SUL. Where, where is the palace? Where, where, is my daughter?

VIZ. Gone, your majesty, gone. Did I not tell you the boy was a rascal?

SUL. The wretch, the imposter! Send for him that I may have his head struck off instantly. [*Exit* VIZIER.]

SUL. He will find out whom he is playing his tricks on. [*Enter* VIZIER, ALADDIN *and* EXECUTIONER *with enormous axe.*]

SUL. Wretch, traitor, where is my daughter?

AL. Alas, your majesty, I do not know.

SUL. He doesn't know, Vizier; he doesn't know! Oh, the villain! Where is your palace?

AL. Alas, I can not tell.

SUL. He's lost his palace, Vizier; he's lost his palace. What do you think of a man that has lost his house and can't find it?

VIZ. I knew he was a cheat all the time.

SUL. You shall die, now, instantly. Executioner, make ready. When I count three cut off his head. One—Ah, let me gloat over my vengeance—two—here, give me the axe, I know it isn't sharp enough. [*Takes axe and sharpens it.*] Again, one—two—[*murmurs are heard*]. What's that?

VIZ. 'Tis the people crying for the release of Aladdin.

SUL. Never mind them, what do I care, one—two—[*noise grows louder.* SULTAN *starts*]

AL. Spare me, your majesty, spare me, and I shall find your daughter and my palace.

SUL. Well, I shall see. I shall give you forty days. Can you find it then?

AL. I will try, your majesty.

SUL. Very well, then, I give you forty days. If it is not found then, I will find you out in whatever part of the world you may be, and I shall not only behead you,

but cut you into a thousand pieces. [*All exit. Curtain.*]

Scene IV.—ALADDIN'S palace. PRINCESS and MAID of HONOR.

PR. How sad am I away from my country, and tormented hourly by that terrible Magician, who seeks to make me his wife.

M. H. We shall never see our dear China again.

BOTH. O what shall we do!

PR. If only Aladdin could find us, I know he could save us. Hark! is not that his footstep.

M. H. [*going to window*]. Aladdin, come, we are here. [*Enter* ALADDIN.]

AL. Have I found you at last, my princess?

PR. Alas! yes, but in the power of a wicked magician.

AL. Has he my lamp?

PR. Yes.

AL. Then we must get it from him, and all will be well. Here is a magic powder that will put him to sleep. Place it in a cup of wine, and when he comes treat him. Hark! he comes now. [*Exit* ALADDIN, *Enter* MAGICIAN.]

MAG. And how is the fair princess today?

PR. Ready to greet you, my lord, and offer you one of the customs of China.

MAG. And what may that be.

PR. To offer you a drink which my own lips have touched. [*Pretends to take a drink from cup and offers it to* MAGICIAN.]

MAG. Truly your customs are very charming. [*Drinks.*]

MAG. My, how sleepy I feel. [*Sinks down on chair and begins to snore.* ALADDIN *comes in and takes lamp from him.*]

AL. And now in a moment we shall be back in China. But first, we must leave this passenger behind. [*Goes to* MAGICIAN *and shakes him.*] Last stop! All out! [*Partly rouses him, and pushes him out! Rubs lamp, enter* GENIE.]

GEN. What wouldst thou have? I am thy slave and the slave of all who have that lamp in their hands.

AL. Take us and this palace back to China instantly. [*Fire, screams, crash, etc.*]

GEN. Here you are.

PR. Father, father, come; we are here.

[*Enter* SULTAN.]

SUL. Welcome, daughter; welcome, Aladdin. My heart is filled with joy to see you back again. There is nothing now in the way of our finishing the ceremonies. Let the nuptial rites begin, for there is no one to whom I would so gladly wed my daughter as to Aladdin with the wonderful lamp. [*Music outside, enter procession, wedding tableau.*]

CURTAIN.

II.

SUGGESTIVE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PROGRAM.

1. RECITATION AND TABLEAU: "*The Wonders of Santa Claus.*" (Price, 25c.) Scene I. and Tableau I. Requires one large boy or girl, or the teacher, and 10 to 16 small boys.
2. DRILL: "*Brownies' Drill.*" Given in this number of the Magazine.
3. RECITATIONS:
   (1) "*Jolly Old St. Nicholas.*" (35c.) By small girl.
   (2) "*Jes' before Christmas.*" By small boy. (3) "*Ethel's Christmas Puzzle.*" By small Girl. Both for 25c.
   (4) "*Christmas Wish.*" (25c.) By boy of 14 years.
4. RECITATION AND TABLEAU: "*The Wonders of Santa Claus.*" Scene II. and Tableau II. By large boy.
5. PANTOMIME AND TABLEAU: "*Santa Claus Caught.*" Given in this number of the Magazine.
6. RECITATIONS:
   "*Christmas Boy.*" (25c.) By boy of 14 or over.
   "*Christmas Presents.*" (25c.) By large girl.
7. DRILL: "*Good-Night Drill.*" (25c.) For eight little girls with dollies.

DIRECTIONS.

The speaker (preferably the teacher) recites before curtain Scene I. of "The Wonders of Santa Claus." At the end of last stanza curtain rises, disclosing Tableau I. When it is time for Brownies to skip away, they skip into movements of "Brownies' Drill" at once, thus avoiding break in program. After they leave stage at finish of drill curtain falls. While stage is prepared for next tableau, "Jolly Old St. Nicholas," "Jes' before Christmas," and the other two, if desired, are recited before curtain. At end of last recitation, the first speaker on

program recites before curtain Scene II. of "The Wonders of Santa Claus." At its close curtain falls on tableau, things are removed, and stage is prepared for pantomime. Meanwhile a boy recites "Christmas Boy." At close of recitation curtain rises and discloses the children that are to take part in pantomime. After pantomime and tableau a girl recites "Christmas Presents," while stage is cleared for "Good-Night Drill."

III.

SANTA CLAUS CAUGHT.

Pantomime for very little people (boys or girls, or both).

STAGE ARRANGEMENTS: A mantel and fireplace near Stage Back Center; a tall screen at Stage R; pictures on wall; a few chairs; stage to look home-like.

The words are spoken behind scene, while a row of children stand facing audience, making appropriate gestures. Santa Claus should be a grown man in full Santa Claus costume.

PANTOMIME.

[*Sound of drum beaten softly.*]

"Hark! is Santa Claus coming?"

Body thrown forward, one hand uplifted as if listening.

"No, he doesn't come drumming;"

Weight of body thrown upon back foot; look down; look disappointed.

"But silent and still
As the moon o'er the hill;
See, can that be his sleigh?"

Body thrown forward eagerly, raise hand as though pointing out some object in the distance.

"No, 'tis gone out that way."

Indicate direction; weight of body thrown upon the back foot; look disappointed.

"We don't believe these stories,
Of 'Nick' and his glories!"

Each one turns toward his neighbor, and looks incredulous.

"But hush! he may hear us,

Finger lifted warningly.

"And never come near us.
Let's each hang a stocking;"

Each fastens a stocking to mantel.

"Oh, won't it be shocking,"

Look dismayed.

"If he mixes things? Oh, won't it be jolly,"

Look delighted.

"If he gives us each a new top or dolly?
Come now, let's be hiding!
For soon he'll be riding
In here!"

[*Bells jingle merrily and near.*]

"There's his sleigh;
Come, hurry away!"

They run and hide behind screen; Santa Claus peeps cautiously in L. side, sees children peeping from behind screen and darts back. Play soft, sleepy music. Children come out softly, one after another, from behind screen, and, lying down, pretend to fall asleep. Santa Claus then tiptoes in and peers at each child, then goes to mantel and fills stockings. He lets a top fall from the last one. [*Lively music.*] Children jump up, surround Santa Claus, and cling to him. [*Curtain.*]

TABLEAU.

Curtain rises and Santa Claus is discovered seated among the children, loaded with toys.

PANTOMIME.

At signal each child begins keeping time to lively music, either rocking a doll, beating a drum, or playing with a top or toy.

CURTAIN.

IV.

SUGGESTIVE CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

I. CHORUS: *"The Manger Throne."*
II. TABLEAUX:
  (*a*) *"The Stars."*
  (*b*) *"Good Luck."*
III. CHORUS: *"Jolly Old St. Nicholas."*
IV. SCENE: *"Christmas in Peril."*
V. CHORUS: *"Away! Away!"*
VI. TABLEAUX:
  (*a*) *"The Muses."*
  (*b*) *"The Vow."*
  (*c*) *"Fig. X," in "A Romance of the Ganges."*
VII. CHORUS: *"Auld Lang Syne."*
VIII. SCENE: *"Christmas in Peril"* (continued).
IX. TABLEAUX:
  (*a*) *"Lotos-Eaters."*
  (*b*) *"Fig. X," in "Revel of the Naiads."*
X. SCENE: *"Christmas in Peril"* (concluded).

Begin concert with piano music of "The Manger Throne." Repeat music from beginning, and let smaller children, who are

grouped behind scenes, sing words of first stanza. When they reach line, "The Stars are Sparkling Bright," curtain should rise on "The Stars" (Fig. 12 of "Scarf Fantastics"). Children then sing fourth verse, and curtain falls. They then sing third verse. As they finish third verse curtain rises on "Good Luck" (Fig. 14, in "Revel of the Naiads"). During this tableau play "Slumber Song." Curtain falls.

The music of "Jolly Old Saint Nicholas" is now played, and the girls that posed in the tableaux should stay behind curtain and sing the words of the piece, while stage is prepared for next feature.

At end of song curtain rises on stage scene described in "Christmas in Peril." Begin "Enter chorus of children, dressed in gay coasting costumes," etc. Children enter and do what is stated in entertainment, "Christmas in Peril," down to "Exeunt pages." Curtain falls. Piano music: "Away! Away!" Chorus (by small children), "Away! Away!" behind curtains. At close of song, "Slumber Song" is played, curtain rises on tableau, "The Muses" (in "Tableaux Mouvants, No. 3"). Curtain falls, and rises again on "The Vow" (Fig. IX, in "A Romance of the Ganges"), while some one recites:

"By the symbol light that lasts to-night
Wilt vow a vow to me?"

Curtain falls for a moment, then rises on Fig X, in "A Romance of the Ganges," and voice says:

"By love that lasts when lights are past,
I vow that vow to thee."

Curtain falls. Music: "Auld Lang Syne." Curtain rises on stage scene represented in "Christmas in Peril," beginning with "children sing dismally. Air: 'Auld Lang Syne,'" and stop at Kris's speech, "Santa shall cease his yearly rounds, and there'll be no more snow." Curtain falls. Music: "Slumber Song." Curtain rises on tableau "Lotos-Eaters." To represent this tableau, use page 14 group, page 24 group, and page 28 group, making the three into one tableau. While tableau is held, some one recites:

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream," page 31, and finishes with: "To the influence of mild-minded melancholy."

Curtain falls, rises again on Fig. 10, "Revel of the Naiads," while chorus sings "Auld Lang Syne." Curtain rises on stage scene, "Christmas in Peril," beginning "Children clasping hands, sing dolefully. Air: 'Auld Lang Syne.'" Finish piece.

During final tableau those on stage sing "Carol for Christmas Day." Suspend a large gilt star above posers. Curtain falls.

NOTE. Music and words for "The Manger Throne" and "Carol for Christmas Day" can be supplied for $1.60.

"Scarf Fantastics"	25c.
"Revel of the Naiads"	25c.
"Slumber Song," (in the "Lotos-Eaters")	50c.
"Jolly Old Saint Nicholas," and "Away! Away!"	$1.00
"Christmas in Peril"	25c.
"A Romance of the Ganges"	25c.

All above supplied for $3.00, post-paid.

V.

BROWNIES' DRILL.

By M. Mae Jacobs.

CHARACTERS: This drill is most effective with sixteen boys or girls, but can be given with twelve.

COSTUME: Brownie suit (50 cents for pattern).

DRILL.

1. Brownies enter from each side of stage at back and march to front of stage double file.

2. First couple mark time, remainder of lines face out.

3. First couple act as pivots as lines sway out and come to front in straight line.

4. 1 and 2, 3 and 4, 5 and 6, etc., face each other and salute by taking hold of the other's R. ear with L. hand. Hold four counts.

5. 1 and 9 turn R. and L. and lead their lines to side of stage, up sides to back, meet in center.

6. Come to front in couples, 1 and 9 face each other, join hands, raise them to form arch, second couple passing under them, and, turning R. and L., pass their arms around the waist of the one in front (1 and 9), each succeeding couple following.

7. Still holding arms around waists, 1 and 9 let go of hands, and 8 and 16 begin to take backward step, drawing lines with them until side is reached, turn, still holding on to each other until back of stage is reached.

8. Still holding on 8 and 16 act as pivots and lines sway, until 1 and 8 meet at center.

9. Brownies take hold of hands, and advance to front of stage, by first crossing L. foot over R., then R foot over L., until front of stage is reached.

10. Odd numbers 1, 3, 5, etc., take four steps backward, stop, mark time while 2, 4,

6, 8, etc., take four steps backward. Repeat this until back of stage is reached.

11. 1 now leads to front, 9 following, then 2, 10, etc., in single file.

12. 1 leads around stage once, then passes to center of back and takes four steps forward, stoops down with hands on floor, 9 follows, jumping over 1, takes his place in front of 1 in same manner. Other couples follow in same manner. (It will make it appear more humorous if part of them, instead of jumping over, fall or crawl.)

13. When last one is over, 1 again starts and leaps over all; each one follows in succession, and maintains an erect attitude, passing to back of stage single file.

14. 1 now leads, forms a circle with a gradually diminishing circumference, and unwinds again. (This forms a maze or spiral.)

15. When front of stage is reached, 1 turns to R, 9 to L., pass to side and back of stage, lines following.

16. Pass to front in couples, 1 and 9 leading, stop, raise hands and form arch. Second couple pass around first couple under hands, and in turn raise theirs, each couple following in same manner. After archway is formed, first couple drop hands and pass under, raised hands to back of stage, each couple followed by other couples, who pass between 1 and 9 behind them R. and L. to places.

17. Couples again pass to front, 1 and 9 leading, with following step: raise L. foot even with R. knee, thrust foot forward toe down, then R. foot even with L. knee, thrust foot forward toe down, repeat until front of stage is reached, when 1 and 9 halt, face each other, clasp hands, and raise them for each couple to pass under, couples turning R. and L., fall behind horizontally, 1 and 9 passing arms around waist of the one in front. When all are in line, plant feet closely together, toes straight in front.

18. Take side step in unison, by taking a step and bringing other foot up against it, until back of stage is reached. Repeat, coming to front.

19. Drop arms, face front, bow R. and L. 1 and 16 now act as pivots and lines sway back until facing each other.

20. Each Brownie produces a piece of wood, places it (arm's length) in front of him. Lines face back of stage, turn, and come to front of stage, jumping on each piece of wood as they come. Lines turn and pass back to position (straight line across stage).

21. Join hands, and line come to front, hopping on L. foot all the way, being careful to preserve straight line.

22. 1 and 9 turn R. and L., lines following, and lead off stage.

VI.

TO THE LIONS.

By Eldridge S. Brooks.

(Arranged from "A Son of Issachar," in Werner's Magazine for November, 1894.)

THIS is an excellent selection for young men in schools and colleges, and suitable for general recitation. The piece is comparatively unused, and yet it is fully as good as the popular "Quo Vadis" bull fight. It offers scope for action, as the lithe Jew is obliged to watch every movement of the crouching lion, and to spring to avoid death. A man could dress for the part very effectively, wearing black knee-breeches, a soft white shirt, and a netted shawl, such as that in which Bar-Simon entangles the lion. With this shawl, tableau effects could be obtained during the rendering. If a short sword can be worn, so much the better, for then Bar-Simon can draw ia, and really seem to stab his savage foe. With Ben-Hur before the eyes of the public, anything on this order ought to take.

VII.

PROGRAM OF AN EVENING WITH TENNYSON.

1. Reading: *"A Dream of Fair Women,"* illustrated by tableaux.

2. Musical Recitation: *"The Brook,"* accompanied by George W. Warren's piano solo, "The Brook."

3. Scene: From *"The Princess."*

4. Essay: *"Tennyson's Relation to His Times and how He was in Them but not of Them."*

5. Reading: *"Enoch Arden,"* illustrated by tableaux.

6. Essay: *"Tennyson's Method of Composition."*

7. Reading: *"King Arthur and Guinevere in the Nunnery,"* illustrated by tableaux.

8. Essay: *"Tennyson's Last Days."*

9. Song: *"Crossing the Bar."*

[The best musical setting of this for a soprano is Behrend's solo.]

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION

THIS DEPARTMENT PRESENTS	THIS MONTH
Spanish-American War Selection (humorous)	"Sarah."
Seasonable Selections	"A Christmas Carol."
	"Christmas-Tide."
	"The Funny Side of Christmas."
	"To the New Year."
Dramatic Selections	"On Account of Jim."
	"Pere Goriot."
Dialect Selections (humorous)	"Our Hired Girl."
	"Brer Rabbit and Brer Bear."
British-Boer War Selection	"The Mercy of the Mighty."
Sentimental Selection	"Green Grow the Rushes O."
Classic Selection	"Orestes's Chariot Race."
Humorous Selection	"Nathan's Flat."
Declamations	"America's Destiny in the Philippines."
	"Independence for the Filipinos."
Suggestive Programs	From James Whitcomb Riley's Works.

(See also Entertainment Department.)

I.

"SARAH."

By Thomas H. Davies.

[*Based on an incident of the Spanish-American War.*]

DID I see anything in the Spanish war that didn't get into the papers? Well, I guess I did. Didn't I ever tell you about Sarah? No? That's funny. I thought I told ev'rybody about him. You see our reg'ment was officially known as the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, but Lord! no one ever called us that—they called us Roosevelt's Rough Riders. You know the kind of a gang they had in that reg'ment, don't you? Ev'rything and ev'rybody from a western cow-rustler and all-round bad man to an eastern college chap and swell society dude. Some of 'em from the east was all right and made good scrappers, but there was one who was certainly a Willy from Willystown. His name was Clarence Vere de Vere, or some such high-soundin' name that was too long to handle, so we called him Sarah, out of compliment fer his lady-like ways, fer he was a real lady and no mistake.

O' course, we felt we would be neglectin' a sacred duty if we failed to put him through his trainin'; but when our sargent, Pug Wilson, offered to do the job, there wasn't a man in the hull troop but what didn't turn a sickly smile, and I said to the kid, "You'll get all that's a-comin' to you," because if ever there was an onery cuss it was Pug Wilson. He was a fighter from Montana and as tough as they make 'em. Well, he started in on the poor Willy about the first day the boy got into his soger cloes. He took personal command of the awkward squad so's he could rub it in hard on the poor chap, and ev'ry time the feller'd make a false move, or didn't catch the drift of a command, Pug'd let out a string of cuss words that made even the cow-punchers turn green with envy, so to speak.

Sarah stood ev'rything until we got to Cuba. Then Pug had him assigned to the loneliest post of the hull camp, and he'd give orders to the corp'ral ot the guard to accidentally-on-purpose fergit to relieve him once in a while, and so make the kid do a double trick, and for the slightest break Pug would run him in the guard-house or make him carry forty pounds of mud on his back for about twelve hours or so.

Well, all these things made an impression on the boy, and one day he got so mad

that he threw military regulations to the wind, and told Pug that if he'd take off his uniform he'd lick him to a standstill. Pug was staggered, and instead of jackin' the boy up for a court-martial, he took him at his word, and the fight came off the next afternoon in an open space about two miles south of the camp. Sarah had picked up a little knowledge of boxin' somewhere, and he relied on that when he threw the bluff to Pug, but, say, it took Pug about two minutes to put the youngster out of biz'ness. Sarah come 'round after half a day, but he didn't offer to fight Pug any more. He jest went on doin' what he was told, but jumpin' cats! if ever a man hated another that kid hated Pug Wilson, and Pug was polite enough to return the compliment with interest, and rub things in twict as hard.

Complain? No, sir. Sarah never opened his face about anything. Why one time there they gave us beef that would make a self-respectin' dog turn a somersault, and ev'ry man in the reg'ment got up on his ear and kicked like an army mule but him. He jest took his ration out on the parade-ground and buried it without a word. Said afterward he didn't expect to have all the delicacies of home in a military camp, "and besides," said he, "these are war times."

One day Teddy—you know Teddy—came over to our street and told us he wanted some men to go on a little trip over to the south a few miles. The scouts had reported all clear in that direction, and it wouldn't be necessary to send a hull troop. "Sargent," said he, "take four of your men and report at my tent in half an hour"—jest then he happened to fasten his side lights on Sarah—"and, Sargent, take this young man with you; he looks as thought he knew A from Z, and you might need him." That was all, but 'twas enough. When the sargent went out forty-five minutes later Sarah was one of the four that went with him, and a madder man than Pug you never saw.

We rode into a patch of woods about a mile from camp and ten minutes later came out on the other side. Away to our right stretched an open plain about a mile in width, and at the end of it was a pretty broad stream, and then came another fringe of brush and trees.

I saw Pug look at the kid with a grin on his face, for it was in that very open space that the boy had dared to put up his fists to his sargent not a hundred years back.

"Remember this place, Sarah?" said he.

The kid was jest about to answer somethin' hot when a Spanish yell bust out on the air, and the next minute it semed as if the hull dago army was pumpin' lead at us from the cover of the woods in the rear and the fringe of trees on the left. There wasn't any use for a sargent and four men to fight back in the face of that, though we knew they couldn't shoot fer a little bit, so we cut and run fer the cluster of trees over the stream. Oh, how we made those plugs skip. They didn't seem to touch the ground. On we went like crazy things, Pug's horse poundin' away jest in back of mine. Into the stream we splashed, struggled with the water fer a minute, and then got into cover on the other side. But Lord! there wa'nt no rider on Pug's horse. We looked back over the plain and away out there by the spot where we was fired on we could see a small black speck. It was Pug Wilson.

Sarah looked at him fer a minute. "Boys, I'm goin' out there to get him," says he; and in another minute his horse had splashed into the stream and was climbin' up the other bank. I reached into the saddle-bags on Pug's horse and yanked out a pair of field glasses that Pug had borrowed from one of the officers, and then I watched Sarah drawin' nearer and nearer to the sargent lyin' under the very guns of the Spaniards, and ev'ry few seconds we could see the flame break out from the fringe of bush and the roll of the rifles would come to us with a sound that made us creep. Sarah yanked up his horse alongside of Pug and jumped down, but Pug seemed to be fightin' against the kid, and when I saw the boy spring on the horse again—I hardly felt like blamin' him fer leavin' his enemy out there—but he didn't leave him. He jest pulled on the horse's left rein and did that old army trick of makin' his horse lie down—right alongside of Pug. Then grabbin' a holt of Pug's leg he pulled it over the saddle, and steadyin' the sargent with one arm, he clipped the horse over the flank, and the next minute the plug was up and boundin' toward us with Pug in the saddle and Sarah hangin' onto the trappin's like grim death. On they came to the edge of the stream, went in with a splash, and two minutes later were back with us.

Talk about cheerin'! There was only three of us to cheer, but we put enough ginger into it for a hundred and three.

"Sarah," said Pug, as one of the boys bandaged his hurt, "did yer know that was me that was out there, or did yer think it was somebody else?"

"O' course I knew who it was."

"Did you run the chance of gettin' plugged by them Spaniards to save Pug Wilson?"

"No, sargent," said Sarah, "I didn't risk my life to save Pug Wilson, nor Sargent Wilson, but the life of an American soldier fightin' in the same cause as myself."

"Saidie," said Pug, "here's my hand; will yer shake?"

Sarah shook.

"Now," said Pug in a choky voice. "what about the old score?"

Sarah kinder clinched his hand fer a second, looked around, and then, puttin' on a tough air like Pug carries, he said, "fergit it."

II.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

THERE is a little old man with silvery hair,
An' a long white beard 'at flies in the air;
With twinklin' black eyes an' a rosy, red face,
An' on'ct a year he comes to our place,
An' our little maid
An' our little man
Ez anxious to see 'im soon's they can!

In the dead o' night when all's asleep,
An' the cold frost snaps an' the snow ez deep;
With a reindeer team an' a silver sled
He comes straight from fairyland, 'tis said;
So our little man
An' our little maid
Ez anxious to see 'im—they ain't 'fraid!

But you better take keer, for some folks say
'At if yer naughty he'll fly away;
An' quicker'n you kin whistle—phew!
Away he's gone up the chimney flue!
So our little maid
An' our little man
Ez tryin' to be jest es good's they can!

But ef yer good an 'bey yer pa,
An' don't never cry an' vex yer ma,
He'll fill yer stockin's with games an' toys
An' nuts an' sweets an' all sorts o' joys.
So our little maid
An' our little man
Wants Santy to come jes' as quick's he can!

III.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES O.

By William Edward Penny.

WHEN I was about eighteen year old,
'Nd winter evenin's long 'nd cold
Came 'round, 'nd sleighin' got real good,
My gal would put on cloak and hood,
'Nd I would hitch up our old Fan.
I'd ruther have her than the span,
Because I wanted one arm free
Fer-fer-fer drivin', don't you see.
Then when I drew up tu the gate
She'd say I was "A leetle late,"
In sich a way tu let me see
She'd been a-waitin' thar fer me.
'Nd then we'd dash away, away,
With chimin' bells in old red sleigh,
Singin' a song out o'er the snow
About "Green grow the rushes O."

'Nd when we reached the house whar they
Were havin' of a grand swaray,
Or soshyble, or dance or sich,
We'd drive inter the barn 'nd hitch.
Then carry tu the house a pile
O' fodder that'd make you smile,
A milk pan full o' biscuits and
Another full o' doughnuts, and
Another full o' pickles and
Another full o' chicken, and—
Well, never mind about that are,
We'd lug it in, then skip upstair,
Throw off our wraps 'nd then we'd run,
Downstairs all ready for some fun,
And jine the young folks, cheeks aglow,
Singin' "Green grow the rushes O."

The old folks, in another room,
Would sit as solemn as the tomb;
The men about their crops would speak;
The wimmen though'd slyly peep
In through the door 'nd watch their boys
'Nd gals, 'nd laugh tu hear the noise;
Fer wimmen's hearts don't grow old
Like men's, likewise they don't grow cold,
Though years may top their heads with snow,
I've had a mother 'nd I know.
What fun we had, my gal and I,
As 'round inside the ring we'd fly.
She'd make pretense to run away,

But still I allers won the day,
'Nd got life's sweetest kiss I know,
Playin' "Green grow the rushes O."

'Nd then the ride hum in the night,
Under the stars all shinin' bright.
We didn't hurry on our way,
Because we—we had lots to say,
'Nd we two nicely filled the seat,
'Nd, oh, how fair she was, how sweet!
That face I never can forget;
I shet my eyes 'nd see it yet.
One evenin' when I drove around
Tu take my sweetheart out tu town,
The doctor's sleigh was thar, 'nd I
Was told the gal I loved must die—
My little sweetheart dying there!
No more I'd see her face so fair,
Or hear her voice so soft and low
Singin' "Green grow the rushes O."

Well, that was sixty year' ago.

IV.

THE FUNNY SIDE OF CHRISTMAS.

By Jerome K. Jerome.

THE 'bus moved on, and I was about to cross the road when a man, muttering savagely to himself, walked into me. He would have swept past me had I not, recognizing him, arrested him. It was my friend B——, a busy editor of magazines and journals. It was some seconds before he appeared able to struggle out of his abstraction and remember himself. "It is this confounded Christmas business," he explained. "It drives me out of my head."

"I have heard Christmas advanced as an excuse for many things," I replied, "but not so early in the season."

"Oh, you know what I mean," he answered; "we are in the middle of our Christmas number. I am working day and night upon it. By the bye," he added, "that puts me in mind. I am arranging a symposium, and I want you to join. 'Should Christmas—'"

"My dear fellow," I interrupted, "I commenced my journalistic career when I was eighteen, and I have continued it at intervals ever since. I have written about Christmas from the sentimental point of view; I have analyzed it from the philosophical point of view; and I have scarified it from the sarcastic standpoint. I have treated Christmas humorously for the comics, and sympathetically for the provincial weeklies. I have said all that is worth saying on the subject of Christmas—maybe a trifle more. I have told the new-fashioned Christmas story—you know the sort of thing; your heroine tries to understand herself, and, failing, runs off with the man who began as the hero; your good woman turns out to be really bad when one comes to know her; while the villain, the only decent person in the story, dies with an enigmatic sentence on his lips that looks as if it meant something, but which you yourself would be sorry to have to explain. I have also written the old-fashioned Christmas story—you know that also; you begin with a good old-fashioned snowstorm; you have a good old-fashioned squire, and he lives in a good old-fashioned hall; you work in a good old-fashioned murder; and end up with a good old-fashioned Christmas dinner. I have gathered Christmas guests together round the crackling logs to tell ghost stories to each other on Christmas Eve, while without the wind howled, as it always does on these occasions, at its proper cue. I have sent children to heaven on Christmas Eve—it must be quite a busy time for St. Peter Christmas morning, so many good children die on Christmas Eve. It has always been a popular night with them. I have revivified dead lovers and brought them back well and jolly, just in time to sit down to the Christmas dinner. I am not ashamed of having done these things. At the time I thought them good. I once loved currant wine and girls with tously hair. One's views change as one grows older. I have discussed Christmas as a religious festival. I have arraigned it as a social incubus. If there be any joke connected with Christmas that I have not already made I should be glad to hear it. I have trotted out the indigestion jokes until the sight of one of them gives me indigestion myself. I have ridiculed the family gathering. I have scoffed at the Christmas present. I have made witty use of paterfamilias and his bills. I have—"

"Did I ever show you," I broke off, to ask, "that little parody of mine on Poe's poem of 'The Bells?' It begins—"

"Bills, bills, bills," he interrupted me, in his turn.

"You are quite right," I admitted. "I forgot I ever showed it to you."

"You never did," he replied.

"Then how do you know how it begins?" I asked.

"I don't know for certain," he admitted; "but I get, on an average, sixty-five a year submitted to me, and they all begin that way. I thought perhaps yours did also."

"I don't see how else it could begin," I retorted. He had rather annoyed me. "Besides, it doesn't matter how a poem begins. It is how it goes on—that is the important thing; and, anyhow, I'm not going to write you anything about Christmas. Ask me to make you a new joke about a plumber; suggest my inventing something original and not too shocking for a child to say about heaven; propose my running you off a dog story that can be believed by a man of average determination, and we may come to terms. But on the subject of Christmas I am taking a rest."

"I don't blame you," he said, "if you are as sick of the subject as I am. I think the presents are the worst part of Christmas. Emma will give me a water-color that she has painted herself. She always does. There would be no harm in that if she did not expect me to hang it in the drawing-room. Have you ever seen my cousin Emma's water-colors?" he asked.

"I think I have," I replied.

"There's no thinking about it," he retorted angrily. "They're not the sort of water-colors you forget. Why do people do these things? There's that thing of hers hanging in the passage. I put it in the passage because there's not much light in the passage. She's labeled it 'Reverie.' If she had called it 'Influenza' I could have understood it. I asked her where she got the idea from, and she said she saw the sky like that one evening in Norfolk. Great heavens! then why didn't she shut her eyes, or go home and hide behind the bed-curtains?"

I said: "I suppose painting is a necessity to some natures."

"But why give the things to me?" he pleaded. I could offer him no adequate reason.

"The idiotic presents that people give you!" he continued. "And I'm just as bad when I give presents. I never give them what they want. I never hit upon anything that is of any use to anybody. If I give Jane a chinchilla tippet, you may be certain chinchilla is the most out-of-date fur that any woman could wear. 'Oh, that is nice of you,' she says; 'now that is just the very thing I wanted.' I give the girls watch-chains when nobody is wearing watch-chains. When watch-chains are all the rage I give them earrings, and they thank me and suggest my taking them to a fancy-dress ball, that being their only chance to wear the confounded things. I waste money on white gloves with black backs, to find that white gloves with black backs stamp a woman as suburban. I believe all the shop-keepers in London save their old stock, to palm it off on me at Christmas time."

V.

THE MERCY OF THE MIGHTY.

By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate of England.

[*Concerning the British-Boer War.*]

I.

NO, not that they were weak and we were strong,
Nor to avenge imaginary slight
To England's virgin majesty and might,
And make her long-armed Sceptre yet more long,
From field and forge she mustered virile throng:
And sped her war-shares through the waters white,
But to uphold repudiated Right,
And bring to end insufferable wrong:
That, on remotest shore where her renown
Wakes sluggish souls to strenuous discontent,
On her fair Flag should be nor stain nor rent,
No man to no man kneel nor grovel down,
But all men wearing Freedom's kingly crown,
Hope still might dawn for darkest Continent.

II.

So to the Lord of the embattled host,
Not unto us, praise and thanksgiving be,
Who made this isle vicegerent of the Sea,
And spread its empery from coast to coast;
Empire whose sole and not unworthy boast
Is to proclaim the fettered must be free,
And, firm as Fate enforcing that decree,
Is least avenging when victorious most.
Therefore let now raid and rebellion cease.
And Might's twin, Mercy, heal the wounds of war,
Solace the hurt, and cicatrize the scar;
Let race with race commingle and increase,
And Concord's portal henceforth stand ajar,
Guarded by Justice, Liberty and Peace!

VI.

ORESTES'S CHARIOT RACE.

[From Sophocles's "Electra."]

Orestes . . . He is dead. I will tell all as it happened. He then journeyed forth to those great games which Hellas counts her pride, to join the Delphic contests; and he heard the herald's voice, with loud and clear command, proclaim, as coming first, the chariot race; and so he entered radiant, every eye admiring as he passed. And in the race he equalled all the promise of his form in those his rounds, and so with noblest prize of conquest left the ground. And, summing up in fewest words what many scarce could tell, I know of none in strength and act like him; but one thing know, for having won the prize in all the fivefold forms of race which they, the umpires, had proclaimed for those that ran the ground's whole length and back, he then was hailed, proclaimed an Argive, and his name Orestes, his son who once led Hellas's glorious host, the mighty Agamemnon. So far well. But when a God will injure, none can 'scape, strong though he be. For lo! another day, when, as the sun was rising, came the race swift-footed, of the chariot and the horse, he entered there, with many charioteers; one an Achæan, one from Sparta, two from Libya, who with four-horsed chariots came, and he with these, with swift Thessalian mares, came as the fifth; a sixth with bright bay colts came from Ætolia; and the seventh was born in far Magnesia; and the eighth, by race an Ænian, with white horses, and the ninth from Athens came, the city built of God; last, a Bœotian, tenth in order, came, and made the list complete. And so they stood—when the appointed umpires fixed by lot, and placed the cars in order; and with sound of brazen trump they started. Cheering all their steeds at once, they shook the reins, and then the course was filled with all the clash and din of rattling chariots, and the dust rose high; and all commingled, sparing not the goad, that each might pass his neighbor's axle-trees, and horses' hot, hard breathings; for their backs and chariot-wheels were white with foam, and still the breath of horses smote them; and he, come just where the last stone marks the course's goal, turning the corner sharp, and, letting go the right hand trace-horse, pulled the nearer in; and so at first the chariots keep their course; but then the unbroken colts the Ænian owned rush at full speed, and, turning headlong back, just as they closed their sixth round or their seventh, dash their heads right against the chariot wheels of those who came from Barkè. And from thence, from that one shock, each on the other crashed, they fell o'erturned, and Crissa's spacious plain was filled with wreck of chariots. Then the man from Athens, skilled and wily charioteer, seeing the mischief, turns his steed aside, at anchor rides, and leaves the whirling surge of man and horse thus raging. Last of all, keeping his steeds back, waiting for the end, Orestes came. And when he sees him left, his only rival, then, with shaken rein, urging his colts, he follows, and they twain drove onward, both together, by a head, now this, now that, their chariots gaining ground; and all the other rounds in safety passed. Upright in upright chariot still he stood, ill-starred one; then the left rein letting loose just as his horse was turning, unawares he strikes the furthest pillar, breaks the spokes right at his axle's center, and slips down from out his chariot, and is dragged along, with reins dissevered. And, when thus he fell, his colts tore headlong to the ground's mid-space; and when the host beheld him fallen thus from off the chariot, they bewailed him sore, so young, so noble, so unfortunate, now hurled upon the ground, and now his limbs to heaven exposing. Then the charioteers full hardly keeping back the rush of steeds, freed the poor corpse so bloody, that not one of all his friends would know him, and his body they burnt upon the pyre; and now they bear, the chosen of the Phokians that have come, in a poor urn of bronze, a mighty form reduced to these sad ashes, that for him may be a tomb within his fatherland. Such is my tale, full sad, I trow, to hear, but unto those who saw it as we saw, the greatest of all evils I have known.

Have you made a resolve for the New Year?
Have you turned o'er the unwritten leaf?
'Tis well. But if striving should falter,
If the keeping of it should be brief,
Just pause for a moment and ponder,
Take heart of the longing and pray;
We live not by years or by ages,
But simply from day unto day.
Though New Year's resolves may be broken,
Renew them each morn, every hour;
Keep close to the Prince of the ages,
And he will give wisdom and power.

VII.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By Edith W. Cook.

[From *Catholic World*, by permission.]

WHAT go ye out, O Christian men!
This early morn to see?
Dark is the sky, and chill the snow
Lieth on bush and tree.

"We seek a royal Child
Born unto us to-day,
Who, from his mother's lap, o'er realms
Uncounted holdeth sway;
We go to bear him worthy gifts,
As men have done of old,—
True worship's lamb of sacrifice,
True service faithful gold."

How shall ye find this new-born King?
In heaven no star doth shine:
Without such sign how shall ye know
Where rests this Child Divine?

"Though shines no star this winter morn,
Though far His Father's home,
We shall not fear through dark and chill
Unto our King to come.
Cold is the earth that harbors Him,
The roof that shelters low,
Upon the empty hearth drifts down
The softly falling snow."

But fear ye not, O Christian men!
To give your gifts amiss?
In raiment soft are princes clothed,
Their state not such as this.

"In heaven our King wears royal robes
Resplendent as the sun,
But here we know Him in the garb
Of earth's most abject one.
Where little hands are stretched to plead
For bread and life and love,
We see the star prophetic shine
The childish face above.

"'What do ye to the least of Mine
Ye do it unto Me.'
The Christ-Child lives for us to-day
In homes of poverty.
So, as we light on the snow-strewn hearth
The Yule-log's cheerful blaze,
We hear amid the singing flames
The Christmas angels' praise.

'Glory to God on high' they sing;
'On earth be blessing still,
And peace to gentle souls that seek
God's pleasure to fulfil.'"

O Christian men! wait but a space,
Till I my offering bring
To place within the pleading hands
Of Christ, our new-born King.

My heart's true worship lift ye up
To our Emmanuel;
Take ye my poor hands' scanty gold
That, in love's crucible,
Its yellow glitter may win heat
To warm the barren hearth
Where Jesus, in His little ones,
Is born to-day on earth.

VIII.

OUR HIRED GIRL.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

OUR hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann;
An' she can cook best things to eat!
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
An' pours in somepin' 'at's good an' sweet,
An' nen she salts it all on top
With cinnamon; an' nen she'll stop
An' stoop, an' slide ist as slow
In th' old cook-stove, so's 't won't slop
An' git all spilled; nen bakes it—so
It's custard-pie, first thing you know!
An' nen she'll say:
"Clear out o' my way!
They's time fer work, an' time fer play.
Take yer dough an' run, child, run;
Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

When our hired girl 'tends like she's mad,
An' says folks got to walk the chalk
When *she's* around, er wished they had!
I play out on our porch, an' talk
To th' Raggedy Man 'at mows our lawn;
An' he says "*Whew!*" an' nen leans on
His old crook-scythe, an' blinks his eyes
An' sniffs all round an' says, "I swawn!
Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,
It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!"
An' nen *he'll* say:
"Clear out o' the way!
They's time fer work, an' time fer play.
Take yer dough an' run, child, run;
Er *she* cain't git no cookin' done!'

IX.

"ON ACCOUNT OF JIM."

By Frances Nimmo Greene.

"IS there any other charge against Sister Jerushy?"

For several ominous seconds the rude walls of the little log church echoed not a single sound.

"Brother Moderator, I've got *serious* charges to make."

It was a nasal, woman's voice that broke the silence. The slow, deliberate gaze of her uncouth listeners turned on Sister Eliza Watkins as she rose from her seat, removed her broad-brimmed straw hat, and took her long snuff-brush out of her mouth to gesticulate with.

"I've serious charges to make," said Sister Watkins. "It ain't for me to say with Brother Lathrop that Jerushy bows down to them little tin saints and worships 'em; though I *can* say, and I *do* say that she keeps 'em uncommon clear of dust. And I ain't splittin' no hairs with Melviny Williams and Sally Toole about her callin' the Virgin Mary the 'Blessed Virgin' and fastin' on Fridays. What *I've* got to say is *serious*."

All ears and eyes were now with the speaker, all except Jerushy's; her sunbonnet never moved an apparent hair's breadth.

"I'll call Mis' Sly over there to witness"—Mrs. Sly nodded vigorously, even before she heard what she was being called upon to corroborate—"that just as soon as I heard Jerushy was goin' to marry Jim Ryan, I put on my bonnet and went straight over to her house, and I says to her, says I, 'You mark my words. It won't be a good year before that girl will be practisin' all kinds of Popery, and we'll have to turn her out of church.' And I happened to go round to Mis' Elrod's and Mis' Foster's and Mis' McGee's, and I told all the same thing."

A murmur of assent followed, which was broken by the moderator asking: "What are your charges, Sister Watkins?"

"My charges is this, Brother Moderator, that that there girl is gone clean over to the insidious practises of Rome, and ain't no longer fitten to be a member of this congregation. And I can prove what I say by what I seen and heard. You all mind when her baby died. Let's see, it was a month ago come next Sunday. Well, early that mornin' it was proned into me that I ought to run over the hill and see how Jerushy and the baby was gittin' on; for I knowed that she didn't have nobody but a nigger girl to look after her when Jim was gone to his work. So after I had done cleaned up, I took my foot in my hand and went. And I tell you, Brother Jones, in the hearin' of all these present, that I never seen and never am to see nothin' to so astonish and rile me like the sight I seen when I stood on that doorstep. There sat Jerushy Ryan, the child of a respectable Christian mother, with the baby on her lap, a-sayin' 'I baptize thee,' and a-criss-crossin' it with *holy water. She* baptize! [*pointing an accusing finger at the silent girl.*] And our own Parson Goodwin wasn't good enough to do it; but they must keep puttin' it off, and puttin' it off, tryin' to get to town to a Catherlick priest. I ask my sisters here, which one of us would have been foolin' long of holy water when there was catnip tea to be made? Not *one*. And I tell you here in these presence that it was the judgment of God, and the want of a hot mustard-bath and some possum oil rubbed on its chest and the bottoms of its feet that killed that baby, for it drew its last breath before I could git to Jerushy to stop her outdacious foolery."

Mrs. Watkins reinforced her lungs with another long breath, but the moderator cut short her painful rehearsal by a quiet gesture.

"Sister Ryan," he said—at the sound of his voice the bonnet that had sunk suddenly forward was raised again; no one but the gray-haired man and God saw the face beneath it—"Sister Ryan, you have heard the charges against you, of how you've wandered away from your faith and the practises of your own church. I charge you, as you are a truthful woman, to stand up and tell this congregation your spiritual condition; and explain to them, if you can, why you have done those things that you ought not to have done."

Jerushy rose to speak. "Are there anybody here that's *seen* me worshipin' idols?"

A Voice—"You've got them in your cabin."

"They're Jim's saints, and Jim pays the rent," she answered simply. "And it ain't to say worshipin' 'em, is it to keep the dust off and have 'em settin' where they can be seen? It does Jim good," she said, turning to the moderator, "for the sight of 'em

makes him more peaceable and quiet-like when he's drunk."

There was perfect stillness for a few moments, and then she went on in a quiet voice: "Jim ast me one day how I would feel if anybody was to speak disrespectful of my mother, and he said it was just like that to hear me talk like I did about—about—the Blessed Virgin—so I've called her 'blessed' ever since, though there ain't nobody here as can truthfully say I ever said a prayer to her. It was just the way Jim felt about it that made me stop eatin' meat on Friday, and then it was a savin' of victuals and a savin' of work, too."

The congregation shifted a little uneasily as the woman stood for a moment looking down at the rough plank floor. When she raised her face again a pitiful pallor had spread over it, but the patient eyes were dry.

"When the baby was took sick so sudden-like, there wasn't nobody there but just me; for I'd sent Dilsy over to the mill. He was havin' spasms, and I was skeered to leave him and skeered to stay—and there wasn't no way to git a doctor, or Jim, or anybody to help me—I hadn't had baby but three weeks, and it seemed like I didn't know nothin' 'bout how to do for him. I did work with him the best I could, till I saw it wasn't no use. Then I thought about Jim comin' home—and thinkin' his baby was lost for good because he hadn't been baptized. And—and I done what Mis' Watkin' tole you—not on account of the baby—but on account of Jim."

The speaker paused, glanced at the moderator, drew in a breath as if to speak, but suddenly pressed her lips together, sat down, and drew her sunbonnet over her head.

The moderator slowly arose. His glance rested upon the congregation, calmly, but before he spoke he cleared his throat twice.

"Brethren and sisters," he began, "is there any action to be taken upon this charge?"

Silence followed. A woman in the far corner burst out into hysterical sobbing.

"If there's no action," continued the deep tones of the moderator, "I declare the charges dismissed."

A gray-haired elder raised himself slowly to his feet.

"Brother Moderator," he said, "I say amen to them words."

And a chorus of "amens" followed.—*The Criterion.*

X.

AMERICA'S DESTINY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge.

[From speech delivered at Chicago, Sept. 25, 1900.]

THE argument of destiny is the master argument in the hour of destiny, and it should be so. The American people never yet entered on a great movement for merely mercantile reasons. Sentiment and duty have started and controlled every noble current of American history. And at this historic hour destiny is the controlling consideration in the prophetic statesmanship which conditions require of the American people.

History establishes these propositions:

First. Every people who have become great have become colonizers or administrators.

Second. Through this colonization and administration their material and political greatness develop.

Third. Their decline is coincident with their abandonment of their policy of possession and administration, or departure from the true principles thereof.

And as a corollary to these propositions is this self-evident and contemporaneous truth:

Every progressive nation of Europe today is seeking lands to colonize and governments to administer.

And can this common instinct of the most progressive peoples of the world—this common conclusion of the ablest statesmen of other nations—be baseless? If the opposition say that this program, written not in the statutes of man, but in the nature of things, will smother our institutions with a myriad of soldiers, I answer that the world to-day demonstrates that it will result in the reverse.

The Filipinos must begin at the beginning and grow in the knowledge of free institutions, and, if possible, into the ultimate practice of free government, by observing the operation of those institutions among them and experiencing their benefits. They have experienced unjust, unequal and arbitrary taxation; this is the result of the institutions of tyranny. They must experience equal, just and scientific taxation; this is the result of free institutions. They have experienced arrest without cause, impris-

onment without a hearing, and beheld justice bought and sold; these are the results of the institutions of tyranny. They must experience arrest only for cause publicly made known, conviction only after trial publicly conducted and justice impartial, unpurchasable and speedily administered; these are the results of free institutions. They have experienced suppression of free speech, the violation of the home and robbery by officer of Church and State, unauthorized by either; these are the results of the institutions of tyranny. They must experience liberty of speech, the sanctity of the fireside, the separation of Church and State, the punishment of soldier, priest, or Protestant missionary practising outrage or extortion upon them, by the civil authorities, who must be supreme over all.

These are the results which they will experience under the government of the American republic, for these are the results of American institutions, and the institutions of every nation follow its flag. German institutions follow the flag of the fatherland. English institutions follow the banner of St. George. French institutions follow the tricolor of France. And just so, American institutions follow the starry banner of the republic. Nay! Our institutions not only follow the flag; they accompany it. They troop beneath its folds of glory. Wherever an American citizen goes he carries the spirit of our institutions. On whatever soil his blood is shed to establish the sovereignty of our flag, there are planted the imperishable seeds of the institutions of the nation; and there those institutions flourish in proportion as the soil where they are planted is prepared for them.

Of these institutions, the American Constitution is the highest, noblest and ultimate expression; and so our Constitution can grow only where the simpler forms of our institutions have already prepared the way. Therefore, our Constitution may follow the flag, but our institutions do follow the flag. Our Constitution did not create our institutions; our institutions created our Constitution. Our Constitution did not give us liberty; liberty gave us our Constitution. Free institutions are as definite, certain and concrete as our Constitution itself. Free speech is an institution of liberty. Free schools are an institution of liberty. The freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience is an institution of liberty.

I do not advocate holding our possessions because they *happened* to fall into our hands, and there is now no way to escape from our responsibility. The considerations of commerce, of civilization, of necessity and of all the elements from which sound judgment is compounded, converge upon these words of destiny: "The Philippines are ours and ours forever." We cannot surrender them! We dare not surrender them! We ought not surrender them! Does any man believe that the Philippine people will not have freer speech, speedier justice, more equal rights and more of all the fruits of liberty under the Stars and Stripes than under the flag of a Malay oligarchy? Does any man believe that American liberties will be lost because we administer the substance of liberty to those children? Does any man believe that the American institution of free schools, which upholds the four corners of the republic, will be destroyed or impaired because we plant free schools throughout the Philippines? Does any man believe that equal rights will be impaired here because we establish equal rights there?

The strong, wise, tender-hearted man who guides the nation's destinies to-day, and who resembles Lincoln more than any President the republic ever had, William McKinley, would have prevented bloodshed if it had been possible with honor. He tried expedient after expedient to compose the Philippines, until the world looked on amazed at his forbearance. He has approved force with reluctance; and only when the flag he had sworn to defend was hid by the battle smoke of hostile guns, and torn at by the dark hand of insurrection, only when anarchy whirled aloft its torch and civilization gasped at Aguinaldo's order of murder and extermination, only then, when honor and humanity commanded, did our great President, dauntless as he is merciful, draw the nation's sword, and William McKinley never draws the sword for show or for parade. In the scabbard is the sword's true place until the peril of the flag calls it forth, and then it should leap like lightning, naked, from its sheath, and, like lightning, strike.

President McKinley, in the Philippine problem, has been the same cautious, conciliatory, conservative statesman that he

has been throughout this four years of American advance. Patient in the very hour of exasperation, conservative when all the atmosphere was charged with impetuosity, clear-eyed when flaming circumstance on every hand reddened the vision of the calmest counsellors, steady when hurricanes of unprecedented events swept the stanchest from their bearings—such is the President of the American Republic, the most respected statesman in the world today, and forever fixed as one of the foremost figures of American history. He has risen to the greatness of the hour. The work that Washington began and Lincoln continued this wise President, in our day of destiny, has taken up and carried on toward that work's great consummation. As Washington prepared this republic to enter the nineteenth century, so McKinley has prepared the republic to enter the twentieth century.

Our flag! Our institutions! Our Constitution! This is the immortal order in which American civilization marches and shall march around the world until all mankind shall, in the luminous centuries to come, be brought beneath the spirit and practice of our liberty.

XI.

INDEPENDENCE FOR THE FILIPINOS.

By the Hon. David B. Hill.

[From speech delivered at Elmira, N. Y., September 25, 1900.]

THERE are some things so plain that they ought not to be disputed, and among them are these:

First. That this is a government by the people, embodied in a union of *States*, and based upon the consent of the governed.

Second. Conquest and aggrandizement are repugnant to the genius of our free institutions, and can not be sanctioned.

Third. There is no place for American colonies under our Constitution.

The Supreme Court of the United States has already decided the constitutional question involved, and held that "there is no power given by the Constitution to establish or maintain colonies, bordering on the United States or at a distance, to be ruled and governed at its own pleasure."

The Spanish war was not undertaken by this government for conquest or aggrandizement, but we interfered in Cuba in behalf of the cause of humanity and civilization. When Admiral Dewey with his gallant fleet sailed into Manila harbor he was there to fight the Spanish, and not the Filipinos, the latter having for some time been engaged in fighting the Spanish, and it was that very status that induced our government to begin offensive operations in that country.

We had no quarrel with the Filipinos; on the contrary, our sympathies were with them in their heroic struggle to free themselves from the domination of Spain, in which they were already nearly successful. We interfered to cripple Spain because Spain was fighting the Cubans and fighting us.

When victory finally came and Spain was whipped in Cuba, what, then, became the duty of this government? We had already declared what should be done with Cuba, to wit, "leave the government and control of the islands to its people," and the same course should have been pursued with the Philippine Islands and their people, subject to such temporary provisions for their protection as might be found necessary owing to their peculiar situation. But instead of that course the Administration determined to annex the Philippines to the United States, claiming to do so partly by the right of conquest and partly by purchase. This false step has been the cause of all the difficulties which have since arisen. Neither of the claims was morally tenable, because, in the first place, we had not in fact conquered the Philippine Islands; and, in the second place, while Spain technically retained its sovereignty, it had virtually lost control of the islands, and had really nothing to sell.

We should have dealt for the islands with the Filipinos if we were to deal at all. We could not safely or honorably ignore them, and their rights should have been formally ascertained and respected. Our attitude necessarily led to a conflict of arms. It was inevitable. It was no answer to their natural demand for independence and self-government that we would finally do what was right by them, because they were entitled at the outset to an explicit assurance of the nature of our ultimate intentions. If they were to be allowed the privilege of governing themselves, in case they exhibited evidences of their capacity therefor,

that distinct announcement should have been made. Our national honor demanded it. Instead of that, the Administration caused this government to assume the rôle of a conqueror and a purchaser, and refused to recognize the Filipinos as entitled to any rights except such as a conqueror or purchaser might confer. This was the fundamental error underlying the whole miserable business. This was not an American policy; it was a British policy; it was a mistaken policy; and the people of the country have been lamenting it ever since.

Our national pledge was given that we would not annex Cuba after we had driven Spain from the island, and yet afterward we proceeded to annex islands situate on the other side of the globe which are many times as extensive as Cuba, and which contain six times as many people. This was a reflection upon our original professions of unselfishness which was discreditable to any administration. Besides, it furnished an unworthy example to other nations. The denial of independence to the Filipinos gratified monarchical governments everywhere, but afforded no satisfaction to the true friends of republican institutions; and it is evident that our conduct in the Philippine matter paved the way for British aggressions in South Africa and the subsequent destruction of the Boer republic. The people can not have forgotten that President McKinley himself said, shortly before the declaration of war, that "under the American code of morals a war for annexation would be criminal aggression."

If the taking of the Philippines was not criminal aggression, under the remarkable circumstances under which they were acquired, it is difficult to understand what that term signifies. As against the native inhabitants, we took the islands by force, and have since held them by force. They were not parties to any treaty with us. The spectacle is thus presented before the world of millions of people deprived of their independence by the greatest of republics and annexed to that republic against their will, in violation of all our well-settled theories of government.

It may safely be affirmed that the program of the national administration is that these new possessions are not to be formed into States nor admitted into the Union because their people are not adapted for statehood, but these possessions are to be held as American colonies and governed by Congress according to its sole discretion and outside of the provisions of the Constitution. I declare that this determination is subversive of the nature of our government as our forefathers intended it. The people should understand the full effect of what is contemplated. A colonial system will prove costly and dangerous. It means an immense standing army for years to come; it means higher taxes and increased national debt; it means arbitrary and oppressive rule; it means the degradation of American citizenship; it means a fearful annual loss of human life; in short, it means "imperialism" in its most offensive sense. There is no place for a colonial system under our Constitution. This government can not remain part republic and part empire. There will be an irrepressible conflict between two inconsistent and irreconcilabe political systems and both can not survive.

XII.

NATHAN'S FLAT.

By Edmund Vance Cooke.

NATHAN wrote that he 'n' his wife was livin' in a flat,
"Gracious me!" says mother, "why, what sort o' place is that?"
"Well," I says, "it's one o' them there places, don't you know,
'At folks live in, likely," an' mother says, "Jesso!"
But 'bout a half hour later, she broke out, "I'd give a cent
If I could sort o' puzzle out what Nathan really meant."

Now, ain't that like a woman? You can tell 'em what is what;
You can show 'em plain as preachin', but it's just as like as not
When ye've argied an' convinced 'em an' yeh think ye've surely fetched 'em,
They'll bust out just where they started, same as though yeh hadn't tetched 'em.
"Well," I says, "we'll go to see 'em, then, an' that'll stop yer clatter,"
For I own that I was cur'ous like, myself, about the matter!

So we went an' Nathan met us. Wan't we glad to see his face!
An' he rid us on a cable till we reached a stoppin' place.
An' he says, "We're here!" an' first I knowed I was a-standin' there
A-gawpin' at a buildin' that was higher in the air
Than the Presbyterian steeple. An' I says, "My conscience, Nat,
It can't be sech a stuck-up thing is what ye call a flat?"
But he only smiled and nodded an' he took us in the hall,
An' mother says, "Why, Nathan, do yeh occipy it all?"

Then we got into a little coop, an' Nathan he says, "Seven!"
An' in another second we was shootin' up to heaven.
Mother shet her teeth an' helt her breath an' trembled 'roun' the eyes,
An' my heart fell in my stomach, it was sech a sudden rise.

Then, in another jiffy, we was into Nathan's flat—
Six rooms, about the size of three, an' darn small three at that,
But some things was pretty handy. They was places in the wall
Where ye'd go an' talk to people 'at yeh couldn't see at all.
There was one place where ye'd turn a wheel to squirt a little heat,
An' the cellar was a little box containing things to eat.

Then there was one extravygance 'at mother thought a sin;
They had spiled a good-sized clo-sepress fer to put a bathtub in.
Gee! it made me think o' tombstones, it was all so white an' shiny,
But mother she peered into it an' says, "I vum; it's chiny!"
Nathan's wife was kind o' laughin', so I fixed my eyes on her,
An' says, solemn, "Read yer Bible of the whited sepulchre?"

Bathtubs! Why, if I'd a mind to, I could tell yeh pretty quick
Of the time when Nathan's bathtub was the hull of Simpson's creek!
An' the sunshine was a towel fer him, an' if by any chance,
He couldn't wait for dryin', why he used his coat an' pants.

An' on Sat'dy nights in winter, mother'd fetch the washin'-tub,
An' she'd heat enough of water fer all han's to take a scrub,
An' she'd pester Nat, "Git ready!" till at last he'd sort o' squeak,
"Ma, I honest don't believe I need a bath this week!"
But she'd shet him in the kitchen, an' he'd grunt an' puff an' spatter,
Till you'd thought a steamboat bust-up was the least could be the matter.

"Yes, an' then I'd mop," says mother, "an' blow out the kitchen light,
An' I'd foller Nat upstairs to kiss my little boy 'Good-night!'
An' it kindo' seemed that me an' God was watchin' there by Nat,
But I don't believe I'd ever have sech feelin's in a flat!"

XIII.

BRER RABBIT AND BRER BEAR.

ONE year Brer Bear he have a pen of fine hogs just ready for the smoke-house. But just before the Christmas season come on, every morning when Brer Bear fotch out his corn to feed the hogs, Brer Bear he done count them, and he find one gone; and the next morning Brer Bear done count them, and he find one more gone; and so it go twell nigh 'bout the latest one of Brer Bear's fine fat hogs done gone.

Now Brer Bear he 'low he bound to find out who the thief what steal his hogs; so all enduring the Christmas holidays Brer Bear he visit 'bout among his neighbors constant, and they all say, What come over Brer Bear, he getting that sociable.

But when Brer Bear visiting, Brer Bear he be a-looking, and he be a-looking, and he be a-smelling for them fine hogs.

Well, Brer Bear he go to visit Brer Fox, and he don' see nothing and he don' smell nothing; and then Brer Bear he go visit Sis Coon, but he don' smell nothing and he don' see nothing; then Brer Bear he call on Brer Wolf, but he don' see nothing and he don' smell nothing.

Then Brer Bear he call on Brer Rabbit. Brer Bear he knock on the door, and Miss

Rabbit she open the door, and invite Brer Bear in. Brer Bear he say, "Where Brer Rabbit?" and Miss Rabbit she say, "Brer Rabbit gone to quarterly meeting," being as he one of the stewards of the church. Miss Rabbit say, "Brer Rabbit just feel bound to 'tend quarterly meeting."

Brer Bear he say he want a fresh drink, and he go out to the well-house, and he see where they been killing hogs. Now Brer Bear he know Brer Rabbit didn't put no hogs up in the pen. Brer Bear he walk round and round, and he say, "I smell the blood of my land."

And Brer Bear he fault Miss Rabbit with Brer Rabbit stealing all his fine hogs, and Brer Bear he say how he going straight up to quarterly meeting to church Brer Rabbit, and he a steward of the church, and Brer Bear he roll his hands and arms in the blood and he say he going take the proof.

Now Miss Rabbit certainly are a faithful wife. When Brer Bear start off down the big road toward the quarterly meeting, Miss Rabbit she take a short cut through the woods, lipity clipity. She get there before Brer Bear.

Miss Rabbit she go in and take a seat longside Brer Rabbit. She whisper in his ear, "Trouble, trouble, watch out. Brer Bear he say he smell the blood of his land, trouble trouble." Brer Rabbit he say, "Hush your mouth," and he go on with the meeting. Now Brer Bear ain't the onliest man what has been losing hogs that Christmas. Brer Wolf he done lose some o' his fine shotes; somebody done take his onliest hog outen Brer Fox pen. They take it up in meeting and make it subject of inquiry. They put it on old Brer Rabbit, so the old man don't know which way he going to get to, when Brer Bear walk in, and his hands and arms covered with the blood, what he take to prove up old Brer Rabbit before the meeting.

Directly Brer Bear walk in the door with the blood on his hands, Brer Rabbit he clap his hands and he shout, "Praise the Lord, brethren! The Lord done deliver me and bring forth his witness!" and the people all that distracted they don' listen to a word poor old Brer Bear say, but they all talk, and take votes, and they church old Brer Bear right there; and that why old Brer Bear ain't no churchman. But Brer Rabbit he run the church yet, and they say how he never miss quarterly meeting.

XIV.

SUGGESTIVE JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY PROGRAMS.

1. *From "Afterwhiles."*

"Griggsby's Station," "The Train-Misser," "Like His Mother Used to Make," "A Liz-Town Humorist," "Proem," "Knee-Deep in June," "A Life-Lesson," and "Old Aunt Mary's."

2. *From "Rhymes of Childhood."*

"Our Hired Girl," "When the World Bu'sts Through," "Raggedy-Man," "Wait-in' fer the Cat to Die," "Happy Little Cripple," "The Runaway," "The Funny Little Fellow," "The Fishing Party," "The Squirtgun," "That Air Young 'Un," "Guineypigs," "Little Mahala Ashcraft," "Little Johnts's Christmas," "The Man in the Moon," "Prior to Miss Belle's Appearance," "She Displains It," "At Aunty's House."

3. *From "Pipes o' Pan."*

"Down Around the River," "Romancin'," "A' Old Played-Out Song," "Kissing the Rod," "How it Happened," "Want to be where Mother is," "Wet Weather Talk," "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," "A Dos't o' the Blues," "The Way It Wuz."

4. *From "Green Fields and Running Brooks."*

"On the Banks o' Deer Crick," "How John Quit the Farm," "Jap Miller," "Just Be Good," "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Farmer Whipple," "Monument to the Soldiers," "Iry and Billy and Jo," "Dot Leedle Boy," "Them Flowers," "The Hoodoo," "The Rivals," "The Wigginses" (abridged), "John Alden and Percilly."

5. *From "Neighborly Poems."*

"Old Swimmin' Hole," "Thoughts fer a Discouraged Farmer," "Hymb of Faith," "Worter Melon Time," "My Philosophy," "When the Frost is on the Punkin," "My Fiddle," "Ras Wilson," "My Ruthers," "Coon-Dog Wess," "Milo Jones's Wife," "Old John Clevenger on Buckeyes," "Thoughts on a Poor Joke."

Mr. Riley's portrait at top of program would be appropriate and pleasing, as also would be a short biographical sketch of him as introduction to the recital.

Riley's works in book form can be supplied as follows:

"A Child World" ($1.25).
"Neighborly Poems" ($1.25).
"Afterwhiles" ($1.25).
"Sketches in Prose" ($1.25).
"Rhymes of Childhood" ($1.25).
"Pipes o' Pan" ($1.25).
"Armazindy" ($1.25).
"Green Fields and Running Brooks" ($1.25).
"Old-Fashioned Roses" ($1.75).

Single Poems can be supplied for 15 cents each.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

By Mary Morgan.

Hark! is 't thy step, New Year?
With sure but stealthy pace thou aye dost come;
And in thy train are gladdening gifts for some;
O haste thee, glad New Year!

Too swift thy step, New Year!
The past had gathered friends from many lands,
And thou dost come to part their claspèd hands:
Alas, so soon, New Year!

"O haste!" "Delay!" New Year;—
Two prayers together rising up to heaven:
The answer trust; for is it not God-given?
Meet bravely the New Year!

Bid welcome the New Year!
O clear-voiced Truth, lead in the coming morn;
And gentle Charity, our lives adorn:
Hope lives in the New Year!

XVI.

PÈRE GORIOT.

[Arranged from Balzac as monologue for a man, especially for Werner's Magazine. All rights reserved.]

ANASTASIE, Madame de Restand; and Delphine, Madame de Nucingen; both married to rich and elegant men, are daughters of Père Goriot, who has given his life to them; for them he amassed a fortune; for them he tried to become acquainted with the aristocratic society of Paris. He devoted every thought to them; he tried in every possible way to secure their happiness. All his money has been taken by them. Now he is dying.

A few days before Delphine came to her father, and, bursting into tears, told him that her husband was a rogue, a villain. She bitterly upbraided her father for marrying her to such a man. The poor old man fell on his knees, crying out, "Good God! What have I done?" A little later Anastasie came to say that to save her lover Maxime from ruin she had sold her husband's family diamonds. M. de Restand had discovered her crime, and demanded that she sign her property over to him for the support of their child. He also insisted that she go to a ball at the Vicomtesse de Beauseant's and wear the diamonds which he had redeemed. She had ordered a beautiful gown for the occasion, but the dressmaker refused to deliver it unless she were paid. She could not go to her husband for the money, and she would not go to the ball in an old gown. Père Goriot, broken-hearted by his daughter's distress, fixed himself up the best he could and went to sell silverware, family heirlooms, that he had carefully preserved. He returned very ill, expecting Nasie to come and thank him, but she sent her maid for the money. Eugene de Rastignac, a young law-student from the country, was living in the same house with Père Goriot, and when he saw how near death the old man was he went to Delphine to tell her, thinking that she would hasten to her father. But she would not believe the situation was serious, and declined to give up the ball.

Rastignac is alone with Père Goriot, who is reclining on a couch, and slowly opens his eyes.

"Ah! is that you, my dear boy? My head has been in a vise—but it is free now. Did you see my daughters? Will they be here soon? They will come as soon as they know I am ill. I wish my room were clean. Last night all my fuel was burned. Who is to pay for the wood? I have no money. I have given it all away,—all! I must live on charity. [*Rises on one arm.*] Was the dress of gold tissue very handsome? [*Clasps head.*] Ah, how I suffer! [*Eagerly.*] My daughters said they would be here, did they not, Eugene? Send Christophe to them again. I will give him five francs. [*Feels in dressing-gown pocket.*] Tell them that I am not very well; that I should like to see them—to kiss them before I die. But don't alarm them. [*Falls back exhausted. A pause of several seconds. Père Goriot lies with closed eyes.*]

"They will come. I know them. Dear, kind Delphine,—if I die, what sorrow I shall cause her; and Nasie too. [*Opens eyes.*] I don't want to die! To die is—not to see them! There, where I am going, how lonely I shall be! Hell, to a father, is to be without his children. I have served my apprenticeship in it ever since they married. [*Voice changes to a tone of infinite tenderness.*] My heaven was in our home. Tell me, if I go to heaven, can I come back in spirit and hover near them? I have heard of such things—are they true?

"I can see them now, as they were in our

old home. 'Good morning, papa,' they used to say. I took them on my knee and played with them,—a thousand little tricks: they caressed me so tenderly. We used to breakfast together, to dine together. Ah, I was a father then! I was happy in my children. They never reasoned then; they knew nothing of the world,—they only loved me.

[*Cries out wildly.*] "Oh, my God, why could not I have kept my little ones?—I suffer—my head, my head! [*Gently.*] Forgive me, my children, but I am in such pain—no, this must be anguish; for you have hardened me to pain. [*Stretches out arms.*] If I could but hold them in my arms I should not suffer so. Are they coming? Will they come? Christophe is so stupid. I ought to have gone myself. [*Another pause of exhaustion. Then, eagerly.*] You saw them at the ball? They did not know that I was ill, did they? They would not have danced, poor darlings! Oh! I must not be ill,—they need me; their fortunes are in danger. Ah! to what husbands they are bound!

[*Starts up madly, crying out.*] "Save me! cure me—Oh, I suffer, suffer!—I must be cured, for they need money, and I know how to make it. [*Very rapidly.*] I am going to Odessa; I shall make pastes there. I'm shrewd: I shall make millions. Oh, I suffer too much!—too much! [*Falls back half crying.*] If they were here I would not complain. Why should I complain if they were here?

[*Starts up again as though some one entered.*] "Ah, Christophe, you have returned. They are coming? Not coming! You do not mean they are not coming! Neither of them coming! Neither! They are busy; they sleep; they will not come. I knew it. We must die, to know what our children are. Friend, never marry; never have children. You give them life,—they will give you death. You bring them into the world,—they drive you out of it. No! they will not come. I have known it these ten years. I have said it to myself, but I dared not believe it. Ah, if I were rich; if I had kept my fortune; if I had not given them all, all,—they would be here, they would lick my cheeks with kisses. I should live in a mansion; I should have servants, a fire. They would be all in tears, husbands and children. All would be mine,—but now, nothing; I have nothing. Money gives all things, even children. Oh, my money! where is it? If I had treasures to bequeath they would nurse me, they would watch me. I should hear them; I should see them.

[*Turns as toward Eugene.*] "Ah, my son! my only child! I would rather be as I am, forsaken and destitute: if a poor creature is loved, he knows that love is true. But, no, no! If I were rich I should see them. My God! who knows? They have hearts of stone,—both, both! I loved them too well; they gave me no love in return. A father should always be rich; he should curb his children like vicious horses! They fitly crown their conduct to me for ten years past.

"If you knew the tender care they took of me the first year of their marriage! [*Clasps head and rocks to and fro.*] Oh, I suffer a martyrdom of pain! I had just given eight hundred thousand francs to each, and neither they nor their husbands could be rude to me. They welcomed me. It was 'My good papa,' 'My dear papa.' My place was laid at their table; I dined with their husbands; I was treated with respect. Why? Because I had said nothing of my affairs; because a man who gives away a million and a half must have something left to leave. So they paid me attentions,—but it was for my money. The world is not noble; I saw it all. They took me to the theatre in their carriages; I went, if I pleased, to their parties. They called themselves my daughters; they acknowledged me as their father. Ah, I have my sight; I saw through it all,—nothing escaped me; it struck home and pierced my heart; I knew all was a pretence. But the evil was without remedy.

[*Leans forward as though whispering.*] "These fashionable people whispered to my sons-in-law, 'Who is that, Monsieur?' 'The papa with the money-bags.' 'Ah, the devil!' they cried, and looked at me with the respect due to wealth. My head, my head! I suffer, Eugene! I suffer! It is my death-struggle. [*Waving Eugene to one side.*] But it is nothing, nothing compared to the first look Anastasie gave me, to make me feel I had said an ignorant thing which mortified her. That look! It bled me from every vein. I was ignorant; yes, but one thing I knew too well,—there was no place for me among the living. The next day I went to Delphine to console me; and there I did an awkward thing which made her angry. I went nearly out of my mind; for

eight days I was beside myself, not knowing what to do: I was afraid to go and see them, lest they should speak their minds to me. And so it came to pass that I was turned from their doors.

[*Looks up; clasps hands.*] "My God! Thou hast known the sufferings and the misery I have endured! Who hast counted the stabs that I have received throughout the years which have changed and whitened and withered me! Why dost Thou let me suffer so horribly to-day? Have I not expiated the crime of loving them too well? They have punished it themselves; they have tortured me with hot irons! Ah, fathers are fools! I loved them so well that I went back like a gambler to his play. My daughters wanted this and that,—laces, jewels—and I gave that I might buy welcome. But all the same they let me see that they were ashamed of me.

"Oh, I suffer! The doctors! where are they? If they would split my head open with an axe, I should suffer less. [*Madly.*] Send for them, send for my daughters,—Anastasie, Delphine! I must see them! Send the gendarmes; use force! [*Staggers to his feet.*] Justice is on my side; all is on my side,—nature, laws! The nation will perish if fathers are trodden under foot; society, the world,—all rest on fatherhood: they will crumble to nothing if children do not love their fathers. Oh, to see them! to hear them! no matter what they say to me; their voices would calm me,—my Delphine especially. But when they come, tell them not to look at me so coldly.

[*Sinks back.*] "Ah, my friend, my good Eugene! do you know what it is to see the golden glance of love change to leaden gray? Since that day, when their eyes no longer lightened up for me, my life has been an arctic winter; grief has been my portion, and I have eaten my fill of it. I have lived only to be insulted and humiliated. Yet I loved them so much that I swallowed the affronts each shameful pleasure cost me. A father hiding himself! waiting in the streets to see his child! I have given them all my life: they will not give me one hour to-day. I thirst, I burn; they will not come to ease my death,—for I am dying; I feel it. Do you know what it is to trample on the corpse of a father?

[*Voice sinks. Pause. Then sternly.*] "There is a God in heaven; He will avenge us, whether we will or no. Oh, they will come! [*Once more stretch out arms tenderly.*] Come, my darlings! a kiss, a last kiss. I go to God, and I will tell Him that you have been good to me; I will plead for you,—for you are innocent; yes, Eugene, they are innocent. The fault was mine. I taught them to tread me under foot. I abdicated my rights; I neglected my duty; I abased myself in their eyes. The noblest natures would be corrupted by such weakness. I am justly punished; my children were good, and I have spoiled them; on my head be their sins. I alone am guilty; but guilty through love. Their voices would still my heart. [*Listens.*] I hear them; they come! They will come; the law requires them to see their father die,—the law is on my side.

[*Motions with his hands.*] "Write to them that I have millions to bequeath. Avarice will bring them. Well, even so, I shall see them! I want my daughters; they are mine. If they do not come, I shall be dead! dead, in a rush of madness—madness. [*Weeps.*] I feel it coming. If they have not come it means they will not come. The longer they delay, the less they will resolve to give me this last joy. I know them. They have never divined my sorrows, nor my wants, nor my pains: why should they divine my death? I have so long plucked out my entrails for their sakes that my sacrifices have ceased to be of value. Had they asked me to tear out my eyes, I should have answered, 'Take them!' They thought all fathers were like me. But their own children will avenge me. Tell them it is for their interest to come here; tell them to think of their own death-beds. [*Rises on arm. Points toward door.*] Go, go! tell them to come: not to come is parricide! Call out! call out, as I do, 'Here, Nasie! Here, Delphine! Come to your father, who has been so good to you, and who is dying.'

[*Falls back.*] "Are they coming? No? Am I to die like a dog? This is my reward,—abandoned, forsaken! They are wicked, they are criminal! I hate them! I curse them! I curse them! [*Half rises, but struggles vainly to sit up.*] I will rise from my coffin to curse them again! Oh, what am I saying? Is Delphine there? Delphine is good; but Nasie is so unhappy! And their money! Oh, let me die! I suffer so! My head! my head! Cut it off, but leave me my heart! I love them; I adore them. I shall recover

if I see them. To be thirsty and never to drink,—that is how I have lived ten years. My sons-in-law have killed my daughters. I lost them when they married. Fathers! petition for a law against marriage. [*In a voice of inspiration.*] No more marriages! They take our children from us, and we die desolate. [*Half staggers to his feet.*] Vengeance! It is my sons-in-law who keep them away from me! They assassinate me! Death, or my daughters. [*Falls back.*] Ah, it is finished! I die without them! [*Yearningly.*] Fifine! Nasie! Fifine! come. [*As though he sees them.*] I bless them! I bless [*in a voice of great joy*]—my angels!"

Drawn for Werner's Magazine.

PERE GORIOT AND EUGENE DE RASTIGNAC.

ADELE AUS DER OHE,
German Pianist.

CLARA BUTT,
American Contralto.

LILLIAN BLAUVELT,
American Soprano.

MAUD POWELL,
American Violinist.

ERNST VON DOHNANYI,
Hungarian Pianist-Composer.

ARTISTS TO APPEAR THIS SEASON IN NEW YORK UNDER DIRECTION OF MR. HENRY WOLFSOHN.

D. FFRANGCON-DAVIES,
English Barytone.

GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI,
Italian Barytone.

HUGO BECKER,
Alsatian 'Cellist.

MR. AND MRS. GEORG HENSCHEL,
German Barytone, and American Soprano.

FANNIE BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER,
American Pianist.

FRITZ KREISLER,
Austrian Violinist.

ARTISTS TO APPEAR THIS SEASON IN NEW YORK UNDER DIRECTION OF MR. HENRY WOLFSOHN.

MISS MARIE COLLINS.

Miss Marie Collins, whose reading of Vondel's "Lucifer" at the Brooklyn Institute last season was specially reviewed in January, 1900, No. of this magazine, will read at the Institute April 13, 1901, "Peer Gynt," Ibsen's most imaginative poetic drama, founded on the folk-lore of Norway; and which, although generally regarded as a Norse "Faust," is in reality a fantastical comedy. Peer Gynt, who exemplifies the influence of early training and the impressions made by tales heard in boyhood, is a typical Norwegian, as Ibsen conceives him to be, living a dream-life and deluding himself with visions of glory. The drama culminates in the doctrine that the only redeeming power on earth or in heaven is the power of love. Grieg, the Norwegian composer, chose this drama as the subject of two musical suites, and it is with this music that Miss Collins will present "Peer Gynt."

MR. AND MRS. HANNIBAL A. WILLIAMS IN INVERCARGILL, NEW ZEALAND, AUGUST 18, 1900.

MRS. HARRIET AUGUSTA PRUNK,
Principal of Indiana-Boston School of Expression and Dramatic Art.

LAURA E. ALDRICH,
Elocution Teacher in Walnut Hills High School, Cincinnati.

SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.
1885 portrait, when as De Pauw University representative he won First Honor medal in the Interstate Oratorical Association contest, his oration being on "The Conflict of Labor and Capital." (See Recitation and Declamation Department and Current Thought Department of this issue.)

ED. L. McDOWELL,
Author of "Zingarella, the Gipsy Flower Girl," "A Vagabond Prince," "Miss Montpielyier's Rehearsal," etc.

ED. AMHERST OTT,
Author of article, "Enemies Inside the Elocution Profession," page 203 of this issue.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.

Open-Air Fetes at Bryn Mawr.

By D. Allen Willey.

Illustrations and text from the *Home Magazine*, by permission.

FOR a number of years the ceremonies of closing and beginning school life in seminaries have been changing. The idea of varying these features has become popular, and it is only of recent years that tree-planting and class-day exercises have been in vogue. It remained for students at Bryn Mawr to inaugurate this year a departure in entertainment, and it involved no little research and labor to reproduce the games, dances, and processions which were a portion of the Elizabethan era. The program of festivities was quaint and unique. Not only were the scenes of Robin Hood enacted, but pastorals of Shakespeare, such as "Florizell and Perdita" and "Pyramus and Thisbe," again depicted, including the sad ending of the lovers in the last play. Peele's satire on the "Judgment of Paris" was another feature, while between the stage performances were given dances by

A GROUP OF MERRY-MAKERS.

OPEN-AIR GAMES ON THE CAMPUS.

MAY-POLE DANCE.

THE TRUMPETERS.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

archers, chimney-sweeps, milkmaids, knights and ladies, the entire program ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous with a tragic ending.

Ushered in by blast of heralds' trumpets, the procession marched to the festivities two by two with stately step. First came heralds gorgeously attired in court colors of yellow and white. Behind them were led four oxen decorated with bright streamers of the same tint, hauling a long wagon to which was fastened a Maypole, guarded on either side by rows of milkmaids with glistening buckets under their arms. Then came chimney-sweeps, with hair and frock begrimed with soot, forming a striking contrast to a row of donkeys bestrode by nine worthies so favorite in the olden days —Joshua, David, Judas Maccabeus, Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, King Arthur, and Godfrey Bouillon, each in costume as ascribed to him. Jack-in-the-Green walked beside Hobby Horse, the latter personated by a young lady who in ordinary life was a dignified sophomore. Winter and Spring contended for mastery on a flower-bedecked float, Spring being represented by a bevy of maids in bloom of youth and Winter by patriarchs with snowy beards and hair. The Morris dancers of May-day strode with merry step now and then, making menaces at the clowns and rustics who dogged their footsteps. Altogether nearly five hundred characters marched in procession, including herdsmen and shepherdesses, knights afoot and on chargers, gipsies, villagers and strolling players. Some shepherdesses led lambs garlanded with flowers, while others carried them in their arms. The Queen, with retinue of attendants, received their homage from a balcony and accorded them her favor by ordering her attendants to shower confetti upon the motley throng. The royal balcony was improvised from a fire-escape, cleverly concealed by appropriate draperies.

Marching around the open circle made by thousands of spectators, a halt was ordered to plant the Maypole. Amid shouts and applause of revelers and applause of spectators, the May queen was carried under the pole, where, surrounded by merrymakers, she led the singing. Four other poles had been erected, a score of silken ribbons hanging from the top of each. To a quaint air the dancers, in picturesque costumes, advanced to the poles, and, each seizing a ribbon, formed a beautiful spectacle, as they wound and unwound the colors, making a moving panorama gorgeous in combination of tints.

Lovers of Shakespeare were drawn to the tender interviews of "Florizell and Perdita" and "Pyramus and Thisbe." In the grove apparently created by nature for the purpose, Robin Hood, with Will Scarlet, Alan-a-Dale and twoscore men, illustrated the manner the freebooters of old Sherwood were wont to enjoy themselves. With beribboned bows they sent feathered arrows straight to the mark at 50 and 100 paces, the prize-winners receiving favors from pretty rustics, who were in turn rewarded with kisses. Flagons of foaming beverage were quaffed by archers in doublet and hose, while with their gauntlets they wiped the perspiration from their brows. In the dance on the green they showed that life amid forest lands had not deprived them of skill in tripping a turn as well as the most gallant of rustic swains with whom they mingled promiscuously.

Even Friar Tuck was here and there, his jolly face beaming with pleasure as he strolled from group to group.

Possibly the quaintest features of the day were the performances by the Morris dancers with their swords, in which Hobby Horse was prominent. The fencing of the weapon-bearers formed a picture full of life and action, in strong contrast to the antics of the clowns. Where the chimney-sweeps succeeded in securing the soot and dust which smeared faces, hands and costumes was a mystery to the spectators, while apparently their hair had not been brushed or combed in months. They took special delight in brushing against the costumes of the knights and ladies in spite of the menacing they received from the former, who strove to protect their fair charges from the common folk. Their dance formed one of the most grotesque features.

The heaven of mythology descended to earth to witness the "Arraignment of Paris." Saturn, Jupiter, Neptune, Pluto, Apollo, Mars, and Vulcan, in the garb that the classics portrayed, sternly sat upon thrones among immortal beauties of mythology. Juno, Venus, and Diana were selected not only for their physical graces, but for their ability to impersonate these divinities. Even little Cupid was ever the mischief-maker which the ancients would have us believe. No less than twenty-four prominent characters took part in this play, and one could readily imagine himself translated to Grecian heights and valleys as the action of each scene was unfolded.

"SINGING ON THE BREATH."

Question.

In May, 1899, No. of WERNER'S MAGAZINE Mme. Devine says: "The greatest truth of the Italian school of singing is that of 'singing on the breath.'" I should like Mme. Devine, who stands high as a Lamperti exponent, to explain just what she meant.

L. O. M.

Answer.

I am aware that the expression "singing on the breath" does not convey much meaning to the uninitiated, because it is one of those terms representing merely a subjective sensation, and not an actual phenomenon. When a tone is attacked without breath escaping before it, and the vibrating column of air is firmly supported by the diaphragm and held back instead of directed outward, the singer feels or can easily imagine the tone balanced above the breath—leaning against it, as it were. "Singing on the breath" is only possible when one has acquired (1) accurate attack, (2) diaphragmatic breath-control, (3) looseness of throat, allowing automatic adjustment of the resonators, and perfect freedom of the articulating organs. With Lamperti a singer's voice was placed when he could sing on the breath. Nowadays voice-placing seems to mean directing one tone here and another one there. In placing the voice "on the breath" there is no directing beyond an effort to concentrate the breath. The modern school of voice-culture insists on so-called forward-placing. This, I believe, to be a fatal mistake. The tone, imprisoned in a forward directed column of air, passes beyond the control of the singer for any other purpose than that of *dramatic* emphasis. The power of tone-painting, of tone *musical* expression, resides in voice poised freely above the breath in the back of the throat. Here the singer has under perfect command all the requisite resources of artistic phrasing.

New York. LENA DORIA DEVINE.

CURRENT THOUGHT

VOICE-CULTURE AND MUSIC.

OLD SONGS ARE BEST.

"Some one has said that 'memory is a tyrant which often forces itself upon us unbidden.' In nothing is this more true than in music. How often do the beautiful songs, learned in years long past, come back to us! In memory we love to listen to them once more, if not in reality. I can not forget the old sweetheart songs. They were so pretty, with their liquid and bewitching harmonies and their sweet verses of endearment. 'Mollie Darling,' 'Nellie Gray,' 'Bessie Lee,' 'Ella Ree' and 'Kittie Wells.' How I wish that the minstrel companies would revive them!

"The sweetheart song has been sung since the beginning of the world, and will be heard until the end of time. It is frequently the same thing over again; for, although the words may be different, the sentiment is generally the same. For instance, who can listen to "Silver Threads among the Gold" without thanking the author for such a beautiful sweetheart song? The sweetheart song is the most popular form of song in existence, and although we have heard its sentiment expressed a thousand ways, we never tire of 'Love's Old Sweet Song.' It seems to be the only kind of song which appeals to all, for we hear it sung by persons of every age and class.

"More than two-thirds of present-day successful compositions find their inspiration and subject in the prepossessing young woman. A satirical or topical song may make a so-called hit, but the public soon tires of such clap-trap. The old songs will live forever—and in the sweetheart song we find great pleasure, and are not ashamed to leave it open on the piano.

"Do you ever tire listening to that old negro song, 'Old Black Joe?' Of course not. You like to hear it; you know you do. It will always be sung as long as there are people on earth. No one will claim that 'I'se Gwine Back to Dixie' or 'My Dear Savannah Home,' either in poetry or music, suggests a mastermind, yet it is quite as absurd to call it silly drivel, or to class it as a weariness and affliction. Such songs are a fair type of American folk-song. There was the 'Annie' group, so to speak—'Annie Laurie,' 'Annie of the Vale,' 'Gentle Annie.' They are not often heard in cities nowadays for perhaps the same reason that city folk rarely essay the prison duet from 'Il Trovatore.' Take the old song, 'My Old Kentucky Home.' It recalls the scenes of boyhood days as nothing else can.

"In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, sentiment and association go through life with people, however their musical tastes may have been broadened and cultivated. Because a man has spent a decade in studying Wagner, it does not follow that he is not moved by the simple pathos of 'Annie Laurie.' Because a woman in a foreign conservatory has learned all there is to know in vocalization, it is not true that she will turn with weariness from a favorite humble ballad of her childhood.

"The revival of the folk-songs in foreign countries and the commentaries thereon by distinguished critics show an awakening everywhere in the melodies of the people. The old songs of American homes are worthy of honorable place in musical annals. The ballads which the middle-aged man of to-day heard in the home of his childhood may be the sweeter for tender associations; but is it not true that what was simple and pleasing then has in itself the same attributes now?

"The dignity of so-called higher class of music is not compromised by the popularity of the old songs of the people. No musician with real love for his art and proper conception of true musical feeling will fail to recognize what is good and worthy of approbation in the melodies of rural and provincial life. Every musician knows that many of the most famous compositions are borrowed largely from themes that were simple melodies of the people.

"In all reminiscences there is nothing that so haunts our lives as the old songs that we were accustomed to in childhood. The sweet tones of a mother's voice will live and speak in the heart long after the voice has been hushed to silence. We may cross oceans and wander in foreign climes, the erect frame may be bowed with weight of years, and raven ringlets may be changed to locks of snowy whiteness; but the old songs heard in the distance or sung by ourselves in calm reflection will bring around us the friends and scenes of other days and far-off lands, and the heart will beat with the buoyancy of early youth. Take the 'Suwanee River,' a song that has been sung in every part of the inhabited globe, a simple ballad that the greatest vocal artists in the world have been proud to sing; can you mention a song that will ever take its place in the hearts of our people? I do not think you can; and had some old master written it, it would have been held no dearer by the people than it is to-day.

"But as time rolls by no doubt we shall do better and learn to give the old songs the high position they deserve. American national life is far better for its songs—its old songs. It is better for the associations which the old-time songs awaken. The negroisms of the 'Suwanee River' and 'My Old Kentucky Home,' with their beautiful,

bewitching and soul-entrancing melodies, will live in the hearts of people until the end of time. The world moves on; the masters educate us; the geniuses dazzle us; but regularly the old songs come back and the world seems really brighter and the past a little dearer that we knew them long ago and have not ceased to love them."—*Lue Vernon in "Music."*

MARCHESI'S HINTS TO SINGERS.

"Only yesterday came one of these ill-advised young songstresses—an American—to inquire of me whether her voice was well trained. Her voice, although of pleasant quality and great compass, was so weak, so uneven, so thin in the medium, that often there was no tone. She had been made to attack the tone with closed mouth (humming it) and with open glottis, and to sing the scales in the same fashion. I should like to learn the object the teacher had in view when he advocated this nonsensical method. It is easily discerned that its outcome is wholly negative. When arias and songs are sung with open mouth, why should the voice be cultivated with the mouth closed? Other teachers find vocalization unnecessary, and undertake to train the voice by articulation of different words. This too is simply absurd. Equally so is the method of persons that cultivate one tone after the other, so that finally the worried and tortured tone is made sickly and toneless * * * In former days the difficulties of music were more easily overcome; Italian music with its fluent melodies was more readily comprehended and learned; but now that Wagner and his followers wield the sceptre, and swear death to melody and to the musical phrase, one must, especially in so far as the opera is concerned, possess a thorough musical education."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE OLD MUSIC AND THE NEW.

"That absolute music *per se* and vocal or program music *per se* have marked psychological differences between them, and that, while the older bent was toward the one, the modern men show a marked preference for the other—these are fairly obvious facts. Hence the necessity of urging upon classicists that it will not do to apply the formal rules of the old music to the new. If the modern men reject classical forms, and try to produce new ones of their own, it can only be because their ideas are not classical ideas, and must find the investiture most natural and most propitious to them The older musicians could not, if they had tried, have written the modern symphonic poem or ballad; and this for several reasons.

In the first place, they were pretty fully occupied with making music the language it now is; they had to form a vocabulary and learn the art of combining the elements of it; and the last thing they could have done was to leave the safe and formal lines of their own art—safe because they were precise and formal—and plunge into a mode of expression that would have seemed to them to offer no coherence, no guiding principle.

"In the second place, they lacked one of the main stimuli in the development of modern program-music, the suggestions of a vivid, living, modern, highly emotional and picturesque poetry. A Schumann, a Brahms, a Franz could not have written such songs as they have done in any century but this; for the mainspring of their songs has been the emotional possibilities contained in the words.

"In the third place, the attachment of the older men to the absolute form, and the dissatisfaction of the modern men with it, may reasonably be attributed to a difference in education and in general mental caliber. So far as we can make out none of the older musicians had a brain that would attract attention in any other department than music. With the possible exception of Gluck, one can not imagine any great musician of the eighteenth century being able to maintain an intelligent conversation with the great poets or thinkers of their day. Attempts have been made to depict Beethoven as a profound thinker, but they have been wofully unsuccessful. The new musicians took an interest in a score of things besides music; and it all went to deepen and color their emotions and, of course, their music. Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner, Liszt, Tschaikowsky were men of much more varied and intellectual life than any of their predecessors. Schumann and Tschaikowsky were admirable critics; Wagner mixed himself up—in more senses than one—with every possible and impossible subject under the sun; Berlioz found stimuli in the romance literature of all the centuries; Liszt showed a remarkable sensitiveness to every imaginable influence, poetical, pictorial, historical. The impersonal in music gave way to the personal, the symphonic to the dramatic, the oratorio to the lyric, the abstract to the concrete, the absolute form to the program form.

"In the fourth place, the older men were limited not only in their vocabulary, in the amount of stimulus they could receive from poetry, and in their general intellectual outlook, but in the very important item of the material in which they had to work. You could no more write the "Francesca da Rimini" or the "Faust" overture for the orchestra of the eighteenth century, used in the manner of the eighteenth century, than you could evolve Rodin's statue of Balzac out of a piece of wood with a penknife, a chisel, and a small hammer. Absolute music grew up on the piano and the small orchestra, and the possibilities of these, it will be admitted, are somewhat limited.

"It is quite time, then, that not only critics but composers realized that when the brains are out the form will die; that you can not write a symphony in the form of

Mozart or Beethoven unless your mental world is something like theirs; and that if the literary, or pictorial, or dramatic suggestion is all potent with a composer, it is folly for him to throw it aside, and try, by using a form that is uncongenial to him, to get back into an emotional atmosphere it would be impossible for him to breathe."—*Ernest Newman in "Contemporary Review."*

ORATORY AND ELOCUTION.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH A LESSON IN ORATORY.

"Most men to-day think of Lincoln as the iron will and the statesman, and forget the time when he was regarded as little more than a popular orator. Yet that was the light in which he was held by most men when he was nominated for the presidency. That Lincoln was a great orator is shown by his address at Gettysburg. The orator who was chosen to make the great address on that occasion was Edward Everett, but his formal—and may we not say stilted oration—his rhetoric and finely turned phrases are forgotten; while the few simple words spoken by Lincoln will live as long as we are a people.

"In his first sentence he presented the ideal of our nation from its foundation. In his second sentence he expressed the ideal of those who fought to save the Union. In the third sentence he referred in the fewest possible words to the sacred ground on which they stood. In the fourth sentence he showed the purpose for which they had come together. In the next four short sentences he showed that the ground had already been consecrated by those who had died, and that the audience gathered there on that day could only recognize the deeds of the nation's heroes. In his last two sentences he turns all their thoughts and their feelings to themselves, to their own personal duties. He touched the deepest chords of patriotism and inspired the whole nation for all time to a truer realization of the dignity of its mission.

"Here we have an example of the very highest oratory. It was short, as great oratory ever is. He said what everybody felt, and put his ideas in such simple and definite language that he strengthened and ennobled the emotion he expressed. The greatest oratory draws out a vague feeling or conviction in a multitude of men and expresses it in such a way that it becomes a strong motive for conduct. The tendency of oratory in our time is to exhaust a subject and entirely to waste feeling by multitudes of words and exuberance of expression; but true oratory never exhausts a subject, neither its thought nor its feeling. It gives only the suggestive touch which awakens and brings a multitude to realize the same idea and become dominated by one motive.

"This was a great speech because it was definite—because it gave expression to the highest feeling in the heart of the nation—because in the sweep of only ten short sentences he painted the whole ideal of his country and its perpetuation and advance. It was great because it stirred the noblest feeling for liberty in the hearts of his countrymen, and notwithstanding the imperfection of a few of the sentences, which were extemporaneous, and flowed forth with all the colloquial simplicity of conversation, it was consummate art. It was high art because it was simple—because it bodied forth the ideal—because it thrilled the deepest emotions of the human heart, and brought harmony from chaos and unity out of conflicting opinions and feelings."—*S. S. Curry.*

STUDY OF EXPRESSION A BUSINESS EDUCATION.

"Study of expression as compared with scholastic educational processes, aims to understand relations; and its results are similar to what is called 'practical business education,' in comparison with purely collegiate education. Its aims are of practical value to all, whatever their vocation. Among its utilitarian uses is knowledge of correct use of voice. This is practical because it stimulates general health, while incorrect use of voice is continuous waste of vitality. Correct use of voice is the central fact in true physical development. Gymnastic work with wrong voice-production produces untold evils. Correct use of voice has a moral bearing. Indirect results of the bad voices of teachers can not be measured by ordinary means of commutation. Inefficacy of public speaking may be attributable directly to bad use of voice. Many failures in securing positions to teach, tc preach, even as salesmen and as secretaries, may be attributed often to voice of applicant.

"Cultivation of dramatic instinct and its manifestation in dramatic forms is the most popular result to be obtained, but lack of artistic standards in the popular mind in this particular form of entertainment may be observed in the popularity of all kinds of vaudeville shows. The characteristic excellence in vaudeville performances is spontaneity of life on the physical plane—vital, dominating life, and there is always an audience to respond to expression of physical life. Consequently, for popularity in entertainment the study of expression need not necessarily be educational, and usually it has a deteriorating influence. Elocutionary entertainment on the plane of the fine arts is not impractical so far as the public is concerned, but it is in a degree impractical because of the dearth of instruction that leads to artistic interpretation.

"Study of expression as means of individual culture will result in such a mastery of self, such a consciousness of all the powers of mind and processes of thinking, such command of emotion and such conservation of energy as shall make possible such

entertainments on the plane of fine arts. This culture demands not only training of voice and body, but also such training of the imagination, such an assimilation of experience, such a quickening of the whole powers and forces of the being as shall make expression inevitable and artistic. Just in proportion as men and women desire development in what is called the higher life of the race, to just such a degree will the study of expression for the purpose of individual development and culture meet this desire and be of the highest practical value."—*Anna Baright Curry.*

THE LATE PROFESSOR MERRILL.

"The present year has been disastrous to vocal expression, especially to vocal interpretation of literature. News of the death of Professor J. W. Churchill had hardly reached his friends all over the world when news came of the death of Professor Austin H. Merrill.

"Prof. Merrill stood for simplicity and naturalness. In his fine appreciation and beautiful interpretation of Thomas Nelson Page's "Edinburg's Droundin'," and other stories by our best Southern writers, he was without a rival. His personality was so charming that, as a teacher, he was too anxious, according to my judgment, to please every one. I urged him not to undertake a certain work, but for some mysterious reason he felt under obligations to some friends, and now he is gone, sacrificed himself to the mistaken judgment of these so-called 'friends.' There we have the character of Professor Merrill—full of loving tenderness and loyal fidelity to all, with as tender and sensitive a heart as ever beat in a human breast,—with a kind appreciation of that which is delicate and beautiful and noble in the subtle forms of human expressions. On all the platforms of the South he will be missed. He was held in tender and most affectionate regard and wielded a wide influence. In his beautiful life there is nothing that needs apology or explanation. Dominated by love and tenderness, animated by high ideal, his transition over there where love is the universal law was a simple and natural progression.

"Professor Merrill's death should be a warning to public entertainers. The life is exacting, the hours are irregular, and they should take extra care of themselves. Above all, either devote themselves to teaching or reading, one or the other, but not to both. For a man to read in the evening, entertain an audience, amid enthusiastic excitement, and then early the next morning to meet a class and try to dominate their attention, and reveal to them their own possibilities, is too much. I have never yet known any one who made a great success of both fields of work at the same time. Teaching needs all the vitality of the man, and so does public reading. Besides, the attitude of the mind is totally different. The entertainer must please; he must bow to his audience; he must make his own method of representation the standard. But the teacher must awaken a higher conception, not only of the art, but of the science of the subject. He must obliterate himself entirely. The student's own ideal must be awakened, not the teacher's. There must be no imitation. I have never known a public reader who did not teach and unconsciously make himself the standard, give his pupils his own method of doing things as that which must be obeyed. This is inevitably necessary. I do not see how it can be otherwise, but at any rate any one who has ever had experience may realize the terrible strain upon vitality in trying to carry on the two courses."—*S. S. Curry.*

THE OLD-FASHIONED DECLAMATION DAY.

"Friday afternoon speaking-contests were a source of improvement and developed literary appreciation. In the old days mother and father taught the boys and girls their 'pieces.' By this means they came in touch with the child mind. Though their work may not have been the finest, yet it marked an era in the lives of the children.

"What have become of those dear old-fashioned speaking-contests? Where are the mother's pride and enthusiasm in teaching her boy and girl some 'piece'? How can the slumbering interest be reawakened? What is the cause of the decline? The State Boards of Education have overlooked or belittled the subject. School superintendents have been unable, in the short space of time which they allow themselves to master all of the primary branches, to devote any extra moments to the real study of elocution, reading, or speaking. Would it not be a good investment to impart knowledge that will enable our boy or girl to speak their own language correctly and command mind, voice, and body in a simple recitation?

"It may be urged that we do not send our children to school for the purpose of teaching them elocution; we want them to study arithmetic, reading, writing, and spelling! Yet what good will that knowledge do them if they can not express in words what they have been taught?

"I believe that the successful school teacher of the future must have a graceful carriage, a well-modulated voice, and possess a knowledge of the principles of expression. I also predict that the time is not far distant when the old-fashioned monthly public speaking-days will be reinstated and the children taught how to step upon a platform, say a few words and leave, without inexcusably awkward blunders. We have made one step in that direction in our town. We have the monthly speaking and an annual entertainment which includes recitations, singing, and drills. They are always interesting and very instructive.—*Delbert Moyer Staley, Chairman School Committee, Billerica, Mass.*

CAMPAIGN ORATORS.

"The term spellbinder was first applied generally to campaign speakers in 1888, when thousands of men who could talk in public were employed by the Republican and Democratic National committees. They were sent into every State and city, and the system is now recognized as an important part of the work of electing a president. The great army of orators, the men who go from town to town speaking day and night in halls or at open air meetings are employed at fixed salaries ranging from $50 to $300 a week, according to their ability and reputation. This year the experiment of employing professional comedians and monologue artists has been made, because the essential qualification of a spellbinder is ability to interest and hold an audience. A man who can tell funny stories, tell them well and apply them aptly to some important public question is always in demand and ranks higher in the business than the declaimer of stock arguments who has no sense of humor. The idea of the campaign managers is to get certain facts and statements presented to the voters in an entertaining way. The spellbinders are supplied with campaign text books upon which they draw for facts and arguments. The web of words they must weave for themselves. It is essential that they shall be immune from stage-fright, ready-witted, and quick at speech and repartee. Many ambitious young orators have been routed utterly by an embarrassing question from an audience which they could not answer. A man who can parry leading questions, turn an unexpected interruption to good account and gauge the mood of his audience at a glance is the one who succeeds as a spellbinder. Such a one is a certain orator, without much of a reputation outside of the political stump, who can hold and interest an audience that would probably jeer the greatest orator in the country. Many men who have some local reputation as public speakers fail before a strange audience, and the spellbinder who loses his temper is doomed to discomfiture. It often happens that men of considerable reputation are withdrawn by the campaign managers after their first public speech because of some unfortunate or mistaken utterance that would follow them wherever they went if they continued on the stump."—*N. Y. Sun.*

WOMEN AS CAMPAIGN SPELLBINDERS.

"The number of women applying for positions as campaign orators under the management of the National Committee is surprisingly small, and generally the applicants are of an excellent order of talent. Both bureaus employ a limited number of women—not more than a dozen in all—to work in the States having limited woman suffrage and also in the larger cities. They are selected with a view to their ability in appealing to the sympathies of the more intellectual class of voters. Very great care is exercised in the choice of women orators, and the same observation applies to the appointment as campaign orators of clergymen. This is from no fear that the cause of the party may be made to suffer through these classes of speakers more than through any other, but because it is desired to throw special safeguards about them in order that they may not yield to the insidious temptation of forgetting for the moment, in the heat of political controversy, that their words must be selected with finer discrimination and that their bearing must be always more dignified and reserved than that of the ordinary politician."—*Forrest Crissey in "Saturday Evening Post."*

NEITHER WIT NOR HUMOR IN IMMORTAL SPEECHES.

"It is a remarkable thing that there is neither wit nor humor in any of the immortal speeches. To find a joke in Webster would be an offense. The only things which Ingersoll wrote that will live are his oration at his brother's grave and his famous, 'The Past Rises Before Me Like a Dream.' But in neither of these productions of this genius of jesters is there a single trace of wit. There is not a funny sally in all Burke's speeches. Lincoln's Gettysburg address, his first and second inaugurals, his speech beginning the Douglas campaign and his Cooper Union address in New York are, perhaps, the only utterances of his that will endure. Yet this greatest of story-tellers since Aesop did not adorn or deface one of these great deliverances with story or any form of humor. The reason for this is found in the whole tendency of human thought and feeling—in the whole melancholy history of the race—where tears and grief, the hard seriousness of life and the terrible and speedy certainty of our common fate of suffering and of death, make sombre the master-cord of existence. The immortal things are all serious—even sad. It is so with speech—I mean the speech that affects the convictions and understandings of men. I am excluding now that form of speech which is merely a species of entertainment. It belongs to the same class, though of a higher order, as the theatrical exhibition.

"Where there is an earnestness of thought (and earnestness is only another name for seriousness) there will always be the same quality in manner—an impressiveness in bearing and delivery. This is inconsistent with merriment of delivery, which robs speech of a certain weight and intrinsic worth. It is also inconsistent with the voice of storm and the hurricane manner. And men in deadly earnest do not talk loud. It has been my fortune to see men angry and aroused to the point of killing; they were intense but quiet. I have also seen that bravado and drunken boisterousness which thought it imitated, and meant to imitate, genuine rage; it is always strident and violent, never dangerous, never

sincere. The same thing is true in speech. There have only been two or three roarers in effective oratory—Mirabeau, by all accounts; and Demosthenes, if Aeschines is to be believed, which I think he is not to be in this particular. He was only excusing his own defeat, and he had to attribute it to delivery (I think any unprejudiced mind will agree that Aeschines made far the better argument). All the other great speakers have even in their most intense passages and in situations were life and death were involved, been comparatively quiet."—*Senator Albert J. Beveridge in "Saturday Evening Post."*

BOB INGERSOLL'S AND JOE COOK'S ORATORY CONTRASTED.

"I remember, as if it were yesterday, the first great speaker I ever heard. It was Robert G. Ingersoll delivering a lecture in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1884. He had an audience which would have inspired eloquence in almost any breast. He came on the stage alone and was very carefully and elegantly attired, even to the smallest item of his grooming. His address was in manuscript and imperfectly committed to memory. He laid it down on a little table at the back of the stage (returning to it occasionally to refresh his memory), and then, in a very natural and matter-of-fact way, walked to the footlights and, looking the audience frankly in the eyes, began without an instant's hesitation and in a voice precisely as if he were talking to a friend. But he was as dramatic at his climax as Edwin Booth ever was in Hamlet. His face paled or seemed to pale; his hands clinched with a desperate energy, and the whole attitude of the man was that of one in awful wrath; and yet his voice was not raised above the common current of the evening's address—if anything, it was lower. While the mature mind can not endure Ingersoll's rhetoric, it must be acknowledged that his manner of delivery (except when his levity made him coarse) was nearly equal to that of Wendell Phillips. Both of these men had that instinctive taste of the great speaker, which Shakespeare, in Hamlet's advice to the players, has described better than any one else in literature.

"The greatest contrast to the perfect method of Ingersoll which I ever beheld in a man of equal eminence was in the delivery of a lecture by Joseph Cook. He came on the stage with ostentatious impressiveness. He sat some time before he was introduced. After introduction he stood with one hand thrust in the breast of his tightly buttoned frock-coat, and looked tremendously all over the audience for, perhaps, an entire minute. Everybody was awed. He looked so great. We all said to ourselves, 'What a mighty man this is!' And, when that effect had been produced upon us, the first and great point of effectiveness had been destroyed—the speaker had made us think about himself, his manner, his appearance, his personality. All the evening we had to wade through that slough, trying to follow his thought. And this reminds me of a saying of Charles G. Dawes, one of the most astute politicians and most capable public men of recent development, which is:

"'The surest sign that a man is not great is that he strives to look great.'"—*Senator Albert J. Beveridge in "Saturday Evening Post."*

MACAULAY AND HIS STYLE.

"It seems that Professor Jebb, of England, has found some good words to say for Macaulay. This will be refreshing to those innocent persons who have persisted in enjoying such things as the impeachment of Warren Hastings and the essay on history in spite of the combined attacks of the allied critics on the once-worshipped writer of sparkling reviews. Of late years it has been regarded as an evidence of Philistinism to admire Macaulay, and people who rave over the style of such slovenly writers as Walter Pater have sneered at the rhetorical sentences of the earlier author. It must be admitted that Macaulay's style is by no means perfect, and he himself declared that it was not a good model. But Professor Jebb has called attention to some decided merits in his manner of expression, and he might have noted one or two others.

"The learned professor notes with great pertinence that the Macaulayan style is that of an orator rather than an essayist. He preserves in remarkable measure the relation between the written and the spoken word. The most eloquent passages in his works might have been written for public delivery. Indeed, Trevelyan notes in his life of Macaulay that he had a reputation for great brilliancy on the floor of the House of Commons, and that the cry, 'Macaulay is up,' heard in the lobbies, was sufficient to start all stragglers to their seats. It is very easy for the reader of Macaulay to conceive the truth of this assertion. The style invites the sonorous delivery of an accomplished public speaker. And this suggests the use to which this style may be put as a model for the student of to-day. The average college youth has no idea of the difference between the essay and the oratorical styles. One of the chief reasons why commencement orations are so deadly dull to hear is that they are not orations at all, but neatly written essays, without any nervous, rhetorical force, without any warmth of figurative fancy in them. If the attention of these students was drawn to the fine oratorical quality of the writings of Macaulay they might greatly profit thereby.

"Another trait of the style of the English historian and essayist is its perfect clearness. One is never in doubt as to Macaulay's meaning. This is partly due to the oratorical directness of the speech. It is a quality, however, which is too often overlooked. The young students of the art of writing might with advantage examine the nature of the Macaulayan style, and help themselves materially by imitating its nervous force and its clearness."—*N. Y. Times.*

READERS AND SINGERS

Mis Julia Haymond Watson is teacher of elocution at Central University this year.

Mr. Ad. M. Foerster's pupils gave a Robert Schumann recital consisting of thirty numbers, Oct. 24.

Mr. George Riddle gives a program of miscellaneous readings before the Montclair Club, Nov. 19.

The season of opera in English at New York Metropolitan Opera House, which began Oct. 1, is very successful.

Mrs. Annie M. Woodall, of Tennessee, besides being public reader and teacher of elocution and physical culture, teaches also banjo and mandolin.

Mr. L. R. Hamberlin, late of University of Texas, has succeeded the late Professor Austin H. Merrill as teacher of oratory at Vanderbilt University.

Mr. Henry Gaines Hawn read "Pauline Pavlovna" and "An Easter Symbol" at the dedication services of Flatbush Congregational Church, Brooklyn, Oct. 14.

Mrs. Louise Pitcher Shedd makes a specialty of one-author programs—"Last Days of Pompeii," "The Spanish Gipsy," "For Conscience Sake," and "Quo Vadis."

Mr. Henry Fleck has been appointed to chair of music in New York Normal College at $4,000 a year, succeeding the late Prof. George Mangold. His duties begin Jan. 1, 1901.

Miss Annie J. Bronson gave a lecture-musicale at the Randolph-Cooley Collegiate School and Kindergarten, Oct. 16, her subject being "The American Singing-Voice from the Singer's Standpoint."

Mrs. S. Etta Young will have her senior class recitals bimonthly instead of monthly, because "advanced pupils need more time for preparation, and we intend to have recitals more perfect in details."

Miss Charlotte B. Barber, formerly of New York, but now of North Carolina, introduced herself in her new position with a recital of "Come Here," and other selections, highly spoken of by the local press.

Miss Mary S. Thompson has established in New York "The Bell School of Speech," endowed and named by Alexander Melville Bell. It is Miss Thompson's intention to apply the principles of Visible Speech.

Miss Emma A. Denison, vocal teacher, has removed her studio from Hardman Hall to 113 West 12th St., New York, where she will have "an environment more in harmony with the artistic effect aimed at in voice-culture."

Miss Ellen M. Henderson, whose professional work was interrupted by the death of her father last spring, has resumed work. A recent concert by her consisted of twenty instrumental numbers, by classic and modern composers.

Miss Mary Haviland Sutton, who has achieved a national reputation as lecturer on and teacher of physical culture, was married in October to Dr. William Charles Carroll. They will live at Joliet, Ill. WERNER'S MAGAZINE extends congratulations.

Mr. Grenville Kleiser gave his monologue arrangement of "David Copperfield" at Y. M. C. A., New York, Sept. 29, and was the reader at the opening entertainment of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, reciting "The Revenge," "The Masquerade," "The Soul of the Violin," and "Music on the Rappahannock."

The N. Y. *Journal* has a dispatch from Chicago making merry of the fact that at Prof. R. L. Cumnock's Northwestern University School of Oratory there are but two men among 150 women students in elocution. The *Journal* sees but "two bridegrooms for 150 brides," and takes credit to itself for having discovered "an almost Adamless Eden."

Miss Alice May Youse, principal of Shaftsbury College of Expression, gave her tenth annual entertainment at Ford's Opera House, the principal features being a series of twenty-eight statue-poses, the plays "The Secretary," and "Beauty and the Beast;" the skit "Preciosa;" the recitations "The Soul of the Violin," and "The Burgomaster's Death."

Mrs. Edward F. Reed, of Ohio, refers to WERNER'S MAGAZINE Study Club of January, 1900, as follows: "I spent quite a number of weeks in the study of Balzac, and for that reason was especially pleased with the paper on the subject." We would call our readers' special attention to this admirable series of articles.

Miss Eleanor H. Denig, dramatic reader, has issued an exceptionally unique and artistic prospectus. She gives one-author programs from Shakespeare, Schiller, Browning, Dickens, Bulwer, Aldrich, Thackeray, and Tobin; short stories from Sienkiewicz, Davis, Wiggin, Parker, Wharton, Post, and Kipling; also selections from many other authors. Some of her pieces are "Haunted by a Song," "What My Lover Says," and "Aux Italiens."

The pupils of Miss Lillie Selig, pupil of Miss Minnie Swayze, made a good record last year as follows: Mr. W. J. Lindsay, at the Porter Military Academy, Charleston; Mr. Walker Cutts, at the Hoge Institute, Petersburg, Va., and Mr. Herman Lang, at the Savannah Academy, each received the medal for declamation; while, at the Washington College, Washington, D. C., which maintains a separate department of elocution, Miss Birdie Muhlberg barred all competition.

Mrs. Elsie M. McCollum, of Texas, is writing verses for various Southern papers, besides writing elocutionary pieces. Sept. 28 her pupils gave a recital, the program consisting of "Heartsease," "Under the Buggy Seat," "Hervé Riel," "The Whistling Regiment," "A Soul that Passed in the Night," "Music on the Rappahannock," "He Didn't Ask," "Betsy Hawkins Goes to the City," "A Boy's Revenge," the pantomime "Comin' thro' the Rye," and the monologue, "Her Cuban Tea."

Indiana-Boston School of Expression and Dramatic Art, Mrs. Harriet Augusta Prunk, principal, gave pupil-recitals every two weeks to audiences from 700 to 900 for ten months last season, besides giving plays. Special mention should be made of "Rosedale," the most ambitious play presented in the history of the school; it pleased so well that 96 congratulatory letters from representative people were received by Mrs. Prunk, who naturally feels encouraged and has still higher aims and greater ambition.

Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend, whose portrait appeared in our June issue, gave several recitals during the summer that attracted unusual attention. Among the recitations were "Jack the Fisherman" (a most effective recitation), "Doom of Claudius and Cynthia," "A Judith of '64." She also stage-directed "Julius Cæsar," "She Stoops to Conquer," and Longfellow's "Pandora," the last-named with a cast of fifty people. The Athletic Association connected with the institution where she teaches is busy preparing for basket-ball and tennis, which are to form their Thanksgiving games.

Mrs. Clara Miller, Chicago public reader and teacher of elocution, does what we should like to have more of our subscribers do, namely, puts on her program that the selection is taken from WERNER'S MAGAZINE. Not only is this giving proper credit, but tells where the selection may be found. She sends several programs, showing that both she and her pupils have a wide repertory, some of the selections being, "Her Cuban Tea," "Aunty Doleful," "Tobe's Monument," "How Girls Fish," "How the Story Grew," "How the Gospel Came to Jim Oakes."

Miss Cora Kahn, graduate of University of Cincinnati, winner of the C. S. E. medal in 1899, now assistant to Miss Mannheimer, will play Mrs. Pontifex in "Naval Engagements." Another of Miss Mannheimer's pupils, Miss Marion Tenley, makes her début as the Page in "Romeo and Juliet," Nov. 4, at Pike Opera House, where many of Miss Mannheimer's pupils act as supernumeraries.

Mr. Montaville Flowers, president of Ohio State Association of Elocutionists, suggests that an organization of various State associations of elocutionists be made a section or committee of the National Association of Elocutionists, and that every State association be represented by its president in the National Association. This plan, he thinks, would put the National Association in touch with a large body of people it does not now reach, and greatly strengthen it, if the congress of State presidents should be given weight and power. Speaking of WERNER'S MAGAZINE, he says: "Recently you have published some very remarkable heresies. They are really humor, intense, and I hope to see some of this egotistic froth blown sky-high ere long."

OFFICERS OF THE NEW YORK TEACHERS OF ORATORY. 1900-1901.

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Mr. Sumner Salter, long a prominent figure in New York musical life, has accepted a position at the conservatory of music connected with Cornell University, and teaches and plays the organ in Sage chapel. His second formal recital of the season was given Oct. 11, with the following program:

BACH: Prelude in B minor.
GUILMANT: Sonata I, in D minor.
I. Introduction. Largo e maestoso—allegro.
II. Pastorale. Andante quasi allegretto.
III. Finale. Allegro assai.
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN: Song—"St. Agnes' Eve." —*Tennyson.*
SALOME: Cantilene.
SCHUBERT: *Am Meer.
LISZT: *Consolation.
DUBOIS: Toccata in G.

*Transcribed by Sumner Salter.

Miss Elizabeth C. Clark, pupil of Miss Jennie Mannheimer, told of "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" in Indiana, and so impressed Dr. Joseph Mountain that they were wed Oct. 16. Another pupil, Miss Bertha Belle Moore, was married to Dr. W. E. Gault, of Ohio, Sept. 20. She has been succeeded as director of elocution department of Glendale Female College by Miss S. J. Baumes, also pupil of Miss Mannheimer. Another pupil, Miss Elizabeth Goodall, is touring with Whitney's Quo-Vadis Company. The first of a series of invitation recitals by pupils of Miss Mannheimer at Cincinnati College of Music begins Oct. 13, at the Odèon, the program consisting of recitations, including an original poem recited by the author, Miss Edith C. Tyler, entitled "Cleopatra;" and a one-act comedy, "My Lady Help," by Arthur Macklin. Miss Mannheimer writes: "Through my advertisement in Sept. No. of WERNER'S MAGAZINE I have secured a pupil from Arkansas. 'Honor to whom honor is due.'"

CAMPAIGN ORATORY HUMOR.

In 1896 a man was making a speech for McKinley to an audience composed largely of Populists, and was discussing the money question. When the speaker asserted that the stamp of a government did not create money a farmer wearing a long beard jumped up, and waving a one-dollar bill in the air, asked:

"What makes that bit of paper money if it ain't the printing done on it by the government?"

"My friend," said the spellbinder instantly, "suppose the government stamped the word 'hay' on your whiskers, would your cows eat them?"

* * *

In Indianapolis, in 1896, a Democratic speaker of great reputation was completely vanquished and a large meeting broken up by one word spoken by a small boy. The speaker was saying with much eloquence and vehemence that all the workingmen of the country demanded the free coinage of silver. Then he began a peroration like this:

"Our opponents say there are thousands of gold men right here in Indianapolis. Last night I spoke to an audience of 5,000 honest workingmen. They were all for free silver. I believe that every man in this great audience favors free coinage. Now where are the gold men?"

"Working!" shouted the shrill voice of a boy in the gallery. A laugh started and the speaker made no effort to continue his address.

* * *

A man who had made more than 1,000 stump speeches and boasted that he had never been rattled by a question or interruption was so completely knocked out by an innocent question asked by a factory girl that he broke down completely. The Republican National Committee had sent him to Newark, N. J., to address a night meeting of working men and women in a music hall. In his most impressive voice and manner he began his speech with this question:

"My friends, do you understand the question of the free coinage of silver?"

There was perfect silence as he paused oratorically, until a young working girl sitting in one of the boxes asked, in a clear voice:

"Do you?"

The question was unexpected and puzzling. First the audience laughed, then cheered the girl, and ended by insisting that the speaker answer the question then and there. He attempted to do so, but was overcome by stage fright and slipped out by a back door.

* * *

The falsetto voice of the Hon. Thomas B. Reed was not familiar to the voters of Indiana when he entered that State in 1896 for a brief speaking tour, and his first meeting survived an interruption that would have dismayed the average spellbinder. He faced a large audience in the biggest hall in the town and there was perfect silence after the first great outburst of applause had subsided.

"My fellow-citizens," in the piping voice of Reed sounded faint and far away, and a Hoosier who was hard of hearing promptly asked a companion in a voice audible all over the hall: "Is that Tom?"

"Did you think it was the voice of Balaam?" responded Reed, and the ripple of half-suppressed laughter broke into a storm of applause.

New York School of Expression.

The New York School of Expression receives frequent inquiries like the following:

"I am desirous of entering your school for the diploma, but have only one year in which to study. Please advise me if it would be possible for me to graduate in that time. I have had a few lessons from ———, but they were mostly coaching in recitations," etc.

Now, a moment's thought ought to convince any thinking person that a profession which requires but one year for preparation is a profession which in ten years would be overcrowded, so that there would be no room in it either at top or bottom. The New York School of Expression can not agree to graduate any person in less than two years' time, unless that person has been thoroughly trained already, either by an accredited graduate of the school or by some teacher whose reputation is a guaranty of thoroughness, and unless the pupil passes the required examinations. Occasionally we are favored with an insidious postscript, to the effect that this or that well-known school is willing to overlook all deficiencies in consideration of the year's fee. Sometimes the school mentioned stands so high that we are tempted to doubt the word of our correspondent, but, at any rate, we do not and can not conscientiously hold out such inducements to would-be pupils. The fact that any school does so should be sufficient warning to the prospective student. It is unfair to every faithful graduate to be placed on a level with the careless or half-trained pupil. The success of a graduate in obtaining a first position often depends on the reputation of the institution that sends him out, and that reputation is made, not by the number attending the school, but by the quality of its work.

Many of our pupils have secured excellent positions merely on the Junior certificate of the school. It should be remembered that the work of our Junior class covers the ordinary requirements of private schools and of the majority of private pupils, and it is far better for the young teacher to have had a thorough training in these requisites than to possess a diploma which represents either a superficial smattering or a mass of undigested theory.

Students who have but a year to spend in New York should come thoroughly prepared. The average requirements of graduation from many excellent schools are not too high for admission to our Senior class. Even those who enter the Junior class would be the better for a full year's previous study with some thoroughly competent teacher; and we prefer they should come as fully prepared in English, rhetoric, modern language and literature as possible.

Again, we are often asked if there are opportunities for earning money during the school year by public work or teaching. To this we must frankly answer, No! Some of our pupils living in or near the city or coming under exceptional conditions have obtained positions before completing their courses, but the beginner should remember that New York is crowded with accomplished artists, many of continental reputation, with whom no novice, however talented, could hope to compete. Besides, the work of the school demands the full energies of the student.

Nor can we guarantee positions to graduates. It is to our interest to assist our pupils, and, so far, we have been successful in so doing, but we have no control over bureaus or audiences. Our business is to teach, and we wish only pupils who come for study.

To sum up our position:

The New York School of Expression does not attempt to compete with others except in the quality of its work; it offers no inducement to pupils but the honest one of doing its best to prepare them for their profession.

OUR PUPILS.

Miss Lena Sanford ('00) has just been engaged as Director of Elocution and Physical Culture in the Southern Female College, West Point, Miss., succeeding Miss Mattie H. Campbell, resigned. Miss Sanford is the third teacher in succession at this institute who comes from the New York School of Expression.

Miss Jane Gaillard Boag ('98) has resigned her position in the Brevoort School, Brooklyn. She is succeeded by Miss Helen Atwood ('99). Miss Boag will reside at White Plains, N. Y.

Miss Anna M. Chambers ('96) is at present in charge of over 200 pupils in elocution and physical culture at Kenwood Institute, 40 E. 47th St., Chicago, Ill., "the largest and most flourishing girls' school in the city." Miss Chambers was for the past three seasons assistant to the late Professor Merrill at his summer school.

Miss Helen Reed ('99) has returned to New York and opened a studio at 81 Fifth Avenue. She will take a post-graduate course in the school. Miss Reed has very gratifying prospects for her season's recital work. Of a recent appearance the Asheville *Citizen* says:

"Miss Reed's number was worthy of especial commendation. The charm of Kipling's poem was made twofold by her interpretation of it. Each word and gesture had a perfection and charm all its own. In addition to her talent and training, Miss Reed has a very sweet voice and a most charming personality."

PIECES for THANKSGIVING and CHRISTMAS

THANKSGIVING

(1) THANKSGIVING DAY AT GRANDMA'S. Pauline Phelps. A most successful child-dialect recitation telling of the good things to be had and to be done at "grandma's on Thanksgivin' day." (2) THE THANKSGIVING CHICKEN. A girl tells her dolly about a pet chicken that was killed for Thanksgiving dinner. Dialect. Both for 25 cents.

A THANKSGIVING DREAM. M. Morrow and Geo. Daugherty. Comedietta for 17 males and 9 females. A chronic grumbler falls asleep after his Thanksgiving dinner, and is visited by fairies, flowers and stars, who try to cure him. Music may be introduced. Full business and costumes. Price, 25 cents.

(1) RUTH. Mattie H. Jones. A Thanksgiving entertainment in seven scenes, for any number of persons; introduces a harvest drill, singing and tableaux. (2) A THANKSGIVING IN THE GOLD DIGGINGS. Ellis Proctor. A miner, telling the story of a long-lost brother, finds him among the listeners. (3) THANKSGIVING IN OLD VIRGINIA. J. P. Bocock. (4) THE THANKSGIVING GOURMAND. (5) THANSGIVING. H. Romaine. Three good encores. All five for 25 cents.

(1) A MINER'S THANKSGIVING. How it was celebrated in the camp. (2) FARMER JOHN'S THANKSGIVING DAY. Isaac F. Eaton. A man disposed to be unthankful, changes upon seeing the helplessness of a rich neighbor. Both for 25 cents.

(1) THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING. Eva Lovett Carson. The consequences of a boy gorging himself. Humorous. (2) A THANKSGIVING DINNER. Lesbia Bryant. Humorous. Address to a turkey gobbler, a pumpkin, apples, etc. Both for 25 cts.

TWO THANKSGIVING DANCES. Emma Dunning Banks. Two lovers who quarreled at a Thanksgiving dance meet at another ten years afterward and make up. Music and lesson-talk given. Price, 15 cts.

OLD FOLK'S THANKSGIVING. An old couple, deserted by the children for whose education they slaved, die on Thanksgiving. In a book containing other excellent selections. Price, 35 cents.

(1) THE THANKSGIVING MAGICIAN. Rose Terry Cooke. (2) THE LITTLE TURKEY GOBBLER. (3) THANKSGIVING. All three for 25 cents.

(1) NEW ENGLAND'S GIFT. Will Carleton. Poem showing that this country owes its Thanksgiving day to New England. (2) GIVE THANKS FOR WHAT? A poem giving an answer to a growler. Both for 25 cts.

(1) THANKSGIVING ELOPEMENT, A. N. S. Emerson. A father hears his daughter plan to elope, surprises her by appearing and presenting her with provisions and housekeeping effects. Humorous. (2) THANKSGIVING PUMPKIN PIES. Margaret E. Sangster. An old lady's account of her visit to a city relative, her dislike of city ways, and of her gladness to get back home where she could have pies like her mother used to make. Can be given in old-lady costume. Both recitations in "Delsarte Recitation Book" (which contains many other fine recitations). Price, $1.25.

ONE THANKSGIVING DAY OUT WEST. Emma Dunning Banks. With lesson-talk. A young frontiersman, on returning home through the woods at night, is attacked by wolves. This is in "Emma Dunning Bank's Original Recitations, with Lesson-Talks," containing other fine pieces. Price, $1.25.

(1) THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING. F. S. Pixley. A farmer thinks he must give up his farm, but learns before Thanksgiving that his son has paid the mortgage. Dialect poem. (2) LITTLE PAUL'S THANKSGIVING. Encore. Both for 35 cents.

(1) HESTER'S THANKSGIVING. M. Leighton. A musician loves his cousin, but she marries someone else. He dies next Thanksgiving in an insane asylum. (2) THE FIRST THANKSGIVING. Poem. (3) SIGNS OF THE TIMES. Paul Dunbar. Negro dialect poem telling of Thanksgiving's approach. (4) THANKSGIVING EVE. Two poor children imagine that the goodies they see in windows are theirs, and so forgot their poverty and are happy. All four for 25 cents.

(1) "BIJAH'S LIZA." Helen R. Boyden. Pathetic description of a poor little cripple who contributes three ears of corn to a mission. (2) PUMPKIN PIE. Poem extolling pumpkin pie. Both for 25 cents.

(1) A THANKSGIVING EPISODE. Jesse F. Cline. The trials of a young housewife to prepare a Thanksgiving dinner, after she has discharged her cook. Humorous. (2) THANKSGIVING EVE. Margaret Sidney. A boy dreams that the fowls reserved for dinner next day have run off Both for 25 cents.

(1) TIT FOR TAT. Laura F. Armitage. A youngster imagines his nightmare (the result of Thanksgiving gormandizing) to be punishment for his sauciness to a gobbler. (2) TOMMY BOB'S THANKSGIVING VISION. Anna M. Pratt. The various edibles with which a boy gorges himself appear to chastise him for his gluttony. (3) FIVE KERNELS OF CORN. Hezekiah Butterworth. Poem describing the famine in Plymouth, when the Pilgrims had for rations but five kernels of corn. All three for 25 cents.

(1) PUMPKIN PIE. A boy communes with himself on the excellences of pumpkin pie. Encore. (2) WHAT DREAMS MAY COME. Encore. A boy's dreams before and after Thanksgiving. (3) A VOICE FROM NEW ENGLAND. Ada Stewart Shelton. Spirited descriptive poem of "New England's voice" summoning America to honor Thanksgiving day. (4) A BOY'S THANKSGIVING. Lydia M. Childs. A boy describes his trip to his grandfather's house and ends by exclaiming: "Hurrah for the pumpkin pie." All four for 25 cents.

(1) GIVE THANKS. Doane Robinson. A semi-humorous dialect poem. Although a man has met with various misfortunes during his last year, he still "gives thanks" for the misfortunes that the Lord has kept from him. (2) A THANKSGIVING STORY. A Puritan girl strays from home on Thanksgiving, is found asleep, her head on a huge bear, and begs her rescuers "Don't shoot the dog!" Both for 25 cents.

THANKSGIVING EVE. Pathetic incident of a little bootblack and his sister who imagine that they are having a grand Thanksgiving. In a book containing many other excellent selections. 35 cents.

CHRISTMAS

(1) CHRISTMAS IN CAMP. Willa Lloyd. Soldiers end their Christmas Eve jollification by singing "Dixie," "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," and "Home, Sweet Home." May be given with musical accompaniment. (2) THE COWBOYS' CHRISTMAS BALL. William Lawrence Chittenden. Dialect poem descriptive of a soirée among the Texas cowboys. Dance music may be introduced. (3) A CHRISTMAS MEMORY. James Whitcomb Riley. Pathetic child-dialect poem about a homesick little fellow sent away during his mother's funeral. He doesn't want Santa Claus, nor the things that he brings. "I ist only want my ma!" (4) TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS. Sarah Kebbles Hunt. A little girl hangs up two stockings on Christmas eve—one for herself, the other for a poor neighbor. She writes a note to Santa Claus saying that if he has not enough for both stockings, to put all his gifts in her friend's. (5) THE NEW KING. Thomas Frost. A discontented blacksmith dreams that he is a monarch. But his new surroundings become irksome, and he longs for his old life and friends. Just as he concludes that "content's the crown makes everyone a king," he awakens. All five for 25 cents.

(1) GRETCHEN. Thomas Frost. A Christmas tale of old New York. Indians plan to attack the settlement of New Amsterdam on Christmas eve. Their chief has selected little Gretchen's house as his particular prize. When he enters her chamber, Gretchen, who has been lying awake thinking of Santa Claus and of a poor sick friend, mistakes the Indian for St. Nicholas, and, throwing her arms about his neck, begs him to give her toys to poor Elizabeth. The savage is so touched by her unselfishness that he warns the settlers of the attack. (2) A BACHELOR'S BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS EVE. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. A girl poses beneath the mistletoe, waiting for her lover to kiss her. Because he fails to improve his opportunity, she is offended and shortly afterward marries his worst foe. (3) CHRISTMAS ON THE OLD PLANTATION. Lasalle C. Pickett. Descriptive prose sketch of how the holidays are celebrated on a Virginia plantation. (4) A CHRISTMAS WISH. Dialect poem in which a man longs to be a boy again and reexperience his boyish joy and excitement over Christmas. (5) CHRISTMAS EVE. Eugene J. Hall. Lonely and neglected by their children, Farmer Ketcham and his wife sit by the fire talking of bygone days, when their loneliness is dissipated by the entrance of their youngest, most wayward, but best-beloved son. (6) THE MISTLETOE'S MISSION. Cute encore of how a mistletoe branch caused the marriage of two lovers. All six for 25 cents.

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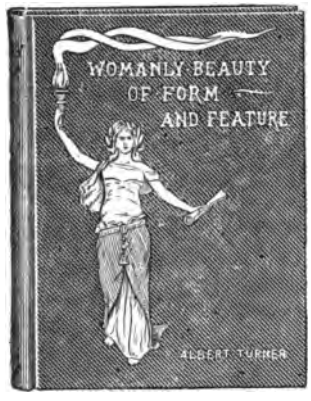

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THE CHRIST.

Pierre Puget [1622-1694], who carved this unfinished and almost unknown head of Christ, is a French artist whose merits are attested by his statues of Hercules now in the Louvre, his St. Sebastian and Alexandre Sauli in the church of Carignano. This bust, of which only two photographs are in this country, is in the museum of the Trocadero, Paris.

THE HANDKERCHIEF OF SAINT VERONICA.

According to legend, Veronica was one of the women who met Jesus on the way to Calvary; and, as he was sinking, overpowered by fatigue, offered him her handkerchief to wipe the sweat from his brow; when the divine features were impressed upon the cloth. The picture has been frequently reproduced both in painting and engraving. The picture herewith reproduced is from the painting of Gabriel. Max, a German artist, born 1840.

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Vol. XXVI. DECEMBER, 1900. No. 4.

Rock Me To Sleep.

Poem by ELIZABETH AKERS.

Poses by Lucy Harris, under direction of E. V. Sheridan, especially for Werner's Magazine.

[Photographs by Newman, N. Y.]

A PERFECT illustrative pose is not only expressive of and illustrative to the text, but has dramatic pictorial value, and conforms in outline and intent to laws of physical expression. Such poses WERNER'S MAGAZINE submits herewith. If you plan to reproduce these pictures, remember that only as the spirit is caught and again embodied, will the result be satisfactory. The task is easiest, if the lines be read by one artist, a curtain lifting at each illustrated line to show a model draped and posed in tableau. The reader who would in her own person reproduce these instants of rest, must be able to reproduce also that transition of action which in each case built up the moment pictured—a far more difficult task.

Exact reproduction of drapery is seldom possible. Gravitation takes care of drapery, its effect being modified by swing of action. By the disposition of drapery suggestion of rest or action is heightened. Bear in mind, in the draping of any pose, a few general rules, and be always ready to recognize exceptional occasion. Folds of stuff, beautiful in themselves, are suitable dramatically only when they seem part of or occasioned by the pose, or the action which climaxed in the pose. They are of value pictorially when the beauty of their line enhances the harmony of the pose, adding to that suggestion of true and sure balance of all parts which is a chief factor in the artistic worth of the pose. Do not allow folds about the feet to obscure a suggestion, at least, of the disposition of the feet, and of the balance and poise of the figure upon the feet. That just adherence of the pose to the great principles of poise and balance, which is its artistic value, should never be contradicted or obscured in effect by the arrangement of drapery. A pose wherein the weight of the body is supported on one foot permits a relaxing of the unsupported side, shoulder and hip on unsupported side falling slightly,—shoulder and hip of supported side being correspondingly higher. Any effect of drapery which builds up the relaxed shoulder is a mistake; any which suggests a slipping

from the dropped shoulder, or emphasizes the easy bend of the knee on the unsupporting side, becomes part of the artistic effect of the picture.

No part of the picture should be obscure, and wonders of effect can be accomplished by disposition of light. The final result for these "Rock Me to Sleep" poses should be of light falling upon the left side of the figure, thrown from the right side, a little in front. All other light effects are subordinated to this. Often a light thrown from behind the figure upon the back of the figure a little to one side, will bring out translucency of material and detail of outline, which will at once add to the pictorial and dramatic value of the pose. The presence of such light must, of course, not betray itself, nor in any way interfere with the effect of side lighting, already mentioned.

There should be no difficulty about "holding" these poses. Study the pictures carefully. Assure yourself of the disposition of the weight of the body. Level shoulders imply weight on both feet. Balance on the relaxed side is usually restored or helped by the slight tip of the head to the supported side. Gesture is usually made on the supported side. If the head falls to the unsupported side, swing of body or out-reach of gesture on the other side restores balance.

Much of the draping can be done before the instant of complete adjustment to the spirit of the pose. Such drapery as depends for effect upon move toward the pose (as in Pose I), must take care of itself at the last moment, and usually does. Before the final instant the model for Pose I stands balanced on both feet—arms hanging, the cloak, supported on the left shoulder, falling over the left arm. When the arms are uplifted, the cloak swings back, freeing the arm, its fall from the shoulder modified (as happens naturally) by the outstretched arm.

Not all readable text can be illustrated by poses. An illustrative pose can present only an instant of rest. Unless the action illustrative of the text offers such moments of rest, which shall in themselves be of picture value, and illustrative value too, the text is not suitable for illustration by posing. Stanzas IV. and V. of "Rock Me to Sleep" are examples of text alive in action for the reader, but destitute of material for illustrative posing.

The model must be of type and personality sympathetic to the text. She must be patient, responsive, and trained in laws of expression. Model and teacher must study text together, that lines most suitable for illustrations may be selected and general plan settled. Transition from pose to pose must be studied and practiced and the selected moment of rest brought to such perfect compliance with law that it is independent of impulse or chance. This is at once the most interesting and longest part of the work. Thereafter each pose is draped. The model is now ready for the camera. The photographer dictates lighting and selects view of each pose. Variety and pictorial effect may demand changes in fall and disposition of drapery, but never in pose itself, nor should disposition of light or drapery interfere with a suggestion of progression from pose to pose. Mechanical details settled for the camera, the text is read, quietly, the model responding in action. This is the crucial moment, for now for the first time all elements in illustrative posing are focused for result, and the precious and elusive "spirit" of the text shines forth to be fixed in picture.

So precious is this spirit that, at the instant when the pose is most fully vitalized by its power, the picture should be "taken" even though, as often happens, at that special moment a bit of drapery flies out of place, a lock of hair slips, or light shifts. It is truly a rare triumph of preparation, efficiency and luck, when the spirit leaps to life unaccompanied by some mechanical fault. Pictures resulting from such moments are worshipful indeed. Yet, when in that now far-off moment before the camera a spirit, really alive, vitalized for a splendid instant, a body responsive in every fibre, the public looking now upon the pictured pose will know good work and will care.

" Mother, come back from the echoless shore."

I.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

"Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!"

II.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!

I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

"I am so weary of toil and of tears."

III.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:

"Take them, and give me my childhood again!"

"Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!"

Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

" Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you! "

IV.

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:

None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

" Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep! "

V.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;

"Long Since I last listened your lullaby song."

"Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace."

For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

" Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep! "

VI.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

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THE CALLING OF ST. PETER AND ST. ANDREW.

The Ancient Christ—The Spoken Word.

By C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

"Is not the Vision He, tho' He be not that which He seems?"

THE Eternal in transiency is known in the physical world as Energy, Heat, Light, and Sound. In spiritual language the order of these four is reversed. Sound or the Word comes first as the One that said "let there be Light," and with Light came Heat, and then Energy or Life, which brought forth "living things." This is also the most ancient order of the four, and Christmas is prëeminently the feast of "the birth" of that power which is both the first and the last: Sound.

Sound is not mere external noise or effect, but a cause, a living reality, and double in nature like a personality. In one aspect it is a mystery which lies beyond human consciousness. All we know of it is that it is; however, that which we have come to call "the subconscious mind" is more than aware of its existence. It feels its presence as immanent energy. Some of the ancients even thought they knew that it was the only attribute of what they called "Akasha," the Ether, or "the garment of God." Sound is the formative or creative quality of God's surroundings, the demiurges of classicism, "the power of God" of St. Paul. In the understanding of old, motion, sound, and vibration would be a trinity in unity of all that we may possibly perceive or know of the Deity, and thus the foundation of all science, art, and religion. In the mighty process of the world, motion carries us along and science demonstrates that fact. Vibration thrills through the heart and religion worships under its spell, but art speaks aloud in pure tonality, the energy of sound, and when it manifests itself in the human voice, the voice becomes the highest and farthest reaching of all powers in nature's realm.

In another aspect sound is not only a mystery and the most profound energy; it is, as Hegel maintained, of all modes of expression the one best suited to the nature of the spiritual principle, because "while tones can not represent the objects of the external world in their real existence, they find their true content (life) in the inner sentiments of the soul, apart from all externality." In sculpture we overcome matter as mere mass and reduce it to form. In painting we negate form and reduce it to appearance or bearer of a color effect. In tone-work we do away with appearance by reducing it to a means of communication, and we centralize upon hearing, "a sense even more intellectual, more spiritual, than vision itself." In hearing, the spirit is "rather concentrated within itself and withdrawn from the external." For this reason, the word (sound), vocal or instrumental, becomes "the absolute philosophy of the emotions," or an expression of our "heart-beats," our "thoughts in a glow" or, as already said, the spiritual principle and its expression.

For those who can perceive it, Christmas is the "heart-beat" of the year, the giving of thanks and presents, and the beginning of the new, the introduction into human life of a new power, a fresh effect, a greater love. All the heavenly host and nature-powers stand around in wonderment! Who is this Child? So much

From the painting by Ch. Skredsberg.

THE SON OF MAN.

like us, yet so different! And why needs it a human support? It has no wings and is naked, yet surrounded by an aureole! Is it not that incarnation we have heard of and which all creation is awaiting as its completion and fulfilment?

"The One far-off divine event,
To Which the whole creation moves."

As far as a painting can express it, Karl Marr has pictured the mystery. Will the reader add the Doxology

"Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!"

This represents A, second line below staff, treble clef, according to Mrs. Hughes's experiments.

and the Holy Night becomes Christmas!

As it was of old so it is to-day and forever. "Nature keeps the reverent frame with which her years began," and he who "feels in his heart the Lord Christ born" goes about and into the homes of men "with God's sweet peace upon his face."

He is that healthy man, whom Skredsberg has painted. He looks very much like any other man and even the pastor of the flock does not hear the new voice, but the people "heard him gladly" and brought, as we see, the sick and maimed to Him that He should heal them, and He who is Wholeness heals. Thus let us pass with song through the homes of men, bringing Christmas and health with us. Song is the incarnated Son of God and the great physician.

Sound is the Eternal in Ultimates and so universal and incomprehensible is it, that all ages have wondered and marveled at the mystery: they instinctively felt hidden in it. Sound betrayed "the flowing of the eternal fountain invisible to man." It was perceived that everything has a voice, and that "there is ever a song somewhere," and that "in the beginning was the Word and the Word was God."

The "longings of the nations" for a human form of the Word is heard across the ages, but the question

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains,—
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?"

was never quite satisfactorily answered, because these elements lacked the Human; they had no human voice that could speak to human hearts and

minds. The Chaldeans, Zoroastrians of old, saw His star, "the boundless Hope that passed the heavens," and they knew and understood that hope is not a natural passion, nor an illusion, but a spiritual sentiment, an exaltation in which speaks the invisible Goodness that surrounds us. From that time men "began to call themselves by the name of the Lord," and the Word was a new theophany.

Zmurko has pictured the event for us. The time is those dreary hours before sunrise, when the chill of night penetrates to marrow and bone; when the blood seems to have lost its vigor and the half lights draw weird spectres on the imagination. The desert is more dreadful than at midnight, the wild beasts hunt for prey, and the desolation is crushing. A solitary family, half-naked and destitute, has seen the fire burn low, the water-jar emptied, and finds only a cactus as the nearest animated company. The hours are trying, and the cry "Watchman! what of the night?" has just been heard, when suddenly in the horizon appears a star, the only light seen in the heavens in this dark, unfriendly night. Thought arises spontaneously with that appearance, and bursting forth in the Voice, the Word, the Christ, is born. The phenomenon of the star is external and can not be otherwise, because existence is conditioned by time and space, but the Word comes internally as power in the heart, as a flash of light upon the mind, and utters itself in the voice. It is both subjective and objective. It is a mystery! The same Word is spoken by each spectator, yet the same Word "was from the Beginning." It is the union of heaven and earth, of God and man! It always was. By it came all things; "the whole world is *vâkârambhana,*" is from *vâk,* Speech or the Word. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." Where the Word is not, there the world is not. The Word is the life, the love, the light, and the law of existence. If the skeptic disbelieves it, let him look at the patterns of "living creatures after its kind" which actually have been created by the human speaking-voice of Mrs. Watts-Hughes. These images point to the identity of the human and the divine Mind: "that mystery where God-in-man is one with man-in-God."

Mrs. Hughes's Voice-Figure Showing the Linear Curves with Cross Vibration Lines.

Look at the flowers, the corals, and the serpentine lines! And if he wants to know if the Word or the human voice has the power of destruction, let him inform himself about Tyndall's experiments with sound upon glass, etc., and he will marvel at the almighty Word and doubt no more. In his heart there will be Christmas, and his mind will reverberate with a Voice of Order and Rhythm.

Christmas is not of time and place, but

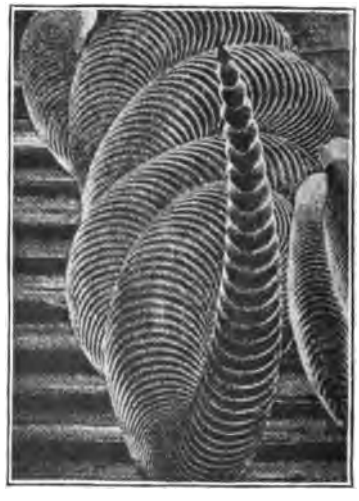
"beyond the things of sense
Beyond occasions and events."

The Ancient Christ is also the New Christ; the Oriental Christ is also the Western Christ. There was Christ in the Memra, the Honover, the Vâk, and Sarasvati, the goddess of speech, brought it with her. In Japan to-day may be read over all doors to Buddhist temples, "Glory be to the Manifested Word." The words used by the Chinese for the same sentence, if literally translated, would read, "Glory be to the Manifested Word (or voice), Boddhisatwa," where Boddhisatwa implies the Supreme Being in human form. In other words, where the Great Breath or Sound vibrates there is Christmas.

Mrs. Hughes's Daisy Voice-Figure.

There is sound in inanimate nature, but not voice: hence no Christmas, no birth of the saving force of life. Articulate speech is Bethlehem and the manger; is Mary the bearer of the Christ, the creative Word, the Great Breath. The song of a bird or the note of an insect conveys more force to heart and mind than does an unspiritual voice. There is more speech in the chirps of a grasshopper, though its musical apparatus is outside its body, than in an unregenerate voice, because the former is natural, while the latter is destitute of the highest element, the Word, which it

Mrs. Hughes's Tree Voice-Figure.



Mrs. Hughes's Spiral Voice-Figure.

is its duty to attain and express. It has no Christmas feeling or "good will among men;" it is selfish and unmodulated; the universal life has not touched it, the Music, "the great pathfinder in the wilderness," has not been born in it.

We talk much of Christmas as the symbol of the rebirth of light in the winter gloom, and of the re-creation of the mind and heart, and it is well to do so; but we forget the idea of the Ancient Christ, which was the power of sound, the Great Breath, and the new voice and passion that are heard when the subjective element takes the place of mere substance. We have maintained thus far a priesthood of light and dogma, but neglected the office of the Sounder or Singer of the Word, the one initiated in Vibration, the bearer of Emotion, the real Creator. Antiquity did not care for that office we call "the teaching office," knowing well that it reaches only the ordinary or outward life and not the subliminal self, which is the abode of the Word. Antiquity cultivated assiduously song and right intonation, because they reached God by it. Our own day is beginning to listen to "the cry in the wilderness," that prepares the way for the Coming Word and the real Christmas.

What Elocutionists Should Be and Do.

By HENRY M. SOPER.

[Extract from his address as President at the St. Louis Convention of Elocutionists.]

WE are still confronted with the oft-repeated questions, "What is your creed, and for what does this organization stand? Does it stand for 'old' or 'new' elocution?"

We believe we may safely wipe out the terms "old" and "new" elocution and claim that we have been steadily progressing toward better work and higher ideals, and that we have kept pace with the improved methods of pedagogy in other lines of educational work. It is not to be denied that half a century ago there was too much misguided enthusiasm and bluster, too much emotional violence with too little reflection and naturalness. Then came the age of mechanical demonstrations, founded upon observations of the outer man in expression, with too little regard for the inner man, whence came the external manifestation.

We find, however, that more than a century ago much had been done to formulate principles of expression on correct though crude lines, and many of these principles are held and quoted to-day by those who claim to stand for the most advanced forms of expression; but the masses of that day were slow to accept these truths and had few advantages for gaining proper training. In the last quarter of a century the pendulum has seemed to swing to another extreme, and the emotional impulse theory of expression has sprung into being, ignoring most records made by closest observers of outward manifestations as they had appealed to eye and ear, maintaining that technical terms used in vocal technique are worse than useless, and that action shall be left to care for itself; that if thoughts are right expression will be right, and that mind alone, if in proper condition, is sufficient guide to cultivation of voice. We believe these two extremes of theory are gravitating toward each other, and that the day is near when we shall see a harmonious blending of these views. Then mechanical exercises for cold tone-production merely will be of the past and we shall agree that exercises for voice-training must not be divorced from thought and emotion. On the other hand, mere mental perceptions and emotions must be guided by appropriate vocal and physical technique which shall have its own appropriate and significant terminology. So far from the pupil feeling hampered, will he not feel that he stands on solid ground and has to do with exact science and not nebulous theories? Why need we fear that

if, after the pupil has been trained to understand the psychology of emotion, we should recognize those awful (?) words "quality," "stress," "inflection," etc., we should be forever degraded in the sight of advanced students of expression?

Let such technical terms be understood and used, but not abused. Is the artistic singer despised if she knows and applies the terms "diminuendo," "crescendo," and other technical musical terms? On the contrary, is a good singer considered thoroughly educated who does not understand these vocal terms? Why should our profession be an exception? Let us not struggle for any misleading, mystifying nomenclature. Let us have a uniform, simple terminology easily understood. By thus doing, we shall show the world that many of our apparently conflicting terms and formulas are largely synonymous and do not represent new and startling theories. While preserving individuality or personality, may we not have a universal elocution of ease and naturalness, neither new nor old, neither too mechanical nor too psychological, neither too mental nor "too too," if you will allow the expression?

In our first convention at New York we were afraid of one another; afraid to criticize and afraid to be criticized; but as we become better acquainted, this feeling gives way to honest desire for truth. As we come in contact with those holding opposite views, equally extreme, we good-naturedly meet and exchange ideas, and now we stand on higher and more nearly a common ground. Where we who have not been able entirely to agree, we have, with few exceptions, courteously agreed to disagree till a fuller light shall dawn. Truth is truth, and we must all feel, when we diametrically disagree on any point, one or the other must be wrong, but it is human nature to think it is the other one and not ourselves. Hence, let us meet as humble seekers for truth, not as seekers for self-glorification. Thus shall we have a happy, helpful exchange of our best thoughts for the benefit of all, and return home broadened and strengthened in the truth of true expression. Let us keep constantly in mind that no one has ever had or ever will have all the truth in this art.

As a profession, we owe much to the advance made in psychology. This has given us rich resources in literary interpretation and vocal expression, yet we find the theories of psychology are apparently more at variance and more contradictory to-day than are the different methods and theories of elocution and oratory; hence, may we not hope that we shall eventually reach a common basis of thought and work as a profession, that all our theories may come to be true factors of one great system of correct, natural expression?

Permit me also to urge the importance of a committee on pronunciation. The public looks to the elocutionist and reader for correct pronunciation, and it is right that the teacher or reader who makes a constant study of the subject should know more about it than do others. But the elocutionist takes as his authority a half dozen or more dictionaries, and finds that they differ widely in many cases and that, with the multiplication of dictionaries, these differences multiply and widen more and more; until now some of these pronunciations apparently represent the caprice of a select few or the cunningly devised inventions of the dictionary makers. Can we not, as a body, unite upon a rational, national standard of pronunciation that shall command respect? The dictionaries give a certain form this year only to be reversed in the next issue. One year the dictionary says lĕgend and ĭsolate, the next year, lēgend and īsolate; and the next edition is liable to fall back to the first forms. This may be good for publishers but is severe on the public. Above all, may we not, as a body of professionals, avoid fads in pronunciation? Why say either (ĭther) and neither (nĭther), instead of either and neither (ēther) and (nēther)? Richard Grant White, an eminent scholar in this line, said there was no authority for the first form either by derivation or analogy. He calls it only a secondary British affectation; but, alas! this affectation has crossed the Atlantic and affected several good scholars in this country. "Program" is corrupted into "progrum," although all the dictionaries plainly mark the *a* short, with no authority for short *u* sound of *a*, as used by many readers and teachers. We might cite many similar cases. Shall we not call a halt and help to protect the country against a constantly changing pronunciation that varies with every shifting breeze of fad and fancy?

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION

THIS DEPARTMENT PRESENTS THIS MONTH.

Dramatic Selection	"How One Man Loved."
Seasonable Selections	"Farewell, Old Year."
	"January."
	"Trackin' Rabbits through the Snow."
(Child's soliloquy)	"Pet and Her Cat."
(Scotch dialect)	"Jean."
Classic Selection	"The Retreat from Moscow."
Humorous Selection	"The Debating Society."
Orations	"The True Grandeur of Nations."
	"The Mission of Joan of Arc."
Pathetic Selection	"The Triumph of Bill."

(See "Rock Me to Sleep" tableaux, page 283; also Action Poems, page 332; also Entertainment Department.)

I.

"HOW ONE MAN LOVED."

Arranged by EDITH ARNOLD.

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"HAVE you decided? Will you give her up?"

There was mingled entreaty and grief in the short, angry questions. Joseph leaned against the side of the work-bench for support. His face was pale from suppressed emotion. "How can I give her up? I love her."

"How has she shown her love for you? What has she brought upon you but disgrace?" cried the excited parent. "Her name is a byword among the people. Joseph, my son, you will break your mother's heart if you do not heed our entreaty." The young man's lips quivered as his father ceased speaking. The door suddenly opened and his mother entered.

Bending his head, Joseph spoke. "Father, I am your son; mother, would I willingly grieve her who bore me? I pray you both listen. You have known from infancy the maiden whom I have chosen to be my wife; from year to year you have seen her grow more beautiful, more saintly; you know the reverent love and obedience she has ever given her parents; you can recall the many times she has administered to the sick and dying; no poor or starving creature has ever asked her aid in vain, and when I sought her for my wife you deemed me blest above all men when she answered 'yes.' Is this not so?"

"It is, it is," they sighed.

"Is she less tender to her family and every needy soul? Have you seen aught in action or heard one word that showed a light or wanton woman?" The old man stood with downcast eyes and stammered, "No—but——"

"Mother," the son cried, stretching out his arms entreatingly, "she is a woman like yourself; you know her sweetness, purity and truth; will you also turn from her after all these years and believe evil?"

"Do you owe us nothing?" exclaimed Jacob fiercely; "no obedience, no respect. If you are determined to marry her in spite of all you have heard, in spite of our prayers, you are no longer a son of ours."

"Do you really mean for me to leave your home because I am true to my plighted word, and through everything stand firmly by the woman I have sworn to love?"

"Yes, I mean just that. I am a plain everyday man. I do not dream dreams nor see visions. No woman has scandalous tales reported concerning her without some cause."

"She is as pure as the angels," murmured Joseph. "Father! Mother! do not believe these lies. Trust her as I do, and in time you shall know all."

For a moment no sound was heard but the mother's weeping; then slowly Joseph

spoke. "So be it, father; I will go." And with a yearning glance at his sobbing mother, he opened the door and passed out from his home.

With bent head, lost in thought, Joseph turned and followed the path that led to a little cottage apart from all the others. After a moment's pause, once—twice—thrice he tapped on the door.

Opening it, a woman as she saw him uttered one word, "Joseph!" then lifted her face to his with a heavenly glance of gratitude and love. The girl—for she seemed scarcely more—was of medium height. The eyes, of violet blue, had in their depth unutterable things of heaven.

"I felt that thou wouldst come to me, my own," she said in low tones. "But it cannot, must not be. I know that I must stand alone. All scorn, despise me, thou alone believest in me, hast faith in me. God will reward thee; I cannot. Thou art all that I have left on earth, and yet thou, too, must go. Our lives must separate; thou wilt return to thine own, and I must go as God directs."

"Listen, dear one. When on that blessed day I said 'I love thee,' and thou gavest thyself to me, didst think my love was for prosperity alone, for sunshine and for good repute? That were not love, dear heart! I will keep thee, bear thy griefs, thy trials, thy appointed task, for thou art mine and I am thine."

When it was known that Jacob had forbidden his son his home because he still declared his faith in her, indignation against her arose to fiercer heat. Men talked together concerning her. Women condemned her without mercy; not one voice was raised in her behalf.

"See! See! There she comes for water!"

"Does she still dare to show her face among us?"

"She should be forbidden to use the well."

A man close by jostled rudely against her, causing the earthen vessel which she bore to fall. This seeming accident was a signal for the smouldering rage of weeks to break forth. In a moment they surged about her, crowds of men, women and little children—all faces dark and lowering—"Let's drive her from the place!" Hoarse voices cried the same far down the street, and others answered back, "We'll stone her from the village!"

A sullen roar as of a gathering tempest fell first on Joseph's ear as he came near to her home. Fearing he knew not what, with beating heart he hurried forward.

"Drive her away with scourges!" were the first words that he could catch. "Nay," came in harsh tones from a group of men, "stone her to death!" Joseph struggled through the mob and saw leaning against the well, white, breathless, spent with emotion, the woman he adored. Women plucked at her, struck at her.

One tall, gaunt creature, stretching out her hand, screamed, "Harlot!" then snatched the comb that held her hair, and down it fell, covering her bare shoulders as with a veil. Grief and bitter agony shone in her eyes and on her pallid face, but not a word she spoke. Suddenly a voice vibrating with passion rang high above that babel of fierce tone: "Stand back! cowards—dogs—lay but a finger on her and God will consume you where you stand!" And Joseph, towering above them, seemed the very embodiment of one of their inspired prophets.

With a shudder, Joseph saw upon her cheek a purple bruise where a stone, well aimed, had cut the tender flesh. The day was nearly gone, and the setting sun flashed down, upon her, as she stood, and shone above her meek, bowed head in quivering, golden circles. With a low cry she leaned her head against his breast and moaned, "Beloved, must thou drink my cup of pain?"

But he gazed in her eyes and murmured, "Thy pain is mine and thy life mine," and with whispered words of comfort Joseph, the lover, the husband, the noblest, highest type of both the world has ever known, led forth upon her way of mingled bliss and woe,

Mary, the mother of our Lord.

II.

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR.

FAREWELL, Old Year, we walk no more together;
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh;
And, crowned with yellow brake and withered heather,
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.

Here in the dim light of a gray December,
We part in smiles, and yet we met in tears;
Watching the chilly dawn, I well remember
I thought thee saddest born of all the years.

I knew not then what precious gift were hidden
Under the mist that veiled thy path from sight;
I knew not then what joy would come unbidden,
To make thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,
I only heard the splash of icy rain;
And in that winter gloom I found no token
To tell me that the sun would shine again.

O dear Old Year! I wronged a father's kindness;
I would not trust him with my load of care,
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness.
And lo! he blessed me with an answered prayer!

Good-by, kind Year, we walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And from thy wreath of faded fern and heather
I take some sprays and wear them on my heart.

III.

JANUARY.

[January was named after the Roman god Janus, the deity with two faces, one looking into the past and the other gazing forward to the future.]

I AM the year's first merry child,
My coming herald's in his reign—
The joy-bells ring the welcome song
O'er snow-bound hill and shining plain.

The month of hope; when hearts grow glad
With promise for the coming day;
There is no room for sorrow's frown,
And all the past is laid away.

The children love me for my snows,
The icy ponds, the frozen streams,
And monarch of the winter months,
My crystal palace shines and gleams.

For me the shouts of wildest glee
From ice-locked pond and coasting-hills,
For me the glowing cheeks of youth,
The dancing eyes, the restless will.

Forever, as the years come round,
A merry welcome waits for me;
The stepping-stone into the new—
The month of childhood's sport and glee.

IV.

TRACKIN' RABBITS THROUGH THE SNOW.

FEEL that's in the mornin' air
Now-a-days jes' seems to raise
Up a feller's sporty hair
Like it did in olden days!
Makes him feel as full o' snap
As he was in days now gone
When a little country chap
He would pull his mittens on,
Whissle up the dog an' go
Trackin' rabbits through the snow.

Ort to see that dog! Why, he
With his instink allus knowed
There was fun fur him an' me
Comin' every time it snowed!
Wake me up at break o' day
Barkin' round an' whinin' like
He was tryin' hard to say:
"Hurry up, you lazy tike!
Eat yer breakfas' an' let's go
Trackin' rabbits through the snow!"

Scootin' down along the old
Stake-an'-rider fence we'd run,
Jes' a laughin' at the cold,
Keepin' warm with innard fun!
Up into the clearin', where
They was holes fur them to hide
In the bush-heaps standin' there.
But their footprints was a guide
Tellin' us jes' where to go
Trackin' rabbits through the snow.

Honest Injun, you'd a' died
Seein' him cavort about
When we'd hole one up an' I'd
Jump the heap and skeer it out!
How them feet o' their'n 'd chop
In the snow like deuce to pay!
Used to ketch 'em every pop—
'Ceptin' them 't'd git away!
Fun? 'Twas more'n fun to go
Trackin' rabbits through the snow!

Hunted hefty game since then,
  Moose an' elk an' caribou;
Dared the mountain lion's den,
  Rassled with a bear or two;
Chased the Rocky Mountain sheep
  'Long the cliffs where they would run,
Or in canyons dark and deep;
  But I never had no fun
  Like when me an' Tray'd go
Trackin' rabbits through the snow!

V.

PET AND HER CAT.

NOW, Pussy, I've something to tell you,
  You know it is New Year's day,
The big folks are down in the parlor,
  And mamma is just gone away.

We are all alone in the nursery,
  And I want to talk to you, dear,
So you must come and sit by me,
  And make believe you hear.

You see there's a new year coming,
  It only begins to-day,
Do you know I was often naughty
  In the year that is gone away?

You know I have some bad habits;
  I'll mention just one or two,
But there really is quite a number
  Of naughty things that I do.

You see, I don't learn my lessons,
  And, oh! I do hate them so,
I doubt if I know any more to-day
  Than I did a year ago.

Perhaps I'm awfully stupid,
  They say I'm a dreadful dunce.
How would you like to learn spelling?
  I wish you would try it once.

And don't you remember Christmas—
  'Twas naughty, I must confess—
But while I was eating my dinner
  I got two spots on my dress.

And they caught me stealing the sugar,
  But I only got two little bits,
When they found me there in the closet,
  And frightened me out of my wits.

And, Pussy, when people scold me,
  I'm always so sulky then,
If they only would tell me gently,
  I never would do it again.

O Pussy! I know I am naughty,
  And often it makes me cry,
I think it would count for something,
  If they knew how hard I try.

But I'll try again in the New Year,
  And, oh! I shall be so glad
If I only can be a good little girl
  And never do anything bad!

VI.

JEAN.

By Robert Burns.

[Robert Burns, a famous Scotch poet, was born at Alloway, Scotland, January 25, 1759.]

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw
  I dearly like the West,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
  The lassie I lo'e best;
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
  And mony a hill between,
But day and night my fancy's flight
  Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
  I see her sweet and fair,
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
  I hear her charm the air;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
  By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
  But minds me o' my Jean.

Oh blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
  Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
  Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me
  That's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae blink o' her would banish care,
  So charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
  Hae pass'd atween us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part
  That day she gaed awa!
The Powers aboon can only ken,
  To whom the heart is seen,
That name can be sae dear to me
  As my sweet lovely Jean!

VII.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

Victor Hugo.

IT snowed. A defeat was our conquest red!
For once, the eagle was hanging its head.

Sad days! The Emperor turned slowly his back
On smoking Moscow, blent orange and black.
The winter burst, avalanche-like to reign
Over the endless blanched sheet of the plain.
Nor chief nor banner in order could keep—
The wolves of warfare were 'wildered like sheep.
The wings from centre could hardly be known
Through snow o'er horses and carts o'erthrown,
Where froze the wounded. In the bivouacs forlorn
Strange sights and gruesome met the breaking morn:
Mute were the bugles, while the men bestrode
Steeds turned to marble, unheeding the goad.
The shells and bullets came down with the snow
As though the heavens hated these poor troops below.
Surprised at trembling, though it was with cold,
Who ne'er had trembled out of fear, the veterans bold
Marched stern; to grizzled mustache hoarfrost clung
'Neath banners that in leaden masses hung.

It snowed, went snowing still. And chill the breeze
Whistled upon the grassy endless seas,
Where naked feet on, on forever went,
With naught to eat, and not a sheltering tent.
They were not living troops as seen in war,
But merely phantoms of a dream, afar
In darkness wandering, amid the vapor dim,—
A mystery; of shadows a procession grim,
Nearing a blackening sky, unto its rim.
Frightful, since boundless, solitude behold.
Where only Nemesis wove, mute and cold,
A net all snowy with its soft meshes dense.
A shroud of magnitude for host immense;
Till every one felt as if left alone
In a wide wilderness where no light shone.
To die, with pity none, and none to see
That from this mournful realm none should get free.
Their foes the frozen North and Czar—that, worst.
Cannon were broken up in haste accurst
To burn the frames and make the pale fire high,
Where those lay down who never woke, or woke to die.
Sad and commingled, groups that blindly fled
Were swallowed smoothly by the desert dread.

'Neath folds of blankness, monuments were raised
O'er regiments. And History, amazed,
Could not record the ruin of this retreat,—
Unlike a downfall known before, or the defeat
Of Hannibal—reversed and wrapped in gloom!
Of Attila, when nations met their doom!
Perished an army—fled French glory then,
Though there the Emperor! He stood and gazed
At the wild havoc, like a monarch dazed
In woodland hoar, who felt the shrieking saw—
He, living oak, beheld his branches fall, with awe.
Chiefs, soldiers, comrades died. But still warm love
Kept those that rose all dastard fear above,
As on his tent they saw his shadow pass—
Backwards and forwards; for they credited, alas!
His fortune's star! It could not, could not be
That he had not his work to do—a destiny?
To hurl him headlong from his high estate
Would be high treason in his bondman, Fate.
But all the while he felt himself alone,
Stunned with disasters few have ever known.
Sudden, a fear came o'er his troubled soul;
What more was written on the Future's scroll?
Was this an expiation? It must be, yea!
He turned to God for one enlightening ray.
"Is this the vengeance, Lord of Hosts?" he sighed:
But the first murmur on his parched lips died.
"Is this the vengeance? Must my glory set?"
A pause: his name was called; of flame a jet
Sprang in the darkness;—a Voice answered: "No! Not yet."

VIII.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

By Eugene J. Hall.

An old wooden school-house, worn, batterred and brown,
Still stands on a hill, in a New Hampshire town.
Its rafters are rotten, its floor is decayed,
The chinks in its ceiling by children were made;
Its benches are broken, its threshold is worn,
The maps on the walls are discolored and torn;
Its rickety desk, its tall, splint-bottomed chair,
And old-fashioned stove are all out of repair.
Forlorn and forsaken, and left to decay,
It stands on the hill-top, a ruin, to-day.

Here met, long ago, on one evening in seven,
The rustic wiseacres "o' district eleven,"
For social amusement and earnest debate
On questions of freedom, of finance, and state.
Here gathered the neighbors, all gayly together,
To talk of the times, of the crops, and the weather.

A warm fire burned bright in the old-fashioned stove.
The light from the candles gleamed out through the grove.
The school-room was filled with "the pride o' the place,"
And pleasure was seen on each mirth-beaming face.
Squire Sollit was "chosen to sit in the chair;"
He walked to the desk with a dignified air,
And, fixing his eyes on the ceiling o'erhead,
He sat, for a time, thinking what should be said;
Then, placing one hand on his smooth-shaven chin,
He pushed back his chair and arose to begin:

"A-hem!"

The room had grown still, not a whisper was heard,
All listened to hear his first audible word:

"A-ha! a-hem!"

He quietly clasped his huge hands on his chest;
He twirled his thick thumbs o'er his black satin vest;
And, wagging his round, shining, comical head,
He drew a long breath and then solemnly said:

"A-ha! a-hem! Ladies an' Gentlemen an' Feller Citizens; a-ha! a-hem!"

A little girl giggled, a staid spinster frowned;
He suddenly stopped, and looked gravely around,
And then, quite confused, without purpose or plan,
He grasped the old desk, with both hands, and began:

"A-ha! a-hem! a-has I said afore, a-hem! Ladies an' Gentlemen an' Feller Citizens, a-ha! a-hem! we hev come together this evenin' fur the puppus o', a-ha! a-hem! or ruther fur the ostensible puppus o', a-hem! suppressin' the press, an' the, a-ha! a-hem! a-hevils o' the press w'ich is becomin' so, a-ha! a-hem! 'pressive.

"A-ha! a-hem! Ladies an' Gentlemen an' Feller Citizens, the press, an' the, a-ha! a-hevils o' the press is *be*-comin' very, a-ha! a-hem, 'pressive—'pressive to, a-ha! a-hem! you an' 'pressive to, a-ha! a-hem! me; an', *there*-fore, 'tis to be *ho*-ped that you will take the best means o' suppressin' the, a-ha! a-hem! press an' the, a-ha! a-hevils o' the, a-ha! a-hem! press w'ich is *be*-comin' so, a-ha! a-hem! 'pressive.

"A-ha! a-hem! Ladies an' Gentlemen an' Feller Citizens, a-ha! a-havin considered the subjec', a-ha! a-havin' giv' you my, a-ha! a-hull idees on't, a-ha! a-havin' showed the *ne*-cessity o' suppressin' the, a-ha! a-hem! press an' the, a-ha! a-hevils o' the, a-ha! a-hem! press, w'ich is becomin' so 'pressive, I leave the, a-ha! a-hem! press an' the, a-ha! a-hevils o' the, a-ha! a-hem! press to the debate o' those app'inted fur the, a-ha! a-hem! puppus."

He drew his silk handkerchief forth from his hat;
He wiped his moist features and downward he sat;
Forgetting his chair had been pushed to the wall,
He sank to the floor with a terrible fall.
The old school-house trembled, from rafter to sill.

Above the old desk, near his overturned seat,
Arose the great soles of his picturesque feet
Like haystacks, that stand on the brow of a hill.
He leaped to his feet, with a scratch on his nose,
And asked, in a quiet but crestfallen way:
"Hez nobody present got nothin' to say?"
Then modestly hushed the applause that arose.

Soon young Peter Plumsted attempted to speak;
His "accents" were low, and exceedingly weak;
He twisted his fingers, he shuffled his feet,
His plain, nervous features "turned red as a beet,"
He fastened his eyes on a crack in the floor,
He stood in confusion, a minute or more,
With quivering lips, and with shivering knees,
And faltered in fright "a few feeble idees."

"M-Mr. Chairman, I-I told ou-our folks ef they'd co-come to-to this me-meetin' to-to-night th-that I-I would speak to-to this me-meetin' to-to-night, an' so ou-our folks co-come to this me-meetin' to-night, an' ez I-I told ou-our folks that I-I would speak to-to this me-meetin' to-night, I-I am goin' to-to speak to-to this me-meetin' to-night. Ou-our folks is here to-to this meetin' to-night, an' other fo-folks is here to-to this meetin' to-to-night. Wh-what I wus goin' to-to say wus, that ou-our folks-a—what I wa-wanted to say wus that ou-our folks, a—with th-these f-few remarks I-I co-*coincide* with your views."

He might have said more, had not Solomon Creech,
Who stuttered and stammered sometimes in his speech,
Arose with a smile on his "rubicund face,"
And struggled to tell what he thought of the case.

"Mr. T-t-t-t-t——Mr. T-t-t-t-t——Mr. T-t-t-t-t——W-w-w-why-Mr. T-t-t-t-t."

He sank to his seat with a look of dismay
The words would not come that he wanted to say.

A sturdy young farmer, with coarse, tawny hair,
Arose to his feet, with a curious stare,
And, scratching the top of his ponderous head,
He turned to the chairman and earnestly said:

"I doant b'leeve in s'pressin on the cider-press, coz ef I did, what 'ud I du with my appels. Hey? Ef we went to s'pressin' on the cider-press, what 'ud we du fur cider? Ef we didn't hev cider, what 'ud we du fur b'iled cider? Ef we didn't hev b'iled cider, what 'ud we do fur appel sass? Life 'thout appel sass ud be

'Ez like a schooner 'thout a sail,
Ez like a comet 'thout a tail;
Ez like a fiddle 'thout a bow,
Or like a winter 'thout a-a-a-snow.'"

Then old Deacon Barlow, who could not restrain
His thoughts on the subject, arose to explain:

"Neighbor Pettibone, we wa'nt a talkin' on the cider press, we wus a talkin' on the printin' press."

Then followed a pause of five minutes or more,
Till Israel Hubbard walked out on the floor.
He grasped the lapels of his ancient gray coat;
He soberly cleared his unmusical throat,
And raising his voice to a high nasal key,
He made a great "pint" that nobody could see:

"Mis—ter Maw-derater, this ere suppressin' the press rayminds me o' the ten vargins, who got an in-vite to a big wed-din' in the scrip-tur's. Five ware wise, an' five ware fu-lish. Five tuk ile an' five tuk no ile. An' the hull ten went an' sot down on a big stun by the bride-groom's door. Bime-by they looked up an' seen the wed-din' a-comin', an' the five that tuk ile riz up, lit a match, an' lit the'r lamps; but the five that tuk no ile did-n't get up, did-n't light a match, an' *did*-n't light the'r lamps; and then the five that tuk no ile sez to the five that tuk ile, 'Give us o' ile,' but the five that tuk ile sez to the five that tuk no ile, 'We shell not give thee eny ile, least-wise, we won't hav eny ile for ourselves.' My friends, if we go to suppressin' the printin' press *we* won't hav eny *light* fur ourselves."

Being moved by the spirit, a Quaker in gray,
With *two tones in his voice,* then proceeded to say:

"Yea, verily brethren; Yea, verily sisters; Yea, verily all an' each o' you, the spirit urgeth an' beseecheth me to say that there is a great deal o' human natur' in mankind, especially the wimmin."

The Quaker sat down, and old Ichabod Pease,
Exclaimed without rising, *"Them's solid idees!"*
While, back in a corner, a "greenhorn" from Goshen
Cried out to the Chairman, "I second the motion."
Squire Sollit looked puzzled, then frowned at his wife,
And rapped on the desk with his broken jackknife.

The room was soon silent. The Chairman inquired
"Ef nobody else, who was present, desired
To make a few feeble remarks, or express
Some simple idees a-ha! a-hem, a-hon the press?"
A young man arose on the tips of his toes,
Who, gracefully wiping his aquiline nose,
Began in a mellow and woman-like tone,
To let the great question at issue alone:

"Mistah Speakah, sah. I suppose you ah not familyah with ouah ways in Boston, but we ah familyah with youah ways yah. What I have seen yah to-night cawys me back to the sunny houhs of childhood—would that I wah but a boy or a girl again. Many yahs ago I juced to sit on jondah little seat myself, when me little feet could scarcely touch the floah. I was vewy happy then. Am I happy now? Pon me honnah, I don't know—but would that I wah but a boy or girl again. Two little boys juced to attend these meetings togethah, in the sw-eet long ago; the appellation of one was John, the cognomen of the othah was Philandah. Now John was an exceedingly bad little boy, but Philandah (everybody loved little Philandah) was a vewy good little boy. After many yahs those two little boys gwew up to be men. John, as a mattah of coas, made a vewy bad man, and finally got into states-pwison foah *stealing hams;* but Philandah, deah little Philandah, is now one of the most influential and wespectable citizens of Boston. Behold him yah; he stands befoah you; that good little boy was myself."

As soon as Philander had taken his seat,
Theophilus Tomlinson sprang to his feet.
Just home for vacation from old Dartmouth College,
With mind overflowing with classical knowledge;
He poured forth a flood of grandiloquent prose,
And brought the debate to a glorious close.

"Mr-r-r. Pr-r-resident, sir-r, fr-r-rom the immor-r-rtal time when our gl-or-r-rious Pil-gr-r-rim Father-r-rs br-r-rought the star-r-spangled banner-r-r to this countr-r-ry, sir-r-r, we have been a p-hatr-r-riotic nation. They pl-anted upon the sac-r-red soil of Massachusetts, sir-r-r, the fir-r-rst gr-r-reat pr-r-rinciples of lib-er-r-rty, sir-r-r. Who can look upon our-r-r beauteous banner-r-r without emotions of pr-r-ride and p-hatr-r-riotism, sir-r-r? Who can stand beneath its star-r-ry folds without a thr-r-rill of r-r-rapture and delight, sir-r-r? The gr-r-randest sensation of my soul is the inwar-r-rd consciousness of being an Amer-r-rican citizen, sir-r-r. I shar-r-re this gl-or-r-rious feeling with ever-r-ry lover of liber-r-rty, sir-r-r. In union is str-r-rength, in str-r-rength is might, and in might is victor-r-ry, sir-r-r. Let for-r-reign foes who long to kill behold our-r-r banner-r-r, and be still. Let them per-r-mit that incompar-r-rable bir-r-rd, the Amer-r-rican eagle, to per-r-rch for-r-r-ever, undistur-r-rbed, upon the r-r-rock-r-r-ribbed summits of her-r-r native hills. To r-r-rise, to descend, and, like the f-habled Ph-hœnix, r-r-rise again; to sweep fr-r-rom tor-r-rid gulf to fr-r-r-rozen sea, to b-hathe her-r-r br-r-reast within the b-hounding b-hillows of the br-r-road Atlantic, and westwar-r-rd, like the star-r-r of empire, take her-r-r way, until she dips her-r-r wings within the salt spr-r-rays of the p-honder-r-rous Pacific, to soar-r-r, sir-r-r—w-w-why, g-g-gentlemen, t-t-to soar, sir-r-r, t-till she gets so-sor-re-re, sir-r-r, that she is utter-r-rly unable to soar-r-r any mor-re, sir-r-r!"

He sank out of sight, and the Squire, with a sigh, said: "A-hem: this ere meetin's adjourned *sin-or-die.*"

IX.

THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS.

By Charles Sumner.

[Delivered in Boston, July 4, 1845.]

[Charles Sumner, a distinguished statesman and orator, born Jan. 10, 1811, at Boston. Took no active part in politics until 1845, when he delivered before the municipal authorities of Boston his great oration, "The True Grandeur of Nations." Elected a U. S. Senator in 1851, he kept his seat until his death in 1874. His first important speech in the Senate was on the fugitive slave act, laying down the formula that "Freedom is national, and slavery sectional." His speech on "The Crime against Kansas" led to his being brutally assaulted in the Senate by Preston S. Brooks. Another important address was on "The Barbarism of Slavery." During the Civil War he made many powerful speeches, among them being "Our Foreign Relations" and "The Case of the Florida," also a eulogy on President Lincoln.]

THE true honor of a nation is to be found only in deeds of justice and beneficence, securing the happiness of its people, all of which are inconsistent with war. In the clear eye of Christian judgment vain are its victories; infamous are its spoils. He is the true benefactor, and alone worthy of honor, who brings comfort where before was wretchedness; who dries the tear of sorrow; who pours oil into the wounds of the unfortunate; who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked; who unlooses the fetter of the slave; who does justice; who enlightens the ignorant; who, by his virtuous genius, in art, in literature, in science, enlivens and exalts the hours of life; who, by words or actions, inspires a love for God and for man. This is the Christian hero, this is the man of honor in a Christian land. He is no benefactor, nor deserving of honor, whatever his worldly renown, whose life is passed in acts of brute force; who renounces the great law of Christian brotherhood; whose vocation is blood.

These views differ from opinions most popular with the world down to this day. The voice of man is yet given to the praise of military chieftains, and the honors of victory are chanted even by the lips of woman. The mother, while rocking her infant on her knees, stamps upon his tender mind, at that age more impressible than wax, the images of war; she nurses his slumbers with its melodies; she pleases its waking hours with its stories; and selects for his playthings the plume and the sword. And when the youth becomes a man, his country invites his services in war, and holds before his bewildered imagination prizes of worldly honor. For him is the pen of the historian and the verse of the poet. His soul is taught to swell at the thought that he also is a soldier; that his name shall be entered on the list of those who have borne arms in the cause of their country; and perhaps he dreams that he too may sleep with a hundred trophies over his grave. It is not strange, then, that the Spirit of War still finds a home among us; nor that its honors continue to be regarded.

In unfolding the true grandeur of nations, we encounter a practice or custom, sanctioned by the law of nations, and constituting a part of that law, which exists in defiance of all those principles of morals and religion which regulate the conduct of individuals. If it is wrong and inglorious in individuals to consent and agree to determine their controversies by combat, it must be equally wrong and inglorious for nations to consent and agree to determine their vaster controversies by combat. Here is a positive, precise, and specific evil, of gigantic proportions, inconsistent with all that is truly honorable, making within the sphere of its influence all true grandeur impossible.

When we consider, firstly, the character of war, the resort to brute force, whereby each nation strives to overpower the other; and, secondly, the miseries it produces, severing all relations and commerce between the belligerent nations, and every individual thereof, impressing upon each citizen or subject the character of enemy and debasing man, the soldier; and, thirdly, its utter and shameful insufficiency, as a mode of determining justice, we may be able to decide strictly and logically whether it must not be ranked with crimes from which no true honor can spring, to individuals or nations, but rather condemnation and shame.

Viewed in the unclouded light of truth, what is war but organized murder; murder of malice aforethought; in cold blood; under the sanctions of an impious law; through the operation of an extensive machinery of crime; with innumerable hands; at incalculable cost of money; by subtle

contrivances of cunning and skill; or amidst the fiendish atrocities of the savage brutal assault?

Mankind, blind to the real character of war, while condemning the ordinary malefactor, may continue yet a little longer to crown its giant actors with glory. A generous posterity may pardon to unconscious barbarism the atrocities which they have waged; but the whole custom—and it is of this that I speak—though sanctioned by existing law, cannot escape the unerring judgment of reason and religion. The outrages, which it madly permits and invokes for professed purposes of justice, cannot be authorized by any human power; and they must rise in overwhelming judgment, not only against those who wield the weapons of battle, but against all who uphold its monstrous arbitrament.

True greatness consists in imitating the perfections of an infinite Creator; above all, in cultivating those highest perfections, justice and love; justice, which shall not swerve to the right hand or to the left; love, which shall regard all mankind of kin. The true greatness of nations is in those qualities which constitute the true greatness of the individual.

The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man. The surest tokens of this grandeur, in a state, are that Christian beneficence, which diffuses the greatest happiness among the greatest number, and that passionless, God-like justice, which controls the relations of the state to other states, and to all the people committed to its charge.

But war crushes with bloody heel all beneficence, all happiness, all justice, all that is God-like in man. It suspends every commandment of the Decalogue. It sets at naught every principle of the Gospel. It silences all law, human as well as divine, except only that blasphemous code of its own, the laws of war.

When, oh! when shall arise Christian people, who, in the spirit of true greatness, shall proclaim, that henceforward forever the trial by battle shall cease; that "these battles" shall be abolished throughout the commonwealth of civilization, and that a spectacle so degrading shall never be allowed again to take place; and that it is the duty of nations, involving of course the highest policy, to establish love between each other, and, in all respects, at all times, with all persons, whether their own people or the people of other lands, to be governed by the sacred law of right, as between man and man. May God speed the coming of that day!

X.

THE MISSION OF JOAN OF ARC.

By Archbishop Ireland.

[Delivered May 8, 1899, in the cathedral at Orleans, France, during the celebration in honor of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, born at Domremy, January 13, 1412.]

THERE are on the pages of humanity's story glories so sublime that all peoples see them; inspirations so potent that all peoples thrill from them. Such are the glories, Jeanne d'Arc, of thy deeds; such the inspirations of thy virtues. Thou belongest, first, indeed, to France; but thou belongest, also, to humanity; and wherever celebration is made in thy honor citizens of all countries may, without offense, be present and unite with the people of thy own land in offering to thee the tribute of reverence and of love.

There are in the great human family certain privileged nations whose providential destiny has been and still is to exercise far beyond their territorial frontiers precious and fecund influence in aid of the highest interests of religion and of civilization, and in this manner to link to themselves in closest ties other countries of the earth. Such has been thy destiny, France, and such still is thy destiny. Thou hast been and thou art a world nation, and when citizens of other countries, beneficiaries of thy favors, with hearts overflowing with gratitude and affection, come to thy shores, they will refuse to believe that they are unwelcomed by thee, and unbidden to take part in thy sweetest joys and most sacred festivities.

From afar, Jeanne d'Arc, from distant America, I come to speak thy praises, to speak the praises of thy France. Jeanne d'Arc, I salute thee; France, I salute thee. Most dear to me is the present moment. Prelate of Orleans, I thank you for the happiness which is mine.

I am to speak to France—to France so nobly represented in my audience by her clergy, her army, her national administration, her magistracy, her people.

This is an age of human action. It is action all around us, in things material, in

things social, in things intellectual. Yet, often where most sacred interests are concerned, as when country and church are at issue, there is profound inertia among those to whom such interests are intrusted. They are timid and indolent; at times, even, they dare cloak their timidity and indolence in the habiliments of confidence in God and of respect for His providence. There are men who make of their inertia a religious doctrine; so used to do nothing and to see nothing done around them, they fall into the belief that doing nothing is the normal condition willed by Almighty God, and that to censure those who display activity is to serve God.

The question was put to Jeanne by the theologians of Poitiers: "Jeanne, you ask that soldiers be given you, and you say at the same time that it is God's pleasure to drive the English from the kingdom of France. If such is God's pleasure, you do not need soldiers, for alone God can defeat the English and make them return to their country." Jeanne answered, "In God's name soldiers will do the fighting and God will give the victory."

Jeanne's maxim was: "Let us work and God will work." When victory was to be gained, this was her conduct: "I said to my soldiers, 'Go, braves, into the ranks of the English,' and I went myself."

Christians, be ours the maxim, the conduct of Jeanne. Work for country and for church, work energetically and perseveringly, work when others work with you, work when you are alone, work as God desires. Where there is no work, there is no life; where there is not life there is death. As each one works or does nothing, country and church to a degree prosper or suffer.

From Jeanne d'Arc we receive two most important lessons—love of country and love of church. In her whole life Jeanne was the embodiment of patriotism and of religion, of country and of church.

Country and church! The one symbolizing the interests of earth; the other, the interests of heaven; country preparing the way for church, church blessing and ennobling country—both so beautiful and so sublime that a soul capable of loving one must needs love the other—both from God, country through the ordinary laws of nature, church through an immediate dispensation of divine mercy, both demanding from us in the name of the Most High tender affection and loyal service.

Only in aggregations of fellow-beings do men grow into full moral and intellectual stature and reach out to the purposes of life. The aggregation of the family is too restricted; that of humanity too large and too undefined. The country is necessary. The Lord directs the formations of countries; geographical lines, historical weldings of populations, similarities of aspirations and of temper, reveal His designs. The country gathers into its entity all that is dearest and most valuable to men. Instincts compel love of country, religion commands and sanctifies it. After love of God is love of country, family and self—yielding before it their own claims. It was St. Louis of France who marked the measure of human affections: "God, France and Margaret."

For my part, purified and strengthened in my affection of country by the example of Jeanne d'Arc, I go back from Orleans to America more American than ever I have been, pledged, America, with all the intensity of my soul, to love and admire thee, my country—personification of liberty in authority and of authority in liberty—to battle for thy noble institutions, to labor until death, as citizen and as bishop, for thy welfare and thy honor. Jeanne d'Arc, for the good thou hast done my American heart, I thank thee.

XI.

THE TRIUMPH OF BILL.

By Henry Watson Jakeway.

HIS baptismal appellation was Gustavus Reginald, which was a formidable name for a very small boy; so mamma and papa and Daisy called him Gussie.

Gussie chanced to be a gentleman's son. He wore great white collars, and was urgently counseled by mamma not to soil his hands, nor to "run wild with those horrid boys in the street." For these reasons he played only on the lawns, and Daisy was his sole companion.

Gussie's limbs were slender, and his face and hands were delicate, but he was a boy, nevertheless; and he often yearned for the companionship of boys, and wished he

was stronger and rougher. The means that boys learn in the streets and elsewhere of relieving themselves of various peculiar and undefined emotions were unknown to Gussie. He had never pelted draymen and fruit venders, nor been the terror of his neighbors, nor partaken of the exhilaration of "working" surprises of a more or less exciting nature on people generally These things were outside the garden walls. He secretly idealized the boy who came along occasionally and solemnly tipped him a wink through the palings and who viewed the world complacently with his hands in his trousers pockets. Gussie longed to feel knowing and sturdy, but he could not. Accordingly, there were times when he would suddenly fly into a passion, and declare bitterly that he was "just like a girl, and had a girl's name, too."

But one spring his great idol, Uncle Jack, came for a visit. Gussie was so delighted that he forgot his troubles, and even forgot Daisy for a day. At all times —even when sitting lazily in his chair— Uncle Jack gave the impression that somewhere behind those steady, smiling eyes and in those strong hands there was a power to inspire confidence in any need. He had become a greater hero than ever; he was a university athlete, and it made Gussie thrill with admiration and ambition to watch him at his exercises, and to hear his tales of college sports.

Above all, Uncle Jack—not only because he knew that the surest way to win the confidence of a boy, or a man either, is to understand his ideal and act accordingly, but from natural bigness of heart—treated the puny, sensitive boy just as if he had been the sturdy hero he longed to be. He rigged up a chest-weight machine to suit Gussie's strength, taught him how to develop different muscles, praised his readiness and activity, gave heed to his talk, and slapped him on the back, and called him "Bill."

So fairly born again, and newly christened, Bill went about walking on air, inflating his lungs, and feeling for his biceps and triceps. He expressed a strong desire to meet Uncle Jack's friend, Burns, the shot-putter, and spoke deprecatingly of the athletic efforts of the gardener and his friends in the stable yard. All of which naturally alarmed mamma. She said Uncle Jack was spoiling the boy. The disreputable name would cling to him all his life, she averred. She knew of plenty of such cases, and cited some. But papa and Uncle Jack laughed, and said they believed it would not do him any harm.

However, it became evident to Bill that no one gave him his new name as boisterously as Uncle Jack did—as if it was a natural name for him. Daisy would say it in her pretty way, and papa, and even mamma, would sometimes call him Bill, caressingly; but it was always said playfully. The gentle sarcasm hurt Bill. He felt that his adopted name was one worth having, and he longed to merit it. So he swaggered a little, and let fall dark hints about being a great deal stronger than he looked. But when he asked Daisy to feel his muscle, she, instead of being impressed, would innocently ask him to feel hers. And when he gave her to understand that when Uncle Jack was a boy he was no bigger than he; that after awhile he (Bill) was going to learn boxing, and would be able to thrash any boy of his age; and that he had a strong notion to go and punch some boy right then, Daisy would say: "The boys are rough and would hurt you, Gussie." Then he would quarrel with Daisy, and demand why she did not call him by his proper name when she was in earnest.

Their quarrels were soon "made up," however, although Daisy did not always know why Bill had been cross with her.

One day, after Uncle Jack had declared he was "fagged out romping," and had gone to write a letter, Daisy and Bill were playing near the greenhouse, in a favorite corner where they lived when they were "at home." Many flower-pots and boxes were heaped near the wall, and Daisy was arranging them to her satisfaction before calling Bill to inspect some new triumph of housekeeping. A large box of plants had been brought out and carelessly left on a ledge, and in some way that Daisy could never recall, one end of it slipped and pinned her arms to the pile of pots. She screamed wildly. Bill, hard by, gave a shout, and seized the box, setting his teeth in the wood in his excitement and passion, while fearful thoughts possessed him. Would Daisy die? What would Uncle Jack think if he did not save her? Would he be strong enough? . . . Yes; for a moment Bill experienced a happier thrill

than the hero of ten thousand tongues—and Daisy was free. But just then something snapped in his back, and his strength was all gone; the heavy box fell free, and struck the little athlete to the ground.

Uncle Jack, sitting in the library, heard Daisy's screams, and ran out. He threw the box aside, and carried Bill gently to his bed.

For a long time Bill lay, sometimes very quiet, and sometimes moaning as mamma had heard him moan in his sleep when he had gone to bed more than usually tired. At last he opened his eyes, and asked for Daisy. But when they brought her, he was lying without any sign of life, and did not speak when she looked at him through her tears and said softly: "It's Daisy."

Papa told her to speak to him again.

"Gussie," she said, "look at my arms. They're all better now; but they'd been broken if you hadn't been so strong. And you'll be better soon, won't you? Oh! I'm so sorry—*Bill.*"

Then Bill, without opening his eyes, smiled a bright smile that made Daisy cry much more, without knowing why. She shrank away and hid her face; and so she did not see mamma bowed over the bed, and papa holding his head with both hands, and Uncle Jack dropping hot tears very fast on the counterpane; nor the doctor's subdued look, that told them her little comrade would never smile again.

ENTERTAINMENTS

TWELFTH NIGHT SOCIAL.

BY STANLEY SCHELL.

[Twelfth Night (January 6), the time of feast and dance, of masque and revelry, springs, no less than Christmas and Easter, from a very early custom of celebrating the mystery of the changing seasons. The festival, which takes place twelve days after Christmas, and which is popularly known in England as Twelfth Night, and in the Church as Epiphany, is the anniversary of three different occasions whereon Christ manifested His glory: (1) In His adoration in the manger by the three Wise Men from the East; (2) in His baptism, when a voice from heaven proclaimed Him the Son of God; (3) in the marriage of Cana, when He began His miracles by changing water into wine.]

Send out invitations at least two weeks beforehand.

Form of Invitation.

Send we greetynge to brave laddies and fair lassies. Come ye to the house of ye Mistress Gaynyng, at ye early candle lytning to join ye merrie companie in ye pasttimes and customs of ye Twelfth Night.

Costumes: Elizabethan.

Points for Hostess.

1. Decorate house in all sorts of places with mistletoe—chandeliers, doorways, banisters, picture-frames, curtains, etc. Decorate tables with holly, mistletoe and evergreen.

2. Prepare character cards for all the guests, each card to contain the word king, or queen, knight, lord, earl, lady-in-waiting, maid-of-honor, page, lady of royal chamber, etc.; also under the character write an appropriate verse. Fold all character cards the same way and size, and number each one on the outside, the women character cards 2, 4, 6, 8, etc., the men character cards 1, 3, 5, 7, etc. Be sure the king is No. 1 and the queen No. 2. Put woman character cards into a man's hat, and men character cards into a lady's reticule. Put these on a decorated table in drawing-room.

3. Place a large king's cake, baked in a round sheet like a pie, and containing a small china doll or piece of silver money, on centre of refreshment table, decorated with candles. Bake a Twelfth Night cake, containing wedding-ring, engagement-ring, dime, quill, small bag of flour, and three pieces of cloth, black, blue, and white.

4. Place slips of paper and pencils for all guests on small table in drawing-room.

Place on same table twelve large candles and twelve small baskets, a basket beside every candle.

5. Place on another table in drawing-room horns, tin-pans, trumpets, harmonicas, piccolas, accordions, whistles, Jews-harps, etc., one for each guest.

The Social.

As a guest enters drawing-room, he receives slip of paper and pencil and is asked to select a candle, and to name it with name of person dearest to his heart, and whose constancy he wishes to test. He writes name of person on slip of paper, folds slip and puts into basket at foot of chosen candle. After all guests have named their candles, etc., hostess selects twelve ladies to light the candles simultaneously. After candles are lighted guests do not remain at this table, but pass on to the "character card" table, returning to this table when candles have nearly burned out. The candle that burns longest signifies that the names in the basket nearest it are true and constant. After the last candle dies out, the names in the lucky basket are read. If guests desire, the names in the other baskets are also read.

At "character card" table each guest selects a card from hat or reticule, according to sex, and holds it unopened. Guests are arranged according to numbers on outside of "character cards" No. 1, No. 2, etc. Then all are requested to open cards, and No. 1, the king, begins by reading verse on his card, each guest in turn following suit.

After reading of verses the king, who is declared king of the Twelfth Night for the coming year, leaves room and all guests sit in a semicircle. The king taps on door. A guest says, "The king is coming," whereupon all guests try to change seats. Meanwhile the king enters and tries to get a seat. The person left without a seat goes outside, and taps on the door. A guest shouts, "The queen is coming," or "The page is coming," or "The earl is coming," and then all scramble for new seats as before.

After this has been played for awhile hostess may suggest a "Guessing Game." Men guests leave room and the ladies arrange chairs in a semicircle. Each lady has a vacant chair next her which she names for one of the absent gentlemen. At signal men enter. Each sits on chair he thinks has been named for him. If wrong, he is clapped at by the lady on whose chair he sits, and he is compelled to leave room. The men that sit on right chairs remain. The empty chairs are again named, and the men outside try again and again until each chair is filled. The last man to get a chair has to wear a booby-cap.

The couples go to refreshment room, king and queen together, the others following in order of their rank. Each guest receives a dainty menu. Among other things, a small roast pig with a corncob in its mouth, apple sauce and pumpkin pies may be served. After the regular refreshments, the newly-elected king cuts the king cake, a piece for every guest. The king selects his piece; each guest in turn selects his piece in order of his rank. The guest that gets the china doll or silver piece will have a lucky year.

The table is cleared and the "Twelfth Night Cake" is placed on it and is cut by the king into as many parts as there are guests. Each guest selects as before. The guest getting the wedding-ring will be the first to wed. The engagement-ring winner will be the first engaged; the dime winner will have great riches; the quill winner will marry a lawyer or a blue stocking; the bag of flour winner will live on a farm or be a farmer; the black piece of cloth winner will marry or will be a clergyman; the blue cloth winner will be or marry a soldier; the white cloth winner will be an old maid or an old bachelor. After hostess discloses meaning of everything found in cake, loving-cup is passed around.

After refreshments and when guests are in drawing-room, a blindfolded violinist discloses the future of the guests. Sitting near a lady designated by the hostess, he is asked to tell whom a certain person is going to marry. As soon as asked, he bows low over the lady for a moment and then answers. His answers are considered oracular, and during the year he is known as the "headless fiddler."

After the fortune-telling each guest receives a muscial instrument from table. Guests seek partners and form in couples, each one playing on the instrument while the couples march around room. Instruments are placed on table and Sir Roger de Coverly is danced. All succeeding dances are rollicking and old-fashioned. Other games may be introduced, such as forfeits, family coach, the music-master, etc.

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BEN-HUR, PRELUDE—APPEARANCE OF THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM TO THE WISE MEN IN THE DESERT.

There seems no light on this marvelous stage-picture save that radiating from the star itself. So peaceful, far away, mysterious is the effect that the on-looker, if he can command his critical ability to an endeavor to explain effects, fancies the picture is seen through one or more bluish gauze curtains dropped between the picture and the audience. The perfection of this tableau, its "atmosphere," its religious mystery, transfers the thoughts and hearts of the audience from the feelings and beliefs of every day to a sympathy ready to appreciate, understand, and accept with reverence what follows.

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BEN-HUR, ACT I.—ROOF-TERRACE OF THE PALACE OF HUR AT JERUSALEM.

THE LITTLE FAMILY-CIRCLE, BEFORE THE BUGLE OF GRATUS SOUNDS THE TRAGEDY WHICH CONDEMNS BEN-HUR TO THE GALLEYS AND HIS MOTHER AND SISTER TO A LEPROUS DUNGEON.

MOTHER OF HUR—" Messala is gone, and Judah hath lost a friend. But what if the world forsake us, so that this little circle remains unbroken? "

The central figure, the mother, speaks. Notice the art in grouping, whereby the massiveness of the son emphasizes the delicacy of the mother, whose tender dignity still dominates; the brilliant hues of the girl's costume blending into the softer hues of the mother's, Ben-Hur's white robe setting off both.

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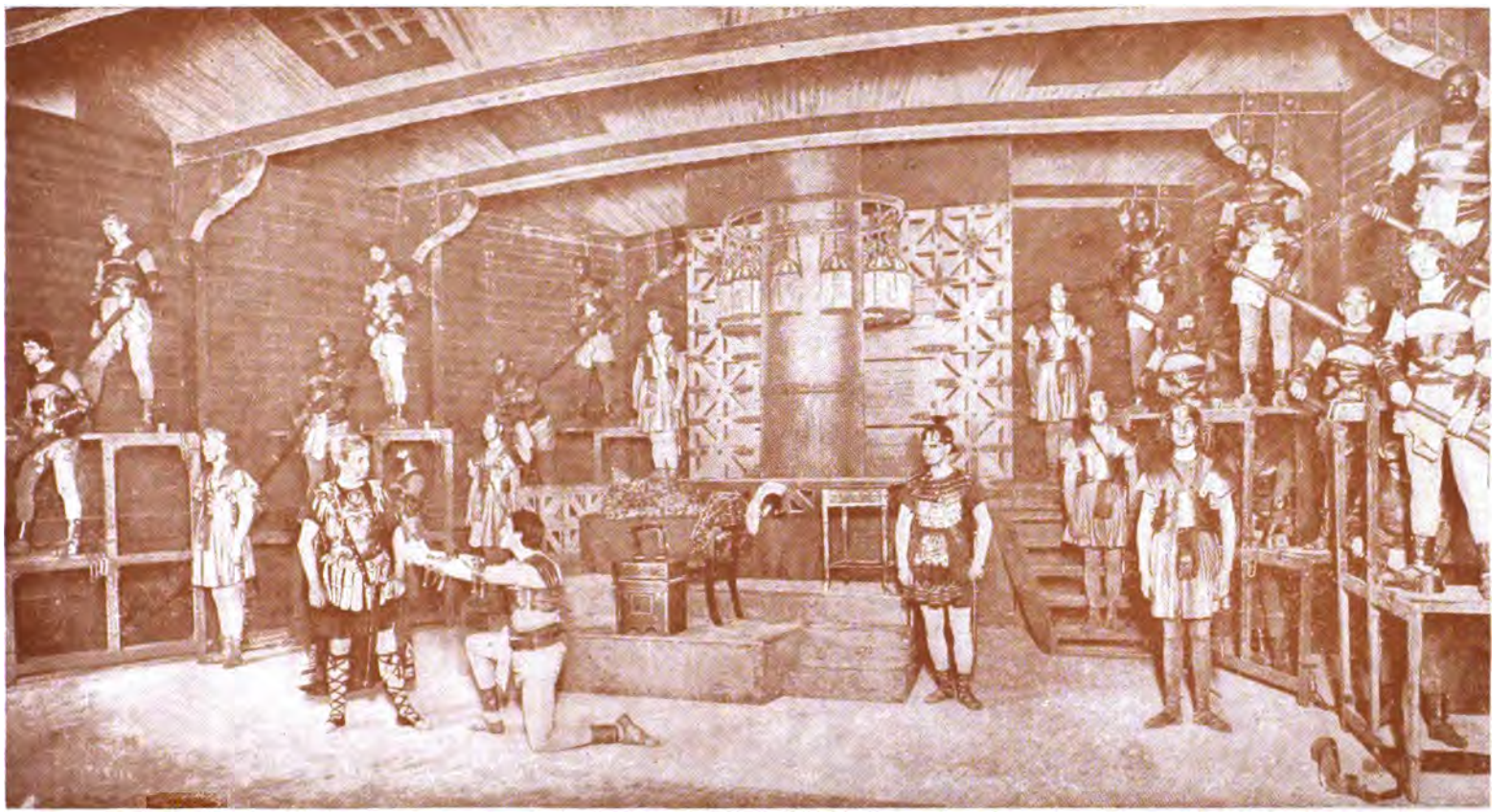
BEN-HUR, ACT I.—ROOF-TERRACE OF THE PALACE OF HUR AT JERUSALEM.

BEN-HUR, ARRESTED THROUGH THE TREACHERY OF MESSALA, PRAYS THAT IN THE HOUR OF HEAVEN'S VENGEANCE HIS MAY BE THE HAND TO PUT IT UPON THE FALSE FRIEND.

Messala stands well forward at the stage left (the right as the audience looks). In about the same position, stage right, the mother is held by two soldiers. Ben Hur, in the hands of two guards, occupies the center. In the background, to the right, seen between the Ben-Hur and the mother groups, the daughter crouches. Balancing her position, Amrah (the figure appearing over Messala's shoulder in the picture) is seen to stage left. Note the fine swing and balance of Ben-Hur's pose



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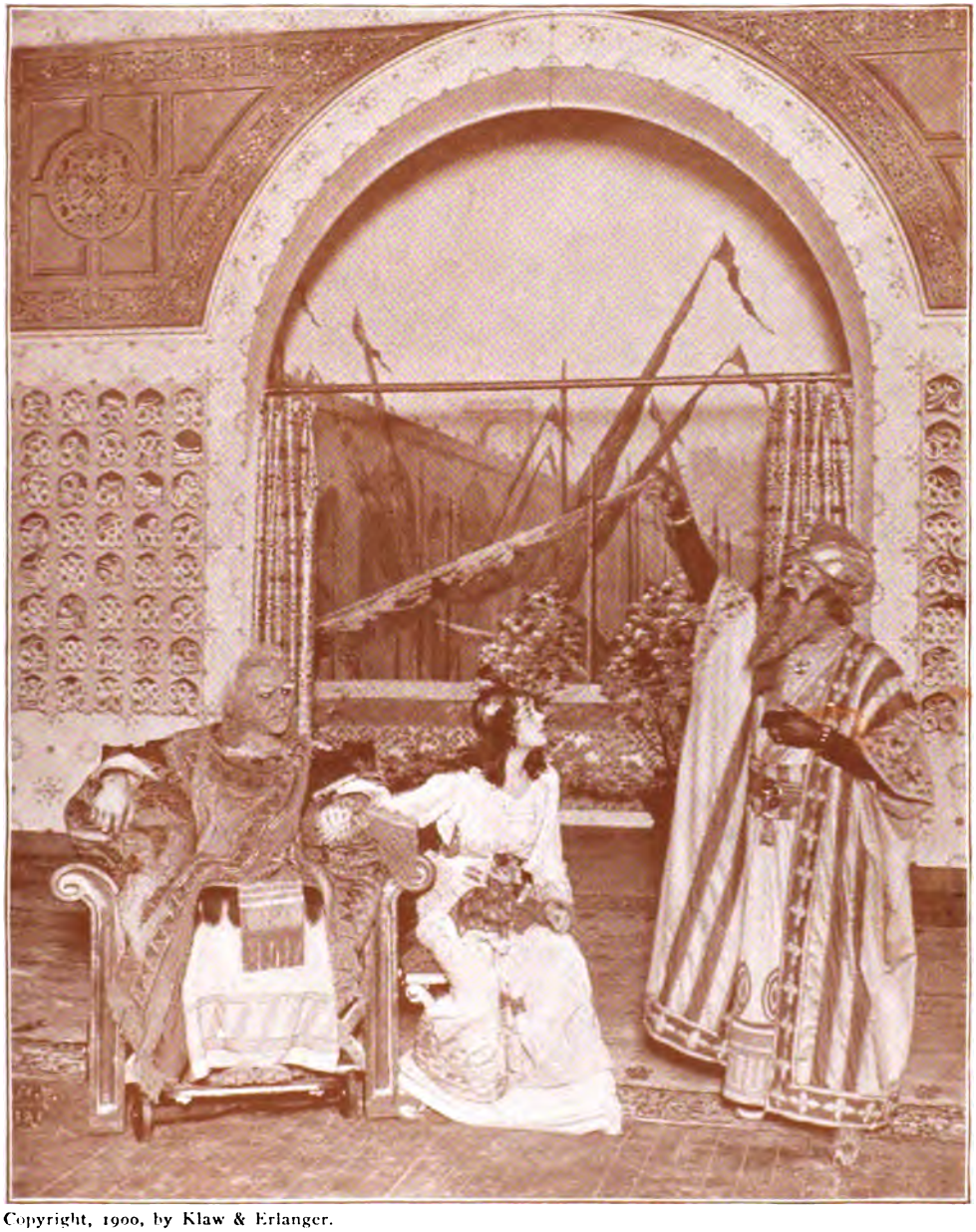
BEN-HUR, ACT II.—BETWEEN DECKS OF THE ROMAN TRIREME, "ASTREA."

BEN-HUR—"Oh, noble Tribune! Think of me what thou wilt; but if thou knowest aught of my mother or sister, tell me—I beseech thee, tell me!"

The figures at the sides rest on their oars. The whole scene seems to be in murky half dark, the back center only, where the tribune's desk and seat stand, being lighted by hanging lanterns. Note the tribune's strong pose, backward, the repelling power of the upheld shoulder toward Ben Hur and the outturned elbows. Ben-Hur's shoulders droop; the hands are outflung on straight arms, the flexibility of the left foot, which permits the heel to drop and the instep and toe to follow the floor-line, is a mark of training which shows the well-equipped actor. The young guard to the stage left of the desk platform stands in good, soldierly easy pose.



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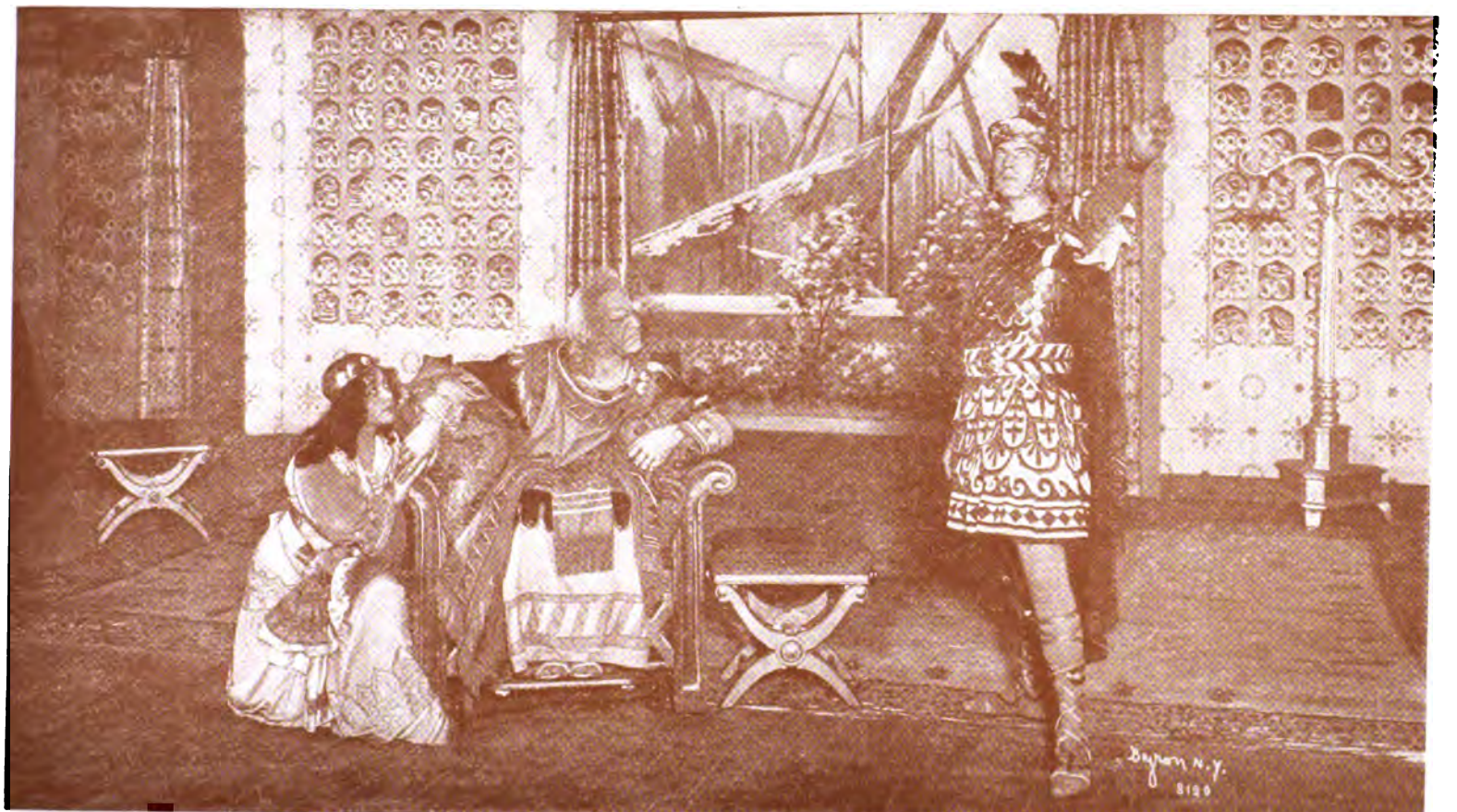
BEN-HUR, ACT III.—ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF SIMONIDES AT ANTIOCH.

SHEIK ILDERIM RELATES HOW THERE ONCE CAME TO HIM IN THE DESERT THREE STRANGERS, FLYING FROM THE WRATH OF HEROD. GUIDED BY A WONDROUS STAR IN THE EAST THEY HAD FOUND AND WORSHIPPED IN BETHLEHEM, OF JUDEA, A CHILD BORN KING OF THE JEWS.

Esther's pose is at once natural and dramatic; the face uplifted on drooped throat, is gentle and modest. Her hair, which appears dark in the picture, is blond. Ilderim's pose is marred in effect by inflexible drapery These pictures, taken from actual scenes as produced at Broadway Theater, New York, serve to point the difference between the dramatic in action and in picture. The instant's rest which marks the climax of action we have watched may be wholly satisfactory to the audience. That same instant pictured must be modified to meet the more critical demand of the on-looker, who judges the picture not only as a climax of action but as a picture, and who requires a harmony of line and proportion, not needed when the action is the chief interest.



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BEN-HUR, ACT III.—HOUSE OF SIMONIDES AT ANTIOCH.

BEN-HUR PRESENTS HIMSELF TO SIMONIDES AS THE LOST SON OF THE HOUSE OF HUR, TELLING OF HIS SLAVERY ON THE GALLEY OF ARRIUS AND HIS ADOPTION BY THE ROMAN TRIBUNE. HENCE HIS ROMAN SOLDIER'S GARB. ARRIUS IS NOW DEAD AND BEN-HUR HAS BEGUN SEARCH FOR HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.

Note the parallel feet of the cripple Simonides, and, in strong contrast to the helplessness suggested in their placing, the activity of the hands. The whole group is near the footlights, the chair of the old man being slanted a little up stage, breaking thus the straightness of a line that otherwise would be monotonous.

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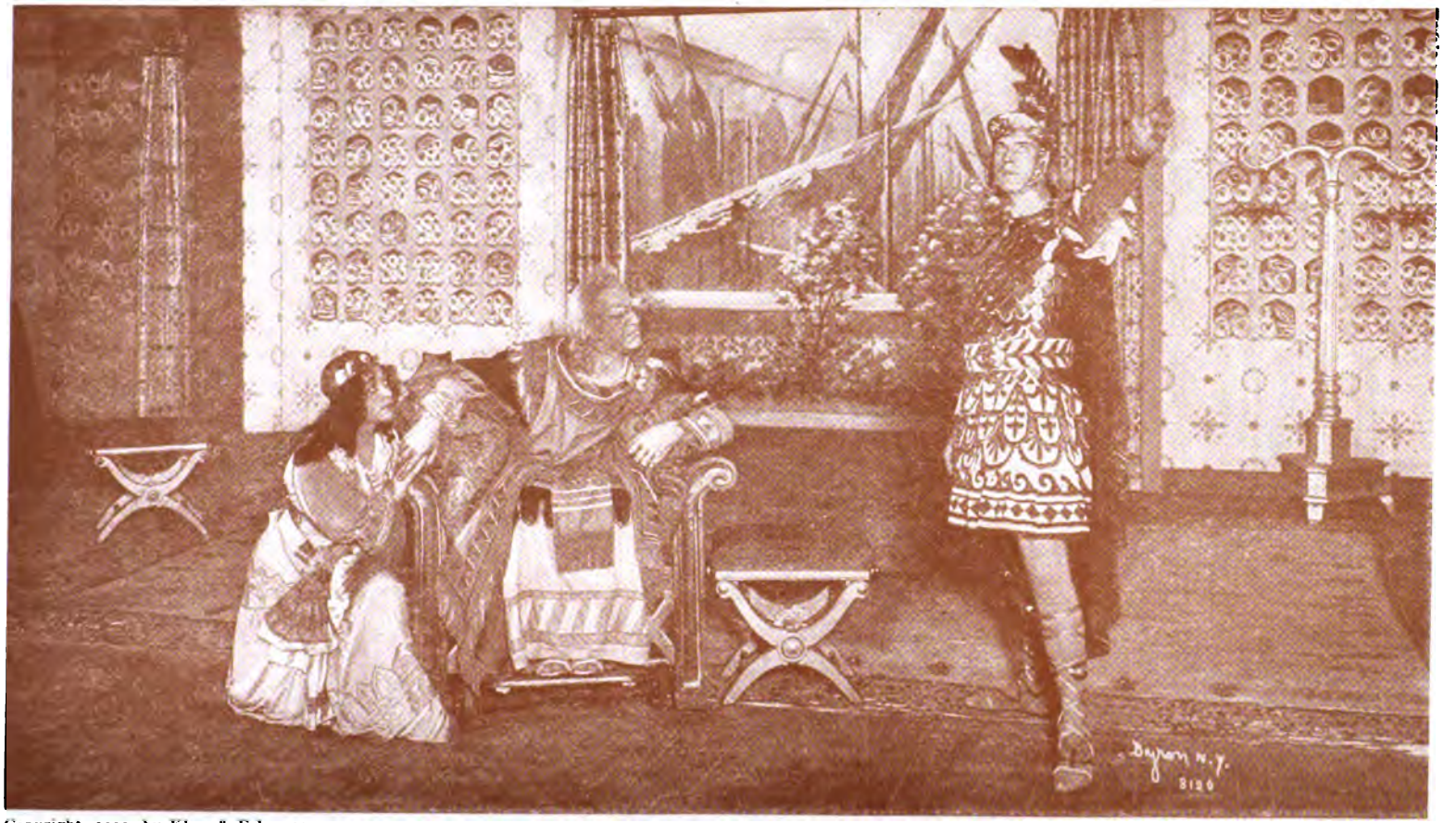
BEN-HUR, ACT III.—REVELS IN THE SPIDER'S WEB IN THE GROVE OF DAPHNE AT ANTIOCH.

"FAMED THROUGHOUT THE ANCIENT WORLD AS A PLEASURE-GROUND, REPLETE WITH 'ALL THAT DELIGHTS THE FIVE SENSES OF MAN,' AND NOTED ESPECIALLY FOR THE SPLENDOR, ABANDON, AND VOLUPTUOUS PAGEANTRY WITH WHICH THE WORSHIP OF APOLLO WAS HERE CELEBRATED."

New York, satiated with splendor in stage-settings and effects, was stirred by the completeness and beauty of this scene. The picture hardly more than suggests the stretch of background showing the hills and classic temples of Antioch. A fête is in progress in the grove of Daphne. An instant of an enchanting dance is shown. To stage right, young girls so lightly draped in cloud-thin folds, that every grace of movement is confessed; to stage left, boys and young children; all the upstretched hands lift fluttering fingers. The effect is of wind among white aspen leaves. Rock, temple and pillars statuary are so massive in effect, the green depths of the grove so real, that the very place and time seem again to live.



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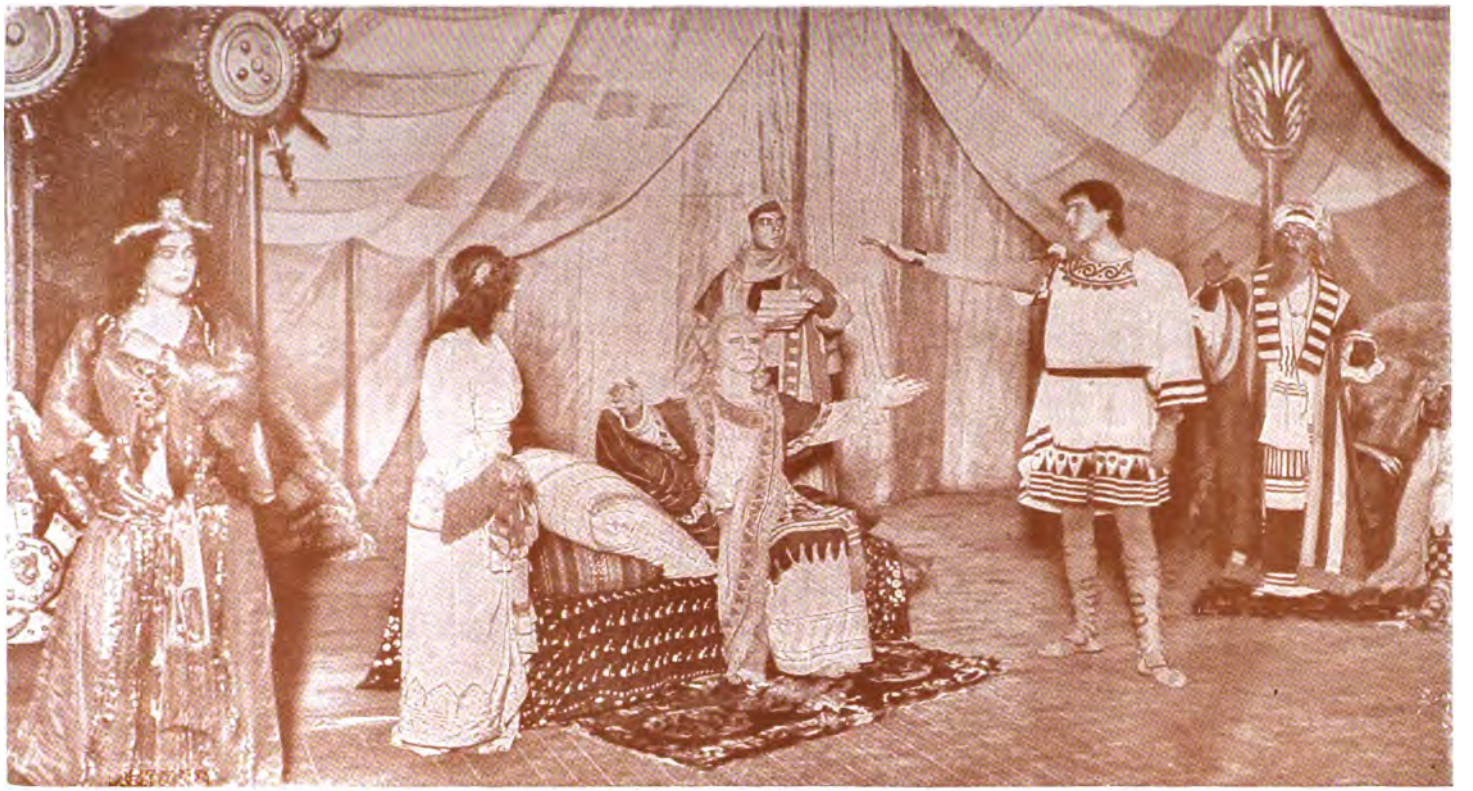
BEN-HUR, ACT IV.—DOWAR OF SHEIK ILDERIM IN THE ORCHARD OF PALMS.

SHEIK ILDERIM WELCOMES SIMONIDES AND ESTHER TO HIS TENT.

SHEIK ILDERIM "Enter in Allah's name! And may His name be praised, I have thee at last beneath my roof."

Ben-Hur stands back, stage left. Simonides, carried by two slaves and accompanied by his daughter Esther, has just entered and occupies stage center. Esther is led by Ilderim, whose costume of barbaric coloring contrasts well with her slender blondness and delicate draperies. Well forward, stage right, stands Iras, a figure of savage allurement, in robes diaphanous and splendid. Her beauty is Oriental and bold, long braids twined with pearls hang on her shoulders. Her glance is thrown toward Ben-Hur, whose blood is already stirred by the boldly shown preference of this desert beauty, daughter of Balthasar, the Egyptian Wise Man



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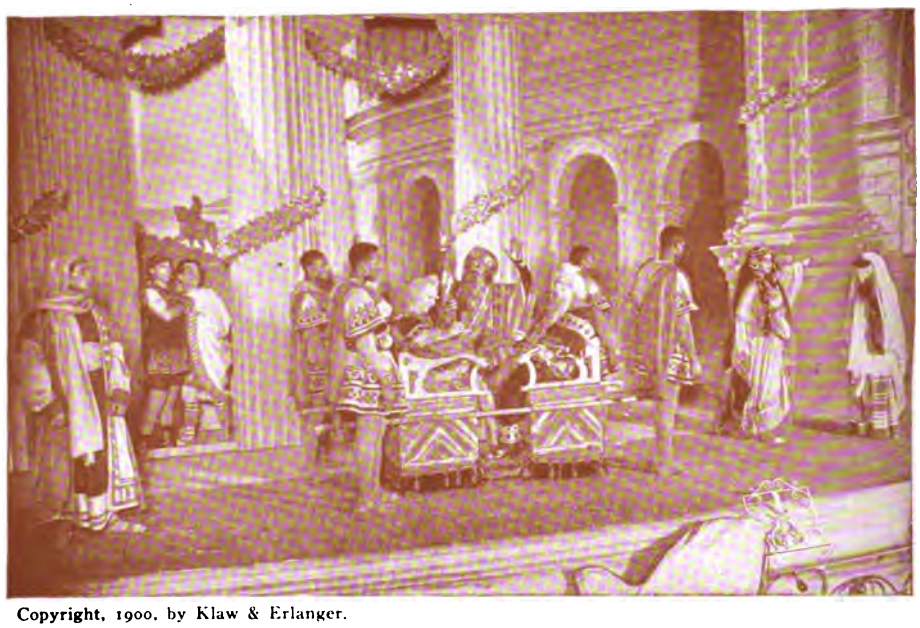
BEN-HUR, ACT IV.—DOWAR OF SHEIK ILDERIM IN THE ORCHARD OF PALMS.

BEN-HUR REFUSES TO ACCEPT THE MONEYS, SHIPS, HOUSES, AND MERCHANDISE WHICH SIMONIDES HAS IN HIS POSSESSION AS STEWARD OF THE DEAD PRINCE OF HUR, AND OFFERS THEM IN LOVE AND GRATITUDE TO THE FAITHFUL SERVITOR. SIMONIDES CAN NOT ACCEPT, BEING A SLAVE FOREVER BY THE LAW OF MOSES.

BEN-HUR—"All else of which these papers make account—ships, houses, merchandise, moneys—if right in them I have, to thee, O Simonides, I give them back, and seal them with loving gratitude to thee and thine forever."

The strength and grace of Ben-Hur's attitude demand study. It is a pity the draping of his left shoulder throws the outline out of harmony. The gesture from the supported side is easy and sincere; the slight droop of the head to the supported side, satisfactory. So awkwardly adjusted are the draperies of Iras (stage right) that we can only guess a pose probably well balanced. The profile view of the daughter of Simonides is unhappy—neither beauty of outline nor grace of pose being there.



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BEN-HUR, ACT V.—SIMONIDES AND BALTHASAR BORNE TO THE CIRCUS TO ATTEND THE CHARIOT RACE.

Balthasar, the only one alive of the three Wise Men from the East, journeying to Jerusalem in expectation of the declaration of the Messiah, stops at Antioch as guest of Ilderim and Simonides. His daughter, Iras, blazing in jewels and rich color (stage left), with bare face (contrary to the custom of modest women of that time), meets Esther (Simonides's daughter), veiled and close draped in white. The figure at stage right forward is Simonides's faithful attendant, Malluch. Messala and a companion stand back of the pillars, boldly admiring Iras.

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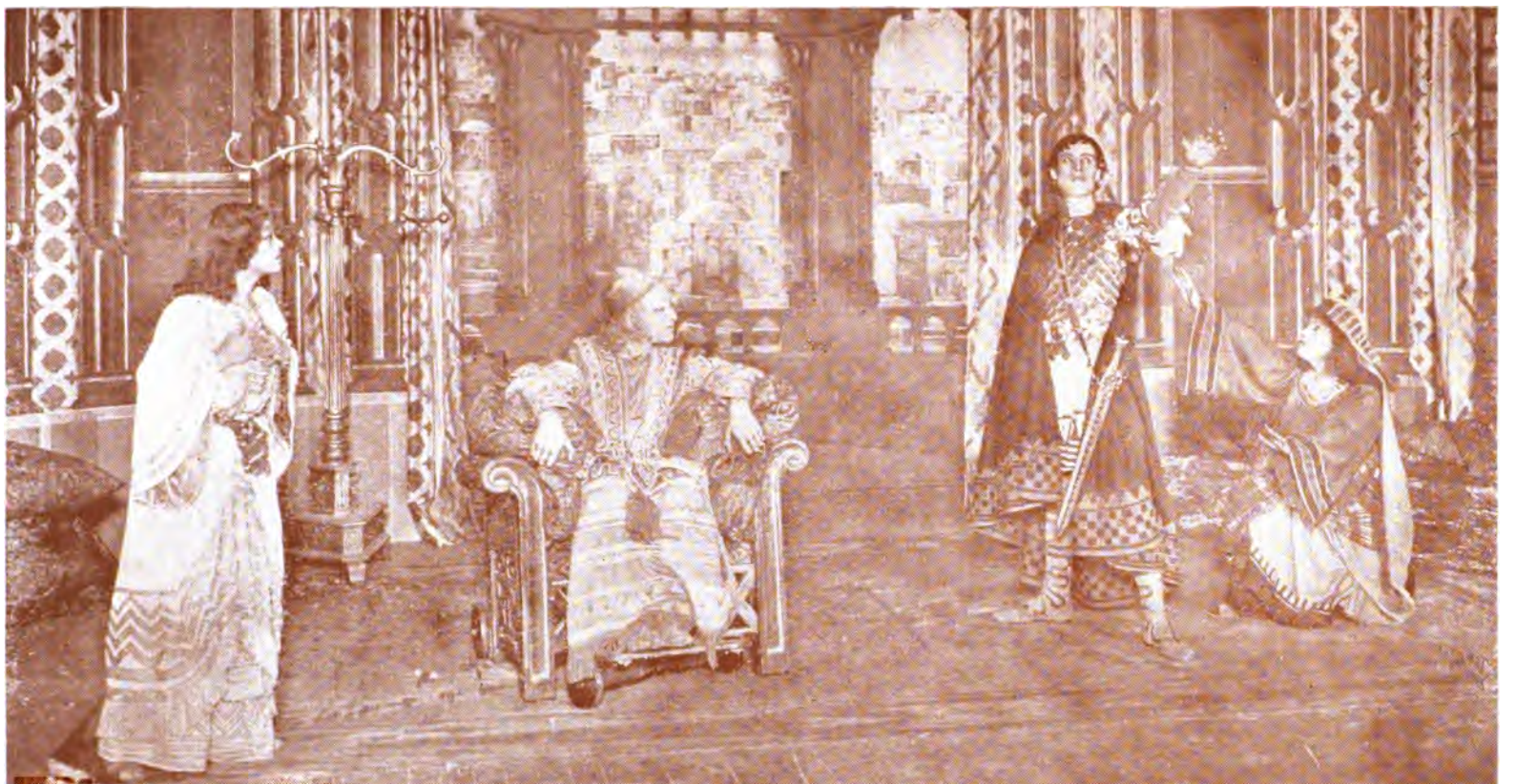
BEN-HUR, ACT V.—EXTERIOR OF THE CIRCUS AT ANTIOCH.

MESSALA [*to* IRAS]—"A smile—but one! It is a Roman that begs."

Much of the massive architecture represented is but painted scenery or "flat." So fine the work, however, and so perfectly blending with the "real" pillars in the foreground, that the eye is confused and can not choose between "real" and painted. Badly adjusted drapery obscures too much the outline of Iras, and so weighted are both shoulders with drapery and flowing locks that we can not guess her poise. The figure stage right is notably at fault in attitude, out of line, and uncomfortable to look at.



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BEN-HUR, ACT VI.—ROOM IN THE PALACE OF HUR AT JERUSALEM.

BEN-HUR—"And there, while my guards halted at the well, and I lay fainting and unpitied, a boy whose face I have never forgotten placed a cup of water to my lips and laid his hand upon my head in blessing. That face I have seen again. It is the face of the man—if He be a mere man—who resteth to-night at Bethphage."

Amrah, the figure kneeling to stage left of Ben-Hur, is played by Mary Shaw, an actress of high endowment. The part is a small one,—speaks few lines, and is never at any time the central interest. Yet so wonderfully does her sincerity as Amrah move people to belief in the play, that from an artistic standpoint her playing saves the play. So beautiful her reverence for and belief in the Christ, that when, in the final scene, she seems to see and be glorified, we look through her eyes, and to us the Christ there on the stage seems to live and be.

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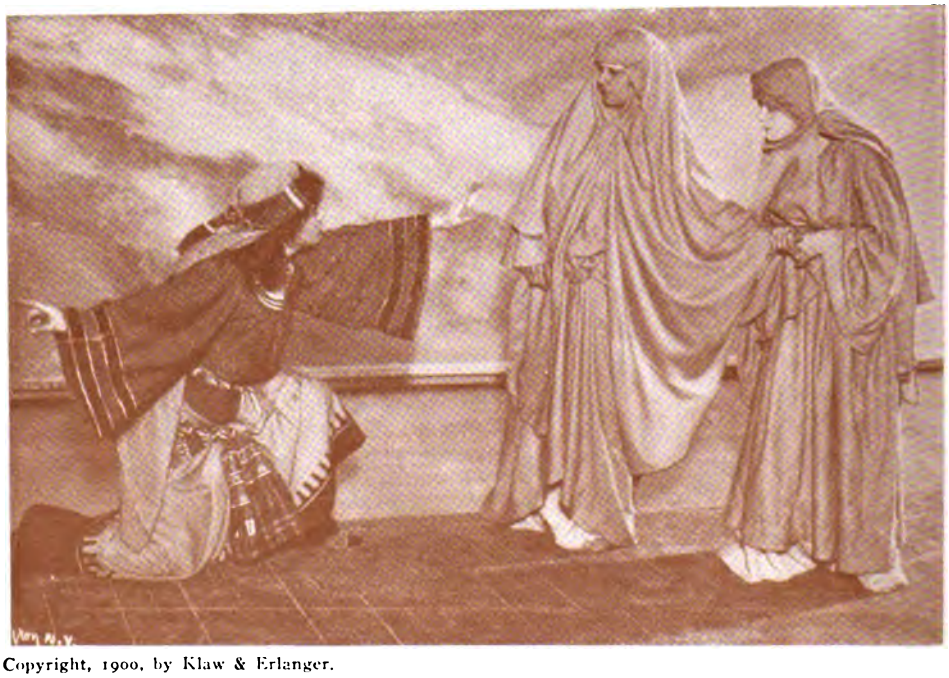
BEN-HUR, ACT VI.—PALACE OF HUR AT JERUSALEM. BEN-HUR DEFIES THE THREATS OF IRAS.

The costume of Iras is one of the most beautiful in the production, pictorially, again of no value, as the lines from hip down do not convey a sense of the woman's poise and balance.



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BEN-HUR, ACT VI.—TOMBS OF THE LEPERS, VALE OF HINNOM.

AMRAH TELLS THE AFFLICTED MOTHER AND SISTER OF THE COMING OF THE NAZARENE, WHO HEALS THE SICK, CLEANSES THE LEPERS AND EVEN RAISES THE DEAD.

One of the most beautiful of all the scenes, and one that no picture can do justice to. The wonderful "flat" upon which is painted the purple mistiness of the mountains is hardly suggested here. The lovely blending of the purple depths, with the cold gray of the woman's garb, is a thing to be seen, not pictured. Amrah's free, perfectly poised pose is worth study, so also the pose of the sister (figure stage left). Not so the mother, who seems to stand all out of balance. This may, however, be the fault of drapery.

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BEN-HUR, ACT VI.—TOMBS OF THE LEPERS, VALE OF HINNOM.

MOTHER OF HUR—"A hope!—and if it be quenched—oh, my son, our eyes have seen thee for the last time on earth."

Ben-Hur, wearied with his search for mother and sister, has fallen asleep. The rich color of his cloak is the one triumphant note in the marvelous symphony of grays, purples, and mist-thin blue, in which the looming mountains are shrouded. His sister and mother, clad in ashen robes, speak him farewell as they hasten to leave the vale with Amrah that they may beseech healing of the Christ. Amrah's draperies are dark and dull. The shadow that shows behind her in the picture did not mar the stage-representation. There "cross-lights" glared out any such defect.

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BEN-HUR, ACT VI.—THE MIRACLE ON MT. OLIVET.

BEN-HUR—"O day of gladness!--thrice blessed!—that giveth me mother, and sister, and thee."

No words can convey the wide splendor of this scene, so complete the art that colors the distance, that the eye grasps foreground and background without realizing where the real stops. Waving palm branches carried by the crowd add to the brilliant and beautiful color effect of the scene. The group of "principals" in the near foreground is well balanced and effective

GEN. LEW WALLACE,

Author of the novel "Ben-Hur."

WILLIAM YOUNG,

Writer of the play "Ben-Hur."

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BEN-HUR, ACT IV.—LAKE IN THE ORCHARD OF PALMS.

Ben-Hur—"O Egypt! Egypt! Heaven that hath given thee so fair a form can not have denied thee a soul."

The stage-tableau represented in the background a moonlit stretch of lake. Ben-Hur and Iras are seated in the soft shadows of the orchard; their boat, at the shore's edge, held in place by a motionless slave, silhouetted against the sky, oar in hand. A misty veil is thrown back from the glowing dark face of Iras; her jewels gleam, all shades of the passion-flower are in her draperies. She has just set aside the dull gold instrument to which a moment ago she sang. Ben-Hur, eager, passionate, enthralled, searches her eyes for that spark which shall command his soul, and which he finds not.

BEN-HUR MUSIC.

By EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY.

Extracts made by the Composer especially for WERNER'S MAGAZINE.

EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY.

TABLEAU.—The Three Wise Men and the Star of Bethlehem.

Moderato maestoso.

WIND.

p

pp STRINGS.

poco - - - *a* - *poco.* - - - - - - *cres* - - *cen* -

Con Pedale.

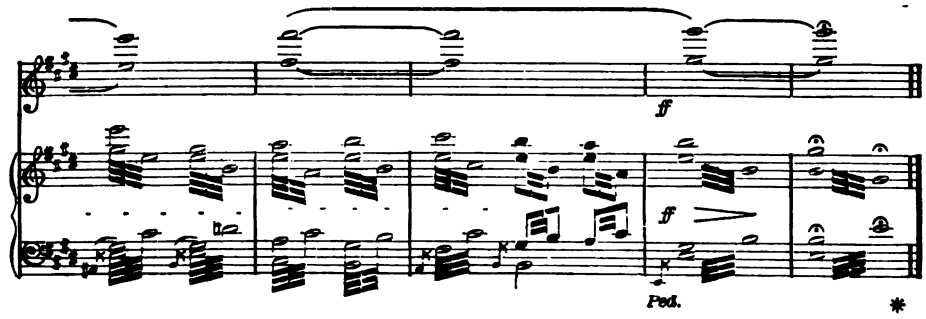
-*do.*

mf

sempre

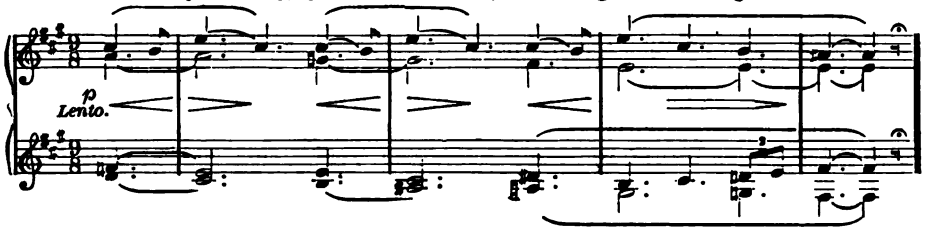
f

cres - - *cen* - - - - *do.* - *f* - - - -

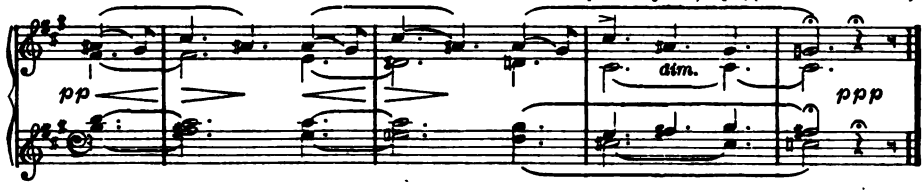


FROM ACT II. (Dialogue between BEN HUR and ARRIUS.)

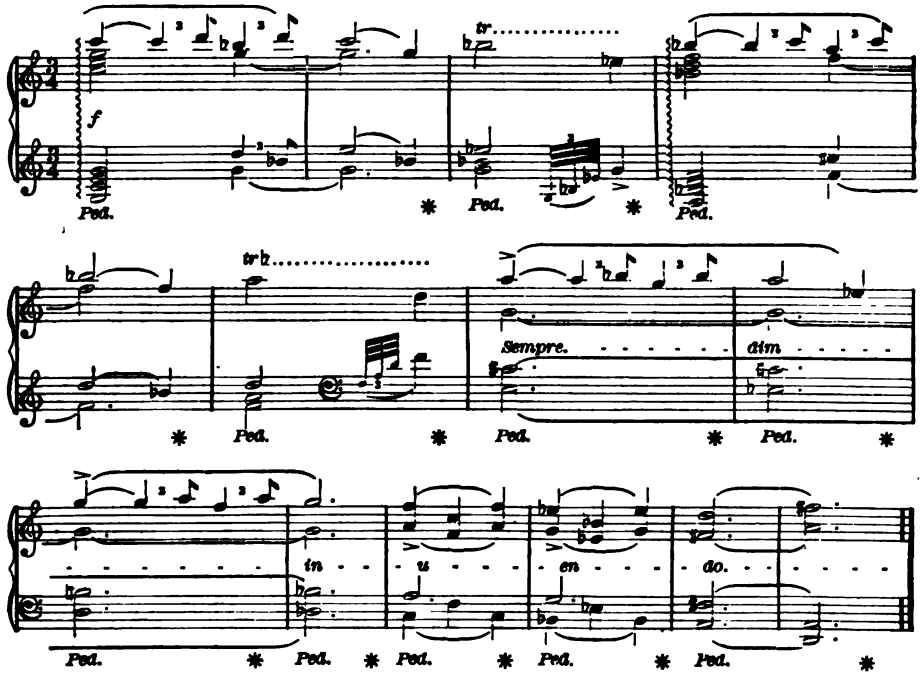
BEN HUR.—One only.— a boy, by a well, blessed me, and gave me a draught of water.—



And that, O Tribune, do I re - member because it hath { been through all these years, my } { one measure of human kindness. }



FINALE OF ACT III. Chorus and Dance.—The Spinning of Arachne.



The Play "Ben-Hur."

IN our issue for October, 1900, we described the principal features of the stage-mechanism of the play "Ben-Hur," a wonderful stage-production. The dramatist, Mr. William Young, has condensed the story with great skill, and has maintained a tone of antiquity and poetry deftly combined with modernity and idealized realism. That the public will not only permit but grow enthusiastic over and witness such a play repeatedly is a significant sign of the change that has come over our people who only a few years ago met an attempt to produce the Passion Play with such a storm of disapproval that the venture came to naught and ruined its projector. Now, however, "Ben-Hur," in reality a religious drama dealing with the most sacred of human beliefs, pleases most profoundly this same public, and is bringing a fortune to its owners. The meaning of this change we shall leave for others to ascertain. Sufficient for our purpose is noting the fact that this grand religious play is one of the greatest present theatrical successes and is drawing alike Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, believer and unbeliever, orthodox and heterodox.

The story of "Ben-Hur" is admirably suited to musical setting, being full of local coloring and of the grandest themes. Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley, distinguished as composer of "Macbeth" and Chinese music, well versed in Oriental and ancient Greek music, an authority on musical history, and experienced as writer of stage music, was peculiarly qualified to compose music for "Ben-Hur." Although commissioned at first to write music only for the Daphne Grove choruses, the singing of the multitude on the Mount of Olives, and an overture, he decided, in order to be sure of homogeneity, to write the entire music, which he has done with brilliant success. He carefully studied those portions of the Prophecies and the Gospels which touch upon Christ's mission, especially as a light to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews. For practical as well as artistic reasons, he determined to write—instead of an ordinary overture, embodying the main themes of the drama—a prelude, in which an invisible chorus should sing passages from the Prophecy of Isaiah. The prelude is divided into three parts: 1, The prophecy; 2, the approach of the Magi; 3, Star in the East. The first section opens with a passage for brass—the theme of the prophecy—Oriental in character, taken up later by male chorus in unison (invisible). At the words, "Arise, shine! For thy light is come," suggestions of the Star theme are heard in the orchestra, and later more carefully developed when the chorus sing "The Lord shall arise upon thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee!" The necessary lapse of time from the prophecy is faintly suggested by the approach of the Magi, which naturally runs into the tableau of the Three Wise Men watching the rising of the Star of the East. Here the ever-increasing splendor of the Star is accompanied by the ever-growing intensity of the Star theme, which, from this time on, is symbolical of Christ, the Light of the World.

The last act presents not only a series of religious choruses for the multitude, but also a contrasting movement, in this manner: While Ben-Hur's mother, sister, and servant Amrah are watching over him, in the Valley of Hinnom, while he sleeps, they hear the sound of the approaching throngs, as yet invisible. The sound comes nearer and the drop scene is raised revealing the Mount of Olives, down the side of which the people are seen approaching. The multitude, who sing "Hosanna in the Highest!" are met by people from Jerusalem, who, in a fugal number built on the Oriental scale, inquire, "Who is this? Why this tumult?" The answer comes first from a group of little children, who sing, "This is

Jesus of Nazareth. This is Jesus the Prophet of Nazareth of Galilee!" This theme, simple and childish in its character, is now taken up by the rest of the multitude (as it descends the mountain), with ever-changing harmonies, culminating with a full chorus, who sing "Behold thy King cometh traveling in the greatness of his strength!" Then, with a fragment of the Star theme, fortissimo, a brilliant light is thrown on the lepers —symbolical of the healing. The throng sing "Hosanna!" and the scene once more changes to the sleeping Ben-Hur, who tells his friends of his vision. Amrah comes and proclaims the truth of his vision, and Ben-Hur rushes off to find his mother and sister. Again the drop scene is raised, a semi-chorus chant the "Nunc Dimittis," surrounded by the harmonies of the Star theme. The chant continues, sung by the altos and tenors, while the sopranos and basses give out the final elaboration of the children's theme, "This is Jesus of Nazareth!" in canon in the twelfth. In addition to this double chorus, the orchestra gives the harmonies of the Star theme, and the finale is thus ended.

Mr. Kelley hitherto has conducted the best of his own productions, but in Mr. Charles Feleky, a young Hungarian, the leader of the orchestra, he has found a conductor who shows exceptional ability and willingness to identify himself with the composer's ideas and aims. There was a fear that the unusual music in the Daphne Grove scenes, where are employed the old Greek modes with modern clothing, as well as the equally strange and trying melodic and harmonic devices in the last act, would never be well rendered by a theatrical chorus; but, thanks to Mr. Feleky, all has been carried out in a manner surpassing the composer's most sanguine expectations.

We can also supply the following words and music from "Ben-Hur": "Song of Iras," (75 cents); "The Prophecy" chorus for men's voices (12 cents); "The Fulfilment"—"Hosanna to the Highest"—chorus (40 cents).

SUGGESTED BURNS'S DAY SONG PROGRAM.

1. "Rantin', Rovin' Robin."
2. "Corn Rigs are Bonnie."
3. "My Heart's in the Highlands."
4. "Braw, Braw Lads."
5. "Sam Glen."
6. "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose."
7. "Bonnie Wee-Wifie."
8. "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut."
9. "A Man's a Man for a' That."
10. "Duncan Gray."
11. "Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled."
12. "Fairest Maid on Devon's Banks."
13. "Auld Lang Syne."

No. 7, words and music, supplied for 25 cts.; No. 10, words and music, for 20 cts.; all the other pieces, in one book, words and music, for $1.00.

SUGGESTED ST. VALENTINE'S DAY PROGRAM.

1. DECLAMATION: *"Origin of St. Valentine's Day"*...By large Boy, Girl or Principal.
2. RECITATION: *"Agnes, I Love Thee."* By a Boy.
3. SONG: *"Maid of Athens"*.....By a Boy.
4. DIALOGUE (three scenes): *"The Lovers' Quarrel"*..By two Boys and two Girls.
5. SONG: *"Douglas, Tender and True."* By a Girl.
6. RECITATION: *"Love's Test"*..By a Boy.
7. RECITATION: *"Sending a Valentine."* By a Boy.
8. SONG (with gestures): *"Comin' Tho' the Rye"*.....By five Girls.
9. DIALOGUE: *"Sam Weller's Valentine."* By two Boys and a Girl.
10. SONG: *"Janet's Choice"*.....By a Girl.

Material for this Program sent complete for 35 cts.

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BORN FEBRUARY 7, 1812.

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Any or all of the above may be had of the Edgar S. Werner Publishing & Supply Co. (Incorporated), 43 and 45 East 19th Street, New York.

Graded Physical Exercises.

FOR USE IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

By Bertha Louise Colburn.

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NINTH ARTICLE.

[The April, 1900, number of Werner's Magazine contained the introduction to this serial. The exercises have been arranged with special reference to the mental as well as the physical needs of school children. Six years in schools have demonstrated their value. They have also been used with benefit by older persons whose physical training has been neglected, and all who desire systematic exercises at home will find in them some complete set of exercises adapted to their needs. They are arranged in eight groups, one for each year in graded schools; each group consists of ten lessons, one for every four weeks. Additional lessons in marching, games, etc., are also given. Each lesson contains exercises for all parts of the body; but, as it is only from frequent repetition of a movement that benefit can be derived, only one or two new exercises are given in each lesson, and these are a natural outgrowth from the preceding ones. Thus, the eighth year exercises contain all the movements of the preceding grades.]

Grade V.—Fifth Year in School—*Continued.*

[Teachers are referred to "Note to Teachers," page 264 of Werner's Magazine for May, 1900.]

ACTION POEMS—Continued.

PURITAN PATIENCE.

The small Puritan maiden fair,
In the long ago Boston town,
Primly sat in a straight-backed chair, (1)
Meekly wearing a plain little gown. (2)

But not oft did she fold her small hands— (1)
Week-day idleness aye was a sin; (3)
Labor claimed her with ceaseless demands, (4)
Crying "Knit," "Take your sewing," or "Spin." (5)

So around and around went the wheel, (6)
While her foot went now up and now down (7)
Till she wound all the thread on the reel, (8)
And her mother wove cloth for her gown. (9)

Then our Patience in straight-backed chair (10)
Calmly overcast, ran, hemmed, and felled, (11)
Laid each stitch with neat, painstaking care,
Nor e'er 'gainst such slow work rebelled.

Then when darkness came on with the night, (12)
Into flame she would coax each dark brand; (13)
And her bright needles flashed in the light, (14)
Till the stocking grew long 'neath her hand. (14)

Oh sweet Patience in straight-backed chair, (15)
Loving, modest, obedient, true,
Would that modern young ladies fair (16)
Loved the same lowly virtues as you. (17)

(1) Hold head and trunk very erect and cross hands primly. (2) Carry both hands down to sides, palms front. (3) Raise right forearm in front and hold first finger erect in admonition. (4) Hold both arms front, palms up. (5) Point left, then front, then to right with right hand. (6) Circular movements of right arm in front. (7) Lift and lower toe of left foot several times. (8) Continue foot movement and hold thread. (9) Point right with palm up. (10) Sit erect. (11) Motions of sewing continued during three lines. (12) Raise both arms front and lower with floating movement. (13) Motions of blowing fire with bellows. (14) Motions of knitting. (15) Point left front, palm up. (16) Point right front. (17) Hold right arm, and raise left arm to same position, looking left.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow, (1)
By a stream-side on the grass; (2)
And the trees are showering down (3)
Doubles of their leaves in shadow (3)
On her shining hair and face. (4)

She has thrown her bonnet by; (5)
And her feet she has been dipping (6)
In the shallow water's flow— (7)
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping, (8)
While she rocketh to and fro. (9)

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses (10)
Fills the silence like a speech; (11)
While she thinks what shall be done, (12)
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile (13)
Chooses . . . "I will have a lover, (14)
Riding on a steed of steeds! (15)
He shall love me without guile; (14)
And to *him* I will discover (16)
The swan's nest among the reeds. (17)

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble, (18)
With an eye that takes the breath, (19)
And the lute he plays upon (20)
Shall strike ladies into trouble, (21)
As his sword strikes men to death. (22)

"And the steed, it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure, (23)
And the mane shall swim the wind; (24)
And the hoofs along the sod (25)
Shall flash onward and keep measure, (26)
Till the shepherds look behind." (27)

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly, (28)
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe—(29)
And went homeward, round a mile, (30)
Just to see, as she did daily, (31)
What more eggs were with the *two*. (32)

Pushing through the elm-tree copse, (33)
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—(34)
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops! (35)
Lo! the wild swan had deserted—(36)
And a rat had gnawed the reeds. (37)

Ellie went home sad and slow: (30)
If she found the lover ever, (38)
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know (39)
She could never show him—never, (31)
That swan's nest among the reeds! (40)

(1) Point to right front, palm up. (2) Turn palm down. (3) Point upward tc trees with both hands, then lower arms to mid line. (4) Point to flowing hair with both hands. (5) Throw off bonnet. (6) Point down with both hands. (7) Carry arms toward right with waving motions. (8) Bend forward and hold arms down as if holding feet in hands. (9) Rock forward and back. (10) Pleased expression. (11) Carry arms from mid front to half sides, palms up. (12) Clasp hands low in front and droop head in thought. (13) Pleased expression. (14) Clasp hands earnestly. (15) Extend arms to half sides, palms up. (16) Lower clasped hands with emphatic pleasure. (17) Point to distant left. (18) Stand erect. (19) Left hand on upper chest below throat. (20) Hold lute to mouth. (21) Lower arms to mid line at half sides, palms down. (22) Motion of drawing sword. (23) Arms at front mid line, palms up. (24) Waving movements of right arm from front to side. (25) Point downward with both hands. (26) Raise arms quickly for flash and lower for hoof-beats. (27) Look backward over right shoulder. (28) Upward movement of arms in front. (29) Motions of tying bonnet and shoes. (30) Sweep left arm gently from front to side, palm down. (31) Return left hand to front, raise palm front, forefinger extended, and bend trunk slightly forward. (32) Extend arm to side front, palm up. (33) Motion of pushing bushes aside with both hands. (34) Point downward and ahead with left hand. (35) Point forward, then straighten with surprised look. (36) Point downward with both hands, palms inward. (37) Raise forearms and lower emphatically. (38) Point to right front, palm up. (39) Shake head. (40) Point left, palm up.

IN THE WOOD.

By Adelaide A. Procter.

In the wood where shadows are deepest (1)
From the branches overhead, (2)
Where the wild wood-strawberries cluster, (3)
And the softest moss is spread, (4)
I met to-day with a fairy, (5)
And I followed where she led. (6)

Some magical words she uttered,
  I alone could understand, (7)
For the sky grew bluer and brighter; (8)
  While there rose on either hand (9)
The cloudy walls of a palace (10)
  That was built in Fairy-land.

And I stood in a strange enchantment; (11)
  I had known it all before; (12)
In my heart of hearts was the magic (13)
  Of days that will come no more, (14)
The magic of joy departed, (15)
  That Time can never restore. (16)

That never, ah, never, never, (17)
  Never again can be:—(18)
Shall I tell you what powerful fairy (10)
  Built up this palace for me? (9)
It was only a little white Violet (19)
  I found at the root of a tree. (20)

(1) Lift both arms slightly in front and give spreading motion to sides, palms down. (2) Lift both arms at half sides to head level, slightly curving arms toward each other. (3) Point down left. (4) Point down right and give slight spreading motion with palm down. (5) Lift both forearms to front mid line and turn palms up. (6) Turn palms down and extend arms straight in front. (7) Point to self with right hand. (8) Point upward with right. (9) Raise both arms front to shoulder level, palms facing. (10) Lower arms to mid line, palms up, and hold during next line. (11) Bewildered expression. (12) Lift hands in surprise, palms front, and immediately lower to mid line, palms up. (13) Place left hand on heart. (14) Carry left hand out at half side mid line, palm up. (15) Clasp hands on "joy," and lower them on "departed." (16) Unclasp hands and carry out to half sides, palms up. (17) Shake head slightly. (18) Carry right arm up and over to half side mid line, palm up. (19) Carry left arm up and over to half side mid line, palm up. (20) Turn palm down and point downward.

GAMES.

CASTLE.

A circle is marked on the ground to represent the castle; a larger one outside limits the castle yard. Half the players retire to the castle; the others form the besieging party, who try to cross the yard and enter the castle without being caught by the castle dwellers. Every one caught is obliged to remain and become a castle dweller; but each one of the besiegers who succeeds in entering the castle is allowed to choose two of the dwellers to return with him to the besieging party. The winning side is the one containing the most men at the end of the play period.

SOUSA'S BAND.

One child is chosen to represent Sousa. He assigns to each player the name of a different musical instrument, names some familiar air, and waves his baton while they hum the air and play on their imaginary instruments. All meanwhile march in place. When Sousa lowers his baton to his side all stop immediately. Failure to do so causes the offenders to be removed from the band. When there are but few left, they march about the room, Sousa in front and sometimes walking backward. He does not stop advancing when he lowers his baton, and the difficulty in keeping close watch of his movements while advancing soon causes others to drop out of the line. The last one left in line becomes Sousa next time. If the last few performers are equally matched, choose a new conductor by counting out, rather than prolong the game.

HAT TAG.

The players stand in two long lines. The one chosen for catcher runs between them, and tries to catch whoever puts his hat upon his head. The first one caught wearing his hat becomes catcher. This is a boy's game, but may be played by girls.

FROGS IN POND.

A certain space is marked off for the pond. All the boys stand in line, and at signal hurry to it, leaping upon both feet; the last one to reach it becomes the "bad boy," while the others are "frogs." The bad boy runs around the edge of the pond and tries to hit the frogs with his handkerchief. The frogs leave the shore as he approaches and run to another part of the shore, moving their arms as if swimming; they are not allowed to remain in the centre of the pond, away from striking distance of the bad boy. The frog who is first hit becomes bad boy next time.

RIGHT AND LEFT.

Oh, right, left, right, with handclasp tight,
We gayly march both in and out;
Still right, left, right, a pretty sight,
We lightly march first in, then out.

An even number of children stand in a circle. One child faces to right, the next to left, until all are facing partners. Each child clasps right hand of partner for an instant, then steps forward and reaches out left hand to clasp left hand of next person; he gives right hand to next, left to next; and so all continue walking around the ring until they reach their original partners.

ADVANCE AND RETREAT.

First advance and then retreat,
Back and forth with tripping feet.

Now we turn us round about,
Facing in and facing out.

Now we all bow very low
With bending knee and pointing toe.

Now we pass across and face,
And again return to place.

Clasping hands, we all retreat,
Again advance with tripping feet.

Then we all bow very low;
Our play is over; off we go!

The children stand in two lines, facing each other, and advance, retreat, turn about, bow, etc., as they repeat or sing the lines.

Grade VI.—Sixth Year in School.

LESSON I.

Prepare to stand! Stand! Space!

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching; clasping hands behind head.*
2. Poising; *forward and back, and rising upon toes; leg swinging in circle.*
3. Leg; *stepping and knee bending.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching; fist closing and arm twisting.*
5. Trunk; *twisting, with bending backward at half side.*
6. Neck; *bending forward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor at half side.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward front, downward sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with swinging up and down.*
10. Floating; *at shoulder level with single arm; low outward curves with both arms.*

I. Position Exercise; Arm Stretching; Clasping Hands Behind Head.

Raise arms at sides, palms down till they reach shoulder level; without stopping, turn palms front and continue reaching upward till arms are straight above head; carry them, with same stretching movement, downward and slightly outward in front until down at an angle of thirty degrees with body; continue pushing backward to an angle of thirty degrees; turn arms, raise to shoulder level with palms up, then interlock fingers behind head; push head backward against palms during four counts; unclasp hands and float to sides, palms down.

Time: Up! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Push! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. This exercise is especially beneficial for the correction of drooping head and shoulders; pushing against the clasped hands straightens the upper part of the spine and makes easy the correct carriage of the head; the chest is lifted and broadened, and the internal organs brought up to their proper attitude.

LESSON-TALK.

Stand with weight upon balls of feet before beginning exercise. When pushing back against clasped hands do not allow elbows to swing forward; keep them directly at the sides. If pupils were allowed to rise and take this exercise several times during the day they would return to their studies with renewed zest.

2. Poising; Forward and Back, and Rising upon Toes; Leg Swinging in Circle.

Stand on both feet. Poise forward on toes as far as possible without lifting heels, keeping body perpendicular to floor; slowly return to position; poise backward on

heels, still keeping the perpendicular; return weight to balls of feet. Rise slowly on toes; lower heels gently to floor; rise again; lower. Transfer weight to left foot; swing right leg around left in a circle, first swinging front and across left, then around to right and back of left, keeping toe pointed to floor; swing to front and repeat, ending movement with right leg behind and slightly touching left, toe raised from floor. Transfer weight to right foot and swing left in same manner.

Time: Forward! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Rise! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Rise! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Left! 2-3-4 Swing right! 2-3-4. Right foot! 2-3-4. Swing left! 2-3-4. The special value of the poising exercise lies in the development of the power of controlling nerve force. Other benefits are correct carriage, strength of leg muscles and flexibility of feet.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not allow body to bend while poising forward and back; it is kept perpendicular by a complex movement of many muscles, noticeably those of ankle and hip.

3. Leg Stepping and Knee Bending.

Stand on left foot. Put right foot forward a short step; transfer weight of body to it; bend at knee and hip, bringing right hand down to floor as if picking up something. Lift trunk to position, letting arm fall to side. Transfer weight back to left foot.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Right foot! 2-3-4. Forward! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Rise! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. This exercise uses muscles of back and hip and gives especially strong work to those of thigh and calf. It teaches the children to stoop correctly, using knee and hip joints.

LESSON-TALK.

Bend at knee first, then at hip, going down steadily. Do not allow the children to hold head stiffly back, looking at teacher; rather incline it slightly downward and gaze on floor. Rise slowly, bringing head to position last.

4. Arm and Hand; Arm Floating and Stretching; Fist Closing and Arm Twisting.

Float both arms strongly, with forearms leading across chest; left arm above right. Carry them out to sides at shoulder level, with a strong stretching movement, forearms still leading. Close fists with thumbs outside fingers, turn arms from shoulder joint as far as possible in one direction, then in the opposite. Unclose fist and float arms across chest again, repeating whole exercise three times.

Time: Arms! 2-3-4. Out! 2-3-4. Twist! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Float! 2-3-4. Out! 2-3-4, etc. The rotators of the arm, which usually receive less exercise than the flexors, are strongly used, while the chest is lifted and broadened.

LESSON-TALK.

Keep head erect and stretch the arms as much as possible. Do not cross arms on chest; let left be above right. Hold in mind some thought of breadth and power.

5. Trunk; Twisting, with Bending Backward at Half Side.

Place hands on hips and without moving feet twist trunk around to right until shoulders are at right angles with their normal position. Bend trunk backward in direction half way between spine and right shoulder, letting head droop in same direction. Lift trunk and turn front. Twist to left and bend. Repeat whole exercise.

Time: Trunk! 2-3-4. Twist! 2-3-4. Bend! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. The muscles of abdomen and lower back are strongly exercised, the chest expanded, and the internal organs directly affected, so that digestion and assimilation are improved.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not move the feet while twisting trunk. Let the head begin the backward bend, but do not lift it to position until after the trunk is raised.

6. Neck; Bending Forward, with Twisting.

Bend neck forward till chin touches chest; twist slowly to right till chin rests on right shoulder; return to front; twist to left; front; bring head up to position, not by lifting chin, but by pushing upward and backward with crown of head.

Time: Neck! 2-3-4 Twist! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Left! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. This exercise is valuable for

correcting a faulty carriage of the head and, like the other neck exercises, relieves the brain by accelerating the circulation.

LESSON-TALK.

Be careful to keep the chin close to the neck while turning the head front as well as twisting to side. Do not twist shoulders. The exercise cannot be correctly performed if collars are tight or high; they must be loosened or removed for the lesson, or permanently replaced by larger ones.

7. REACHING; BOTH HANDS TO FLOOR AT HALF SIDE.

Stand on both feet. Raise arms at sides with stretching movement, gradually turning them until palms are front when arms are vertical; reach straight upward with finger tips; turn trunk to half right side; reach outward and downward, bending any part of body except knees till fingers touch floor on each side of right foot. Lift trunk, letting arms relax and fall easily to sides, while neck relaxes and head is lifted last. Repeat to left.

Time: Arms! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. The muscles of arms, trunk and legs are strongly stretched, while the circulation is equalized throughout the body.

LESSON-TALK.

Most people can with practice touch finger tips to floor; some are able to lay the palms flat on the floor. Reach upward as far as possible and continue reaching while bending forward. The strain is felt back of the knees.

8. RESPIRATORY; ARMS STRETCHING UPWARD FRONT, DOWNWARD SIDES.

Stand on both feet. Bring hands together in front of body and raise arms, keeping forefingers side by side until directly above head; turn palms to sides and carry arms out and down at sides, pushing strongly with forearms. Inhale during upward movement; hold breath during downward; exhale; repeat.

Time: Inhale! 2-3-4. Hold! 2-3-4. Exhale! 2-3-4. Rapid insufficient breathing is a sign of weakness. Strong animals breathe slowly. The elephant breathes only about ten times a minute, while the mouse draws ten times as many breaths in the same time. Slow, deep breathing must be a conscious exercise before it becomes an unconscious habit. Holding the breath causes the air to fill the apices of the lungs, while the arm movements expand the chest and increase the flow of blood to the lungs.

LESSON-TALK.

Stand erect and well poised. Inhale inaudibly through nostrils; exhale slowly, keeping mouth closed. Clothing should be loose enough to allow full expansion of lower ribs.

9. ARM SWINGING; ARM RAISING, WITH SWINGING UP AND DOWN.

Stand firmly on both feet. Raise forearms in front until horizontal at waist line, with elbows near body and hands hanging passive. Swing forearms vigorously up and down, thus shaking hands. Still continuing movement of forearms lift upper arms till they are vertical. Drop to side with swift floating movement.

Time: At command, Arms horizontal! raise arms; at Swing! shake forearms rapidly and carry upward. The music should change to something quick and running like a gallop, although the swinging is faster than the counts. This exercise develops the power of holding the chest firm during vigorous motion of the extremities, thus expressing strength of body and mind; and it also gives flexibility to the wrists and relieves the strain of the finger muscles caused by school work.

LESSON-TALK.

Let each pupil imagine he has a giant's strength, so that it is easy for him to keep head and chest perfectly still while swinging arms.

10. FLOATING AT SHOULDER LEVEL WITH SINGLE ARM; LOW OUTWARD CURVES WITH BOTH ARMS.

Standing on right foot float right arm up across chest, nearly to shoulder level, with palm inward; float out to right side and back to chest; turn palm front with thumb down and float to side, and back to chest; turn palm down and float to side, to chest, to side again and down to position. Standing on left foot float left arm in same manner.

Stand on both feet. Raise forearms, bringing hands toward each other till they touch

at waist line; turn palms up and carry arms outward in curves and down to sides; without stopping the movement, raise forearms slightly, so that palms are front; then turn hands inward and down to position.

Time: Right arm! float to slow waltz music without counting aloud. Left arm! Both arms! The force gained during the more vigorous exercises is in this gentler one converted into mental power. Perfect harmony of muscular movement is obtained, thus saving nerve force, which is often wasted in repressing action or in making useless movements. Pupils who have long practiced the floating exercises can easily be distinguished from those who have not by the ease and grace of their movements.

LESSON-TALK.

The forearm leads the upward movement, while the hand hangs passive; in the downward movement the forearm is gradually pulled down and the hand follows it. The movements must be slow and easy.

Marching.

1. SIDEWARD LEFT (*right*)—*march! Halt!*
2. SIDEWARD LEFT (*right*)—*march!* SIDEWARD RIGHT (*left*)—*march!*
3. MARCH—*touch step—arms salutation—left! (right.)*

1. Step sideward with left foot and bring right to position beside it. The advance is thus made wholly on left foot. The command, Halt! is given as left foot touches floor; right foot is brought up to position and the advance stopped. Same, advancing with right foot.

2. In marching sideward right from sideward left, the executive command is given as right foot touches floor; the left takes one more step, then the right commences the sideward right march.

In marching sideward left from sideward right, the command is given as left touches floor, and right takes one more step.

3. Starting with left foot, advance two steps; on third count touch left toe front and extend arms at mid front line, half way between front and sides, palms up, inclining trunk forward in attitude of salutation; return foot and arms to position on fourth count. Same, starting with right foot.

LESSON II.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching; clasping hands behind head.*
2. Poising; *forward and back, and rising upon toes; leg swinging in circle.*
3. Leg; *stepping and knee bending.*
4. ARM AND HAND; *arm floating and stretching, with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *twisting, with bending backward at half side.*
6. NECK; *bending backward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor at half side.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward front, downward sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with swinging up and down.*
10. Floating; *at shoulder level with single arm; low outward curves with both arms.*

4. ARM AND HAND; ARM FLOATING AND STRETCHING, WITH ALTERNATE FIST CLOSING AND OPENING.

Close fists, with thumbs outside fingers, and float both arms strongly, with forearms leading, across chest. Open fist, turn palms front and carry arms out to sides with a strong stretching movement. Turn palms front, close fist and float back to chest. Repeat three times.

Time: Arms! 2-3-4. Out! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Out! 2-3-4. This exercise uses both the flexors and rotators of the arm, and by its lateral pull expands the chest.

LESSON-TALK.

Lift head and chest high and execute the movements as strongly as possible. Hold in mind the thought of strength and precision.

6. NECK BENDING BACKWARD, WITH TWISTING.

Bend neck forward till chin touches chest; lift head to position by pushing upward and backward with crown of head. Bend neck directly backward till face is parallel to ceiling; without lifting head, twist to right; to centre; to left; to centre; lift to position. Repeat.

Time: Neck! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Right! 2-3-4. Centre! 2-3-4. Left! 2-3-4. Centre! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4.

This exercise gives strong work to little used muscles in the back of the neck, relieves the brain, and cultivates correct carriage of the head.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not expect to twist the neck enough to carry the chin far to either side; keep the face as nearly parallel to ceiling as possible. In raising head from backward position, be conscious only of lifting the crown.

Marching.

1. MARK TIME—*march! Sideward left (right)—march!*
2. MARCH—*back touchstep—arms salutation—left! (right.)*

1. In marking time the foot is carried forward and replaced as if for forward marching; the executive command for the sideward march is given as left foot touches floor. The right foot marks time once more, and the sideward march is begun with left foot. The command for sideward right is given as right foot touches floor.

2. Same as in Lesson I., with touching toe behind instead of front.

LESSON III.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching; clasping hands behind head.*
2. POISING; *leg swinging in circle and poising forward and back.*
3. Leg; *stepping and knee bending.*
4. ARM AND HAND; *arm floating and stretching, with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *twisting, with bending backward at half side.*
6. Neck; *bending backward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor at half side.*
8. Respiratory; *arm stretching upward front, downward side.*
9. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with swinging up and down.*
10. Floating; *at shoulder level with single arm; low outward curves with both arms.*

2. POISING; LEG SWINGING IN CIRCLE AND POISING FORWARD AND BACK.

Proceed as in Lesson I.; hold right leg behind without touching toe to floor, and poise forward and back on left in same manner as on both. Poise on right.

Marching.

1. SIDEWARD LEFT *(right)—march! Mark time—march!*
2. MARCH—*cross touchstep—arms salutation—left! (right.)*

1. From sideward marching the executive command for marking time is given as left foot touches floor; the right is brought to position and the left begins to mark time in the usual way. From marching sideward right the executive is given as right foot touches floor.

2. Same as in Lesson I., with touching left toe across right.

LESSON IV.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching; clasping hands behind head.*
2. Poising; *leg swinging in circle and poising forward and back.*
3. Leg; *stepping and knee bending.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching, with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. TRUNK; *bending forward and back, with hands clasped behind head.*
6. Neck; *bending backward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor at half side.*
8. Respiratory; *arm stretching upward front, downward side.*
9. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with swinging up and down.*
10. Floating; *at shoulder level with single arm; low outward curves with both arms.*

5. TRUNK; BENDING FORWARD AND BACK, WITH HANDS CLASPED BEHIND HEAD.

Stand firmly on both feet. Raise arms at sides, with a stretching movement, and clasp hands, with fingers interlocked back of head; bend upper part of chest toward front, letting head droop forward; lift to position. Bend backward with a movement which begins with head and then includes upper part of back; lift trunk to position. Repeat.

Time: Arms! 2-3-4. Bend! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. In the first movement the internal organs are lifted high in the body; the muscles which surround them

are then strongly used; the result is improved digestion and assimilation.

LESSON-TALK.

There must be no bending at hips; bend forward only that part of body which is above breast-bone. Do not let elbows droop forward. Lift trunk to position before raising head.

Marching.

1. FORWARD—*march! Sideward—march!*
2. SIDEWARD—*march! Forward—march!*
3. BACKWARD—*march! Sideward—march!*
4. SIDEWARD—*march! Backward—march!*
5. MARCH—*back crossstep—arms salutation—left! (right.)*

1. From marching forward the executive command for marching sideward left is given as left foot touches floor; the right takes one more step forward, and the left begins the sideward march. For sideward right the executive is given as right foot touches floor.

2. From marching sideward left the command for forward marching is given as left foot touches floor; right foot is brought up beside left, and left begins to march forward. From sideward right the command is given as right foot touches floor.

3. From marching backward the command for sideward left marching is given as left foot touches floor; the right takes one more step backward, and the left begins the sideward march. For sideward right marching command is given as right foot touches floor.

4. From marching sideward left the command for backward marching is given as left foot touches floor; right foot is brought up beside left, and the left begins the backward march. For sideward right command is given as right foot touches floor.

5. Same as in Lesson II., with touching toe of one foot to floor behind the other.

LESSON V.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching; clasping hands behind head.*
2. Poising; *leg swinging in circle and poising forward and back.*
3. Leg; *stepping and knee bending.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching, with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *bending forward and back, with hands clasped behind head.*
6. Neck; *bending backward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor at half side.*
8. Respiratory; *arm stretching upward front, downward side.*
9. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with swinging up and down.*
10. Floating; *above shoulder level.*

10. FLOATING; ABOVE SHOULDER LEVEL.

Stand on right foot. Float right arm, with forearm leading up at side until it forms a graceful curve over the head; float down to shoulder level. Repeat three times and continue down to position at side. Stand on left foot and float left arm. Stand on both feet and float both arms.

For Time, Effect, and Lesson-Talk, see Lesson I.

Marching.

1. SIDEWARD—*march! Left—face!*
2. SIDEWARD—*march! Right—face!*
3. SIDEWARD—*march! Left about—face!* SIDEWARD—*march! Right about—face!*
4. MARCH—*double touchstep and knees bend—left! (right.)*
5. MARCH—*double cross touchstep and knees bend—left! (right.)*

1. From marching sideward left the executive command is given as left foot touches floor; the right stops beside left, and as it touches floor the turn is made on ball, while left foot is raised and placed sideward in the new position.

2. From marching sideward right the command is given as right foot touches floor; the left takes one more step, and as it touches floor the turn is made on ball, while right foot is raised and placed sideward in the new position.

3. Same, taken with one-half turn.

4. Starting with left foot, advance two steps; on third count touch left toe front; on fourth touch at back and bend right knee. Same with right foot.

5. Same, crossing left foot, and on back cross touch, bending right knee. Same with right foot.

LESSON VI.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching; clasping hands behind head.*
2. Poising; *leg swinging in circle and poising forward and back.*

3. Leg; *stepping and knee bending.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching, with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. TRUNK; *bending forward, back and to sides, with hands clasped behind head.*
6. Neck; *bending backward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor at half side.*
8. Respiratory; *arm stretching upward front, downward side.*
9. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with swinging up and down.*
10. Floating; *above shoulder level.*

5. TRUNK; BENDING FORWARD, BACK AND TO SIDES, WITH HANDS CLASPED BEHIND HEAD.

Bend as in Lesson IV. Bend directly to right side, allowing head to droop on shoulders; lift head to position last. Bend to left.

Marching.

1. LEFT FACE AND SIDEWARD LEFT (*right*)—*march!*
2. LEFT ABOUT FACE AND SIDEWARD LEFT (*right*)—*march!*
3. MARCH—*double touchstep and rise on toes—left!* (*right.*)
4. MARCH—*double cross touchstep and rise on toes—left!* (*right.*)

1. As the executive word is given left foot is raised, the turn is made on ball of right foot and the sideward march is begun with left foot. Same, turning on left.

2. Same as 1, with one-half turn.

3. Starting with left foot advance two steps; on *third* count touch left toe front; on *fourth* touch back and rise on toes; lower heels and immediately advance with left. Same with right foot.

4. Same, crossing left foot and rising on toes of right foot on back cross touch. Same with right foot.

[*To be continued.*]

An Opera Singer's Novitiate.

By J. T.

THE essentials in this vocation are good voice, love of the work and willingness to grind, with bodily strength to depend on, youth enough to permit a future, and sufficient good looks or charm of personality to interest the public and sustain stage illusion.

One should not trust the opinion of loving relatives as to the soundness of one's voice. It may be a pleasant drawing-room voice, giving much pleasure to one's friends, yet lack the fulness, carrying-quality and compass necessary for opera. One must accept the advice of a careful, conscientious teacher of voice-production, who will place the voice properly, that it may develop along normal lines, gaining in sweetness, fulness, and breadth of tone with intelligent use,—one who will not sacrifice the much-used and oft-neglected middle register to make a few brilliant upper notes. The work of laying solid foundation for the hoped-for brilliant future means steady, daily grind. In process of voice-building one learns the style of music best suited to one's voice. It is not always the style one likes best.

The first effort in opera work will be an aria, or one's part in a duet, studied as a separate song. Then comes an opera class. Here for the first time one is thrown on one's own resources. The director does not give singing-lessons, one's knowledge of singing is taken for granted. The class may be six or eight or ten people—men and women—good voices

and doubtful ones. The opera studied is chosen for the greatest good to the greatest number and not for the individual. Rôles are assigned according to voices, sometimes two or three people studying the same rôle, sometimes one person studying more than one rôle. The first lesson is a musical rehearsal of the opera, each doing his best with the music; the conductor at the piano helping the weak ones, giving proper tempo, and repeating difficult places. Little of the solo work is done, one learns that at home. That the voice may not be too much worked, staging is taken up, usually for a half hour before the end of the lesson. A point for the beginner is not to tire the voice; as quickly as possible learn to do work mentally, reading the musical score and learning it as one does the words. Opera ensemble work is of great value, and helps one overcome nervousness.

The need of help in another direction soon develops. One does not know how to walk, to kneel, even to stand still! And one's hands are such a nuisance! Fencing lessons? Yes. Dancing lessons? Yes. Both help toward freeing the body and training it to graceful movement, but that is not enough in these days. Even such elocution lessons with action as you may have had will not enable you to fit your acting to bars of music during which gesture must be held, in harmony with rhythm and meaning of the music, as well as of the lines. Grand opera action is on broad lines with few movements.

Private lessons from a wide-minded, firmly-grounded and sympathetic teacher of harmonic action will be necessary. Learn the big general laws governing the art of dramatic expression, the mechanics of the body, its response in perfect harmony to the emotion the mind and heart wish to express. Very soon one begins to see the world with new eyes, to appreciate the stage for the first time. Make everything mchanical? Not a bit of it! Do you hear your abc's in the beautiful poetry you read, see the five-finger exercises in Paderewski's wonderful playing? Your muscles trained to harmonic action will express what you wish, acting in unison with your emotions. All will become part of yourself. There are mechanical exercises in this as in everything. You will undertake some pantomime work of kindergarten simplicity and learn to think, to see, to do in time with the music one thing at a time.

You soon come to learn a whole opera, of which the opera class may do only one act. This time the opera chosen affords the rôle best suited to your possibilities. Read over the entire score from cover to cover, *not* using the voice. Play it over on the piano, if you can. Mark every word of your rôle; read the story from beginning to end, no matter how often you have heard the opera, or how well you think you know it. Parts cut in the production may now give you the key to what the composer meant, clear up some troublesome point in a sketchy part, help you to a consistent, well-rounded conception of your rôle. This first opera learned from cover to cover musically with your singing-master, who may keep you on one phrase to improve your voice-production, or your diction, until you feel like an overworked hand-organ, will be your first dramatic creation, and will reduce you to a state of mental pulp. It will be the hardest work you have undertaken—brain-wearing, nerve-wrecking, heart-breaking. You

will be a nuisance to every one around, because, for you, there will be only one thing in the world—your work—everything else seeming to revolve around that, to throw light upon it. When the opera is learned, musically and dramatically, secure a good "coach." With him go over the entire work for instruction in stage-business, traditions, and for individual work on the rôle. The time of this usually expensive man should not be wasted in teaching either vocal or dramatic technique. You will now, for the first time, make traditional cuts, some of them will be a relief, others a grief; for the first time with no other person on the scene you will make exits and entrances, move around and indicate your part of the entire opera, you will take up your musical cues and count your rests, all from memory.

There are sure to be large blank spaces on the dramatic side. The coach helps you. "What had you thought of doing here?" "How do you come to be there?" You hadn't thought. You don't know. "Sometimes it is done so." "The traditional business is this—the stage-directions are these." As much as possible you are allowed to do things your way, the coach helping you along your own way.

You are now ready to see a manager and to be heard. Write to the business manager to find out when voices are tried. When you have secured an appointment, either take your own accompanist or trust to the one at the theatre. Songs should be chosen on the advice of your singing-master, two numbers or three, calculated to show the voice at its best, one number at least in English. You may be one of a dozen other people to be heard. You may be heard by any representative of the manager. You may know the result immediately, or the manager may take your address and send you word—or forget you. A personal acquaintance with the manager can only secure you a hearing under perhaps specially favorable conditions. But your voice must stand for itself. Managers are in the business to make a success of it, pecuniary and artistic, not to give work and pay salaries to friends. If you can do what the manager needs, he will give you a chance, friend or not. If you cannot, or if he already has enough people to do your style of work, you will not get a chance, with that company. Do not let kind friends persuade you that you are wonderful, or that you are unfairly treated.

If you are not forgotten you may get notice authorizing you to attend orchestral rehearsals of the opera you have learned, and in which you hope to make your début. Even when likelihood of your singing a performance is most slight, take the rehearsals. They are for the orchestra. You are not considered. Get what good you can out of them. It is all in the way of experience and the faster you get that, once being ready for your work, the better prepared you will be for your first night. Hitherto all your work will have been with a piano, and undisturbed by foreign noises. Now the theatre will be covered with ghost-like linens, people moving around preparing for the night, no light beyond the small desk-lights of the musicians, and one bunch light which is sure to shine in your eyes and not on your book. You will sit in an orchestra chair, the stage being used by the carpenters or scene-shifters, the whole place filled with draughts, heavy damp air, the odor of escaping gas, and many noises.

If the conductor is kindly disposed —and conductors usually are to beginners—he will give you an occasional sign with his baton; most of the time he is too busy with the musicians to look around at you behind him. Just as you take up your cue they stop, go back to "No. 4" or "No. 5." Nothing in your score shows where that may be. The whole orchestra seems a lot of unfamiliar animals playing something you have never heard. Suddenly you find the place; you are all right, when they make a "company cut," and you are all at sea again. This goes on for three, four or five hours until your eyes burn from the bad light, your head aches and you pine for fresh air. But it does end. The conductor then remembers your existence, runs over your score, marks cuts, and tells you that a rehearsal is a great help, adding "Come at ten."

At last you are free to get out into the fresh air, to breathe in the sunshine, tired every inch of you from the long strain. But most tired of all because you are convinced you know nothing. A good night's rest and the next rehearsal pull you together. You know now it is the flute, the violin or the 'cello giving your cue; gradually you feel the help and support of the orchestra. You also appreciate the reluctance of the manager to engage an untried singer. So well is this reluctance understood in Europe that some of the very best people have paid large sums to secure a performance in recognized opera houses.

If the season of opera is over, try for a concert début, with orchestra, if possible. Anything that will bring you before the public and put your name on the program of a dignified public performance will help you with the agents to whom you will now apply, or with the manager for whom you hope to sing. Remember you have no reputation, no one outside your personal friends has ever heard of you. One of our American prima donnas commenced in light opera out of town, doing five or six weeks of it to get used to the stage and the public. She recommends this as the best way for beginners, but warns them against too long work in that line lest one should develop and confirm mannerisms.

You will see in these days of specialists how many people are necessary in the making of an opera singer: A good conscientious teacher of singing; a teacher of dramatic expression or harmonic action; a dancing-master; a fencing-master; opera class work under a competent director; and a coach. The accompanist, of great importance to the concert-singer, is a valued help to the opera singer in studying the music. As rapidly as may be, you should study French, German and Italian for singing use. Learn more operas; six is the smallest working repertoire. The more you can master the better your chances will be, the greater your stock in trade.

Are you sure this is your vocation? Have you the strength, the endurance, the courage?

The music teacher asked: "What does it mean when you see *f* over a bar?"
"Forte," answered one of the pupils.
"And what does it mean when you see *ff*?" asked the teacher.
"Please, sir, eighty!" said the bright boy of the class.

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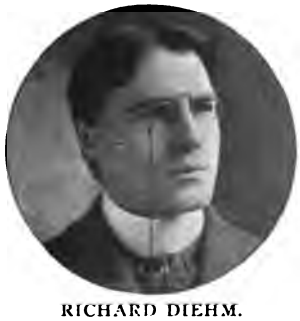

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CURRENT THOUGHT

VOICE-CULTURE AND MUSIC.

NEW YORK NOT SO FINE A FIELD FOR VOCAL TALENT.

"The prizes for singers in this city in the shape of high-salaried choir engagements are few, and the exaggerated stories which are published throughout the country about the large incomes of the successful ones bring each year to New York a large number of candidates for singing engagements. They come with voices which have been praised by their teachers, and many of them, when they find no opening for them in churches, drift into the choruses of the opera. At a small gathering of choir singers last week one of the successful ones vouched for the following story about a choir singer who for several years has commanded a large salary in one of the wealthiest churches. It illustrates the difficulties that one candidate for honors had to overcome before he reached his goal. He may be called Jones.

"More than ten years ago a woman who had taken singing lessons from an excellent teacher of vocal music in this city went to a Western mining town and for her own amusement taught singing to a few young men and girls who had natural gifts in this direction. Among them was Jones, hardly more than a boy, and at that time working as a miner. The possibilities of Jones's voice interested his teacher. He was accustomed only to a miner's life, and his natural refinement would never have been suspected at that time. Jones improved rapidly and his teacher persuaded him to come to New York and study under her old teacher.

"'You have naturally,' she said, 'one of the best voices that I ever heard. With a little training you will be able to earn by singing in a choir on Sundays about ten times your present wages.'

"'Then I will go to New York,' said Jones, 'and become a choir singer.'

"The woman gave him a strong recommendation to her old teacher and when the latter had tested Jones's voice he said: 'You have an excellent voice and with proper training you may earn a large salary with it.'

"'Very well,' said Jones. 'You teach me until I can get an engagement and I will pay you.'

"'That would mean too long a wait,' said the teacher.

"'Why do you say that?' asked the miner.

"'I will tell you frankly,' said the teacher. 'I believe that your voice might be developed with six months' training. That is physically developed. To do the work which you hope to do, however, you would have to be almost born anew. You are rough and uncouth. Go to a fashionable church to-morrow and see the men who attend it. Study their clothes, manners and appearance. Then think to yourself that you must become outwardly as presentable as they are and mentally, perhaps very much more responsive, before you can gain success. You need grooming, manners and mental development, and I believe that it will take you at least ten years to acquire them.'

"Fortunately for the young miner the woman who discovered him had recommended him to a wealthy music-loving family in this city. When they heard the teacher's verdict about his voice they assumed the expense of his lessons and put him in the way to get the other training which he needed. He was taught the manners of polite society and these lessons were harder for him than his vocal lessons. He was taught how to dress, and in fact his training was somewhat similar to that advertised by some of the young women's finishing schools. He read and studied. This vocal teacher showed him how to develop his voice and to use it to the best advantage. It was a general polishing process. No one would now suspect that Jones had been an uneducated rough miner. He commands a large salary whenever he sings. The singer who told the story said that against such obstacles not one man in a thousand would have persisted. 'This was an extreme case,' he said, 'and this man's voice warranted his efforts. If the average young man who had vocal ambitions to achieve in this city, however, knew the obstacles he must surmount, he wouldn't come here to drift into a comic opera chorus. There is only a fighting chance for the musical man with the musical voice and to seize it he must have untiring energy.'"—*N. Y. Sun.*

BONAPARTE PROSCRIBES FOREIGN COMPOSERS.

"'Madame, I am glad to see you at the Tuileries. You are one of the great ladies of France. Your proper place is in my circle. I shall expect to see you here frequently.'

"He spoke as he moved, rapidly, jerkily, without grace, without suavity; and he had a peculiarly uncouth accent—fundamentally an Italian accent, but overlaid by French intonations such as you hear in the streets—which intensified the jarring effect of his voice. My mother dropped a deep curtsy.

"'They tell me you are a musician, madame,' he continued.

"'I play the pianoforte, sire,' my mother answered.

"'And you taught others to play it when

you were across the Channel—ha?' he questioned.

"'I gave music lessons when we were in exile,' said my mother.

"'Be thankful that you are under the necessity of giving them no longer,' said he. 'Who are your favorite composers?'

"'I am fond of Mozart, sire, and I like what little I know of Beethoven."

"'Mozart was an Austrian. Who is Beethoven?'

"'He is a Prussian, I believe, sire—a young composer whose music is coming into vogue.'

"'Coming into vogue?' Bonaparte repeated sharply. 'Coming into vogue among whom? Not among patriotic French people, I hope. Leave the music of Prussian and Austrian composers, madame, to Prussian and Austrian performers. We have composers of our own, among whom a patriotic Frenchwoman should choose her favorites. We have Berton, Isouard, Catel. Cultivate them; cultivate Isouard especially. And let me hear no more of Mozart and Beethoven.'"—*Henry Harland in "Saturday Evening Post."*

MARCHESI DESCRIBES THE WAY SHE GIVES HER FIRST SINGING-LESSON.

"You are frightened, my dear young lady! Don't be alarmed ; you will get on very well. Stand upon the platform, please, and settle firmly on both feet; do not hang your head, but keep it up naturally. Hold up your head, I say. You stoop too much; put your arms behind your back, so that the chest may be free. Now, take breath. No, not so! That was but a half-breath. You must take a deep breath, and not expel the breath too rapidly. No, that will not do. I will count. While taking breath I shall count ten; while holding it, five; while slowly expelling it, ten. Good, very good! Now open your mouth. Why that grinning smile? That gives the *voix blanche*—the white voice, the tone striking the soft-palate. Open your mouth naturally; the lower jaw must be depressed, as the upper jaw is motionless. Good. Now attack the tone by drawing together the vocal cords; take care that when you attack it no air comes forth; do not strike the tone so hard. That is an exaggerated coup de glotte, and sounds harsh. Strike the tone once again. That is right. Now let us study the passage from one register to another. Try to sing the last tone of the chest-register as softly as possible, so that the transition to the middle register be imperceptible, and do likewise in respect to the transition from the middle to the head register. It is not to be expected in the beginning that the registers be connected and made even, but attention must be directed to that end, which must eventually be attained through practice. Sing for me first two, then three, then four, then five tones. Good! That will be sufficient for to-day. During the first month do not practice at home, so that I may keep watch of your breathing, your attack, and your passage from register to register; it is impossible that, in a single lesson, you should comprehend the method, and through misdirected study you might undo all I have taught you. Remain here, however, and follow the instruction imparted to other pupils; you will learn much thereby and what is strange to-day will become familiar, by listening, to-morrow. The first hour's instruction is ended. You see, my dear young lady, it was not so very terrible. Now then, cheer up and do not catch cold. Au revoir, until day after tomorrow!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE UNITED STATES LEADING IN VOCAL ART.

"For a good many years we have had in the United States an excellent opera organization, giving performances in English all over the country, and this fall the very stronghold of foreign singers, the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, has to open its doors to native artists. The United States and England are the only two countries that support opera without state aid. I will go even further, and say that, bar Germany and Austria, the United States and England are the only countries where opera is listened to intelligently. In all other countries the high note, the gymnastics of a cadenza, any sensational element is the attraction, and received enthusiastically as such, to the detriment of the whole structure. Nobody in Italy, France, Spain, or Russia bothers about the philosophy of the art, and all they care about there is a vocal climax. The claque system is greatly responsible for this barbaric conception of artistic intent and purpose in drawing the attention of the audience to salient points in an individual performance, and as often as not demoralizing the taste of the public.

"What between the claque, the subventions, the wretchedness of operatic performances in some 150 Continental theatres, and the moribund state of opera in a good many European cities, one may well ask 'What is the matter with it, anyhow?' The future of an art that exists mainly through direct or indirect taxation or as a fashionable whim cannot be secure. Nor does the 'star' system help things in any way; quite the reverse. I have always maintained that 'stars' are jeopardizing reasons of all operatic ventures, for with their big fees, getting always bigger, opera will be soon the most expensive of public entertainments, and the high salary crime will end by killing it altogether. But so long as it lasts let us have it for the good of our own people. The whole form of operatic art may be wrong; the very texture of the fabric might be false; or there is perhaps misapplication of original esthetic ideas. But it exists, and should be made to serve purposes of native talent.

"In the United States and England music is not viewed as merely a means of vocal exploitation; nowhere does the art flourish

so much in its absolute form, and nowhere, not even in Germany and Austria, has the symphony, the string quartet, the classical song, a better abiding place than in the great English speaking countries. Why not muster sufficient energy for the founding of national operatic art?"—*Marc A. Blumenberg, Editor of "Musical Courier," in an interview in "Pall Mall Gazette," London.*

MARCHESI ON WAGNER.

"Wagner passed a few weeks in Vienna, and honored me with a visit. We conversed for a long time on music, and especially upon singing. His views, however, differed so widely from mine that we never came to an agreement. He had no conception of the human voice; in particular, of the delicate, I may say fragile, female voice. He said to me frankly that song in general was subordinate to his orchestra, and that in his compositions he attached to it but little importance. I sought to enlighten him by some explanations as to the danger of this principle, but his opinions were so positive that I turned the conversation in another direction. In music, as in politics, he was a revolutionist; whether this has furthered the cause of music, time must show. When I read and study the scores of Glück, Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, Haydn, etc., I am gladdened, uplifted, so to put it; when I study Wagner —I speak now from the vocal stand-point only—depression comes over me. His works are grand, overwhelming, but more symphonic than vocal. As for his poetry, it is realistic and sensual rather than esthetic; in his language we find words that no dictionary contains, and his pen has coined."—*Harper's Bazar.*

MUSIC IN OUR ARMY.

"The army authorities at Washington have at last reached the subject of military music. In his order of Sept. 29 Gen. Miles expressed this opinion of music, and issued this rule about it:

"'Good martial music contributes immeasurably to the contentment and welfare of troops, and inspires in them a valiant and patriotic spirit, which is most essential; hence it will be encouraged, especially vocal music, which will include the singing of the national anthems and patriotic hymns and songs. The playing of a national or patriotic air as a part of a medley is prohibited.'

"In spite of the fact that it is practically impossible to sing the national air, 'The Star Spangled Banner,' the spirit of this order is commendable. A medley of national airs is not a dignified composition, whoever the musician may be.

"Another order on the subject is to be published soon, which will prohibit the playing of 'Bowery airs' by military bands on formal occasions. The authorities have decided that foreigners and others are not to be left to imagine that the famous 'Hot Time' is our only national hymn, as at one time it seemed likely they would be. There is just as good music off the Bowery as there is on it, and the army bands are, musically speaking, to be warned off the old thoroughfare.

"Foreign countries have had their rules on the subject of military music for some time. Recently Russia added a new regulation, requiring the troops to sing as they advance to an attack. One general has ordered each battalion in his division to form a chorus of singers; from the best singers of the battalions, regimental choruses will be formed, of from forty to fifty singers, with certain instrumentalists. How this rule will work in practice has yet to be proved. Our only rule has been to the effect that the 'Star Spangled Banner' is the national hymn, that the bands shall play it at retreat, and that when it is played, all soldiers not under arms shall rise, uncover, and stand at attention. The new orders will carry further the idea of this rule.

"Foreign armies have their military schools of music. The British school is commanded by a colonel, and has its own staff of military as well as of musical officers; and those of other armies are as complete. The late Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore was the only person ever intrusted with supervision over our military bands. For a time he was bandmaster general of the army in the department of Louisiana; but the time was not conducive to the study of military band music and Gilmore's influence probably cannot be traced in any improvements in our present army bands.

"Abroad many regiments have their own marches. Here the Seventh Cavalry has its own tune, 'Garryowen;' this was played when the regiment under Custer attacked the Indians on the Wichita, thirty-two years ago, and has been played ever since when the Seventh is on parade. There may be other regimental marches in our army, but they are not well known. The Second Cavalry has its own quickstep, but it has not won fame outside of the regiment. The Fourteenth and the Ninth Infantry might well bring home marches based on Chinese airs; probably their bandmasters can compose them. In the British army the Highland regiments play 'The Highland Laddie' when on parade; the Grenadier Guards have the famous 'British Grenadiers' as their march. The Royal Marines' band plays 'Life on the Ocean Wave,' while the Norfolk Regiment of Infantry marches past to the tune of 'Rule Britannia!' The Leinster Regiment has very properly a Canadian air, for it began life as the Royal Canadian Regiment; the Suffolk Regiment (Suffolk used to be famed for its farmers) marches to the tune of 'Speed the Plough;' the Liverpool Regiment has Sheridan's song for its quickstep: 'Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen.' The First Gloucestershire Regiment has an air said to date from one of

our Revolutionary battles, that of White Plains in 1776. It is called the 'Kynegad Slashers,' and is said to be due to their bravery at that battle and at the 'passage of the Brunx.' Handel wrote the march for 'The Buffs,' or East Kent Regiment, and a few British cavalry regiments use what Kipling calls the 'cavalry canter of Bonnie Dundee.'

"The field opened by the new orders is broad, and it is to be hoped that our bandmasters may be inspired by the new attention paid to the music that is played on parades, guard mounting and other ceremonies, to compose or discover good marches, which will become attached permanently to the various regiments."—*N. Y. Sun.*

CORRECT MUSICAL EDUCATION.

An interesting and somewhat revolutionary article on the subject of musical training in general, and of children in particular, is published in a Vienna weekly (*Die Wage*). The writer, H. Geisler, is apparently a practical teacher, but he is dissatisfied with the methods that prevail, which he considers based upon a misconception of musical development as prescribed by nature. Musical activity, he says, is divided into the three categories, manual, sensual, and intellectual. Instead, now, of proceeding on the presumption that manual practise increases and develops sensual and intellectual perception, we should realize that such perception must already exist before it can be expressed by means of an instrument. Hence the ability to perform is the outcome of musical perception, not its developer. The writer says:

"Musical impressions, perceptions, and conceptions must already be present before one can call them into tone-existence on an instrument. They are not acquired by means of an instrument, but simply expressed through it. Our own musical production of a composition has this value; it renders the musical phenomena clearer to us from several points of view. Undoubtedly a piece is more deeply impressed on the mind, is better understood and held by the memory, if the learner not only hears it, but also reproduces it. But the conception must exist in the mind before it can be reproduced on an instrument, and the primitive educational instrument remains the human voice, which leaves the production of the tones to the taste of the singer. But even singing is not the real beginning; the natural order should be: hearing, singing, performing. The most thankless instrument for musical education is the piano, or, rather, all keyed instruments in general. And yet we see a foolish, one is tempted to say, 'panpianoism' sapping our entire musical life. The piano is for the 'musical' man an indispensable priceless aid; but for primary education it is worthless and harmful; it not only does not make one musical, but, on the contrary, it gives the beginner a false view of music and depresses him. To be sure, thoughtful teachers do not fail to make occasional remarks, theoretical suggestions, in the endeavor to awaken the sense of hearing. But they refuse both to perceive the supremacy of this sense and to allow it its just rights, and they are, moreover, handicapped by the method of teaching which rests on the presumption that tone-sense will develop of itself in following the mechanical-technical course of study.

"To be sure, the better class of pupils in the end reach *real* music, for talent conquers all obstacles; but in the correct way they would have made more rapid progress. Does any one still believe that blind persons are blest by nature with greater musical gifts? Their ear is simply developed owing to the fact that it is not distracted from music through the sense of sight. And yet methods of teaching, as demonstrated on the technical side, have developed to remarkable perfection, and there are now no end of good teachers. They feel the neglect of the sensual and intellectual, and strive to mend matters to the best of their ability."—*Translation made for "The Literary Digest."*

ORATORY AND ELOCUTION.

BIBLE STUDY FOR STYLE IN ORATORY.

"Consider the method of the Saviour in His addresses to the people. Next to Him, those perfect specimens of the art of putting things are the speeches and epistles of St. Paul. I know of nothing in literature so clear, convincing and logical. The words of the Master astonish one with their absolute unity with all the rules of effective address. Especially His method of driving home a truth by repeating it, and that, too, in exactly the same words, is noticeable and very effective. He did not fear that He would be tiresome; He was concerned only in being clear. Take the following examples:

Matt., Ch. 7:

24. *Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:*

25. *And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.*

26. *And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:*

27. *And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.*

Or study this:

Matt., Ch. 5:

29. *And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast* it *from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not* that *thy whole body should be cast into hell.*

30. *And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast* it *from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not* that *thy whole body should be cast into hell.*

Or this:

Matt., Ch. 25.

34. *Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:*

35. *For I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in.*

36. *Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.*

37. *Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, and fed* thee? *or thirsty, and gave* thee *drink?*

38. *When saw we thee a stranger, and took* thee *in? or naked, and clothed* thee?

39. *Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?*

40. *And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done* it *unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done* it *unto me.*

41. *Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:*

42. *For I was a hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:*

43. *I was a stranger, and ye took me me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.*

44. *Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?*

45. *Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did* it *not to one of the least of these, ye did* it *not to me.*

"Consider Anthony's funeral oration over the dead body of Cæsar and note the same mastery of the art of repetition. But like all powerful weapons it is dangerous to one who is not a natural speaker. It might easily be fatal, for remember that we are advised to 'use not vain repetition as the heathen do, for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.'"—*Senator Albert J. Beveridge in "Saturday Evening Post."*

RATIONALE OF THE ART OF SPEAKING.

"An audience is only a larger person—a great collective individuality—and, whatever, in manner and matter, will please, persuade and convince a person, will have the same effect upon an audience. Any affectation, any mannerism, detracts from the thought because it calls the attention of the listener to the mannerism or affectation, when his whole attention should be monopolized by the thought. Read Herbert Spencer on the 'Philosophy of Style,' and apply his reasoning to the delivery of an address, and you have the rationale of the art of speaking, as well as of speech, put with that wonderful thinker's unerringness. The method commonly employed in preparing speeches is incorrect. That method is to read all the books one can get on the subject, take all the opinions that can be procured, make exhaustive notes and then write the speech. Such a speech is nothing but a compilation. It is merely an arrangement of secondhand thought and observation and of other people's ideas. It never has the power of living and original thinking. The true way is to take the elements of the problem in hand and, without consulting a book or an opinion, reason out from the very elements of the problem itself your solution of it, and then prepare your speech. After this, read, read, read, comprehensively, omnivorously, in order to see whether your original solution was not exploded a hundred years ago—aye, or a thousand; and also, to fortify and make accurate your own thought. Read Matthew Arnold on 'Literature and Dogma' and you will discover why it is necessary for you to read exhaustively on any subject about which you would think or write or speak. But, as you value your independence of mind—yes, even your vigor of mind—do not read other men's opinions upon the subject *before* you have clearly thought out your own conclusions from the premises of the elemental facts."—*Senator Albert J. Beveridge in "Saturday Evening Post."*

BONAPARTE'S VOICE.

"'The Emperor! The Emperor!' they cried.

"Now, in the room beyond, a certain bustle was audible, and voices—or, rather, no: *one* voice was audible, saying something and following it with a laugh. I wish I could give you some conception of the character and the effect of that voice, that laugh. I had never before heard a voice the character of which was so marked, the effect of which was so instantaneous, so irresistible. I was destined to hear it many times again, and gradually, perhaps, I grew accustomed to it; but my first impression has not faded; something like its actual echo sounds in my memory. How to describe it? I may say at once that it was an unpolished, unmodulated voice, a voice you would sooner have expected to

hear in a stable-yard or a barrack-room than in a palace, a voice that jarred upon the polite ear, that was strident, and harsh, and coarse. But it was by no means merely this—it was much more, much worse than this. It was a voice the effect of which was the effect of a note of warning. There was something hard in it, something inflexible, inelastic, at the same time there was something aggressive, domineering, threatening, that startled you and put you on your guard. It was not merely a voice that suggested vulgarity, roughness, violence; it suggested an indifference, a separateness, an inaccessibility; it suggested an immense adamantine egotism, which made you feel that between the person to whom it belonged and those to whom he spoke there existed some radical disparity of kind, as the laugh not of a man laughing with men, not even of a man laughing at men, but of a man dissociated from men, isolated, shut in himself, the motives for whose laughter were inscrutable."—*Henry Harland in "Saturday Evening Post."*

REQUISITES OF EFFECTIVE SPEAKING.

"'And the common people heard Him gladly,' for 'He taught them as one having authority.' These sentences reveal the very heart of effective speaking. Considered from the human viewpoint alone, the Son of Mary was the prince of speakers. He alone has delivered a perfect address—the Sermon on the Mount. The two other speeches that approach it are Paul's appeal to the Athenians on Mars's Hill and the speech of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg. These have no tricks, no devices, no tinsel gilt. They do not attempt to 'split the ears of the groundlings,' and yet they are addressed to the commonest of the world's common people.

"Imagination, reason and that peculiar human quality in speech which defies analysis as much as the perfume of the rose, but which touches the heart and reaches the mind, are blended in each of these utterances in perfect proportion. But, above all, each of these model speeches which the world has thus far produced, teaches. They instruct. And, in doing this, they assert. The men who spoke them did not weaken them by suggesting a doubt of what they had to say. This is common to all great speeches.

"Not one immortal utterance can be produced which contains such expressions as, 'I may be wrong,' or, 'In my humble opinion,' or, 'In my judgment.' The great speakers, in their highest moments, have always been so charged with aggressive conviction that they announced their conclusions as ultimate truths. All of this means that the two indispensable requisites of speaking are, first, to have something to say, and, second, to say it as though you mean it. Of course, one cannot have something really to say—a lesson to teach, a message to deliver—every fifteen minutes.

"Whenever a speaker fails to make his audience forget voice, gesture and even the speaker himself, whenever he fails to make the listeners conscious only of the living truth he utters, he has failed in his speech itself, which, then, has no other reason for having been delivered than a play or any other form of entertainment.

"As a matter of fact, very few of the great orators have had loud voices, or if they did have them, they did not employ them. Wendell Phillips seldom spoke in any voice but a conversational tone, and yet he was able to make an audience of many thousands hear distinctly; and Phillips was the greatest speaker America has produced. It is probable that no man ever lived who had a more sensuous effect upon his hearers than Ingersoll. In a literal and physical sense he charmed them. I never heard him talk in a loud voice. There was no 'bell-like' quality. It was not an 'organ-like' voice.

"The greatest feat of modern speech, in its immediate effect, was Henry Ward Beecher's speech to the Liverpool mob. Notwithstanding the pandemonium that reigned around him, Beecher did not shout, or speak at the top of his voice, a single time during that terrible four hours.

"This, however, is common to the voices of nearly all great speakers; they have a peculiar power of penetration that carries them much farther than the shout and halloo of the loudest voiced person. They have, too, a singularly touching and tender quality which, in a sensuous way, captivates and holds the hearers. James Whitcomb Riley has this quality in his voice when reciting. Julia Marlowe has it. Olga Nethersole has it to the very highest degree. Madame Modjeska has it nearly as much."—*Senator Albert J. Beveridge in "Saturday Evening Post."*

Wife—My dear, our reception is frightfully dull. No one says a word.

Husband—That's all right. Get some one to render a musical selection, and it will start up a conversation immediately.

"My proudest boast," declared the lecturer, who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns!" "How many miles behind?" piped a voice from the gallery.

There recently died a boss carpenter who had one question which he always asked of journeymen who applied for employment.

"What are your favorite tunes?"

"Why, what do you want to know that for?"

"You whistle and sing some at your work, don't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, what tunes do you generally whistle or sing?"

"Oh, there's 'Old Hundred' and 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'Down by the Weeping Willows' and—"

"That's enough!" the boss carpenter would exclaim. "You won't do for me. These tunes are too slow for me. Good-day."

On the contrary, if the applicant answered, "Oh, I generally whistle 'Yankee Doodle,' or 'The Fisher's Hornpipe,' or something of that sort, the carpenter would say at once:

"I think you'll do! Take off your coat if you want to and go to work."

Voices from the Elocutionary Battle-Field.

A PROTEST AGAINST DR. S. S. CURRY'S CRITICISM ON THE LATE PROFESSOR AUSTIN H. MERRILL.

To the Editor of Werner's Magazine:

The summer number of "Expression" contains an article on the late Professor A. H. Merrill by Dr. S. S. Curry. While Dr. Curry in parts of the article has spoken appreciatively of the character of Professor Merrill—"his sweet personal qualities," his "loving tenderness and loyal fidelity to all" —and has admitted his success as a reader, in other parts he has made criticisms so unwarranted that it is just and proper that they should not be allowed to stand unchallenged as a correct estimate of the character and work of this well-known reader and teacher of elocution.

Professor Merrill gave special attention to elocution during his course of four years at Delaware College, N. J. He afterward took the full course of study at the National School of Elocution and Oratory in Philadelphia, and attended two sessions of Dr. Curry's School of Expression. But, acording to Dr. Curry, one thing was lacking, for he says:

"I have always regretted that Vanderbilt University opened to him so early. Had he taken the full course he planned, he would have made a still greater success and would have had more confidence and power from a broad understanding of every aspect of his art, which nothing else could have given him."

The paramount importance of the third course in the School of Expression, the *sine qua non* for "a broad understanding of every aspect of the art," should be noted by elocutionists who would attain to any great success.

"His personality was so charming, that *as a teacher* he was *too anxious*, according to my judgment, *to please* every one. I stood once under the trees on the great Cumberland Plateau, as he talked to me and expressed his astonishment that the School of Expression was not larger. I could not make him see that it would be a great injury to the School *to do simply* at the School *what students desired us to do. He could not see that he*, who was to work a reform and lift men to a higher plane, *must not accept the student's standards*, but must found all his work upon the possibilities of the student and show him what he may be and ought to be as compared with what he is—that he will never make a student self-satisfied and contented on a low plane, but stir him to rise to his highest possibilities. Somehow *I could not get him to see* that this was the function of the School of Expression, and that if we failed in this, we would be faithless to our duty." [The italics are mine.]

Dr. Curry clearly intimates in this that Professor Merrill was so anxious to please that he would do what the student desired him to do, that he would accept the student's standard, that he could not even see that a teacher should not do this and should attempt to stir the student "to rise to his highest possibilities." This is nothing less than a condemnation of Professor Merrill as a teacher. That he did please his students, that many of them loved him because of his noble character and his influence for good in their lives, hundreds of them would willingly testify; and they would also as readily affirm that he endeavored to raise the standard of their taste, to inspire them with a love of the best literature, and held before them high ideals in art and life.

It is gratifying to note that such an eminent authority as Professor S. H. Clark, of the University of Chicago, ascribes to Professor Merrill as a teacher qualities different from those attributed to him by Dr. Curry. Speaking of Professor Merrill in the September number of WERNER'S MAGAZINE, he says: "In his class-room he wielded an even more potent influence than on the platform, for he held the highest ideals before his students, and, still better, knew and appreciated what is meant by high ideals."

"The last time I ever saw him I urged him with all my heart not to undertake a certain work, but for some mysterious reason he felt under obligations to some friends, and now he is gone, sacrificed himself to the mistaken judgment of these so-called 'friends.' His death should be a warning to all our public entertainers. The life is exacting, the hours are irregular, and they should take extra care of themselves. Above all, either devote themselves to teaching or reading, one or the other, but not to both. For a man to read in the evening, entertain an audience, amid enthusiastic excitement, and then early the next morning to meet a class and try to dominate their attention, and reveal to them their own possibilities, is too much. I have never known any one who made a great success of both fields of work at the same time."

It is entirely gratuitous in Dr. Curry to charge Professor Merrill's untimely death upon his friends, and to attribute it to the overtaxing of his powers in attempting to do both reading and teaching. His platform work did not materially interfere with his regular work as teacher. It was rarely the case during the session that he took any considerable part in an evening entertainment when he had classes to meet on the following day. Once or twice a year he was granted leave of absence for several weeks by the university, and it was during these vacations that he gave readings in nearly all the principal cities of the South and at many of the leading colleges and universities both of the North and South. His great success as reader is generally acknowledged. There is no need to offer evidence of it. Dr. Curry himself, I think, admits it. But he would by the statement that he has never known anyone who made a great success in both reading and teaching and the criticisms previously mentioned virtually limit Professor Merrill's success to the former. But the truth is he was remarkably successful as a teacher. He came to Vanderbilt University with high

recommendations as a teacher from places where he had taught—the University of Michigan, the Western Maryland College and the Theological Seminary at Westminster and Martha's Vineyard. In Vanderbilt University he taught for fourteen years without a complaint from the students and to the entire satisfaction of the Board of Trust, the present and former Chancellor. The Chancellor of the Southwestern Presbyterian University and the President of the Nashville College for Young Ladies, in whose schools he taught, spoke of his teaching in the highest terms. His services as a teacher were in demand at various summer schools. The hundreds of students that he taught endorse him, and many of them through their success as public speakers and teachers are themselves practical demonstrations of the excellent training they received from him. Indeed, no defense of Professor Merrill as teacher is needed wherever he has taught; but as Dr. Curry's article has doubtless reached many who knew of him only as a reader, it is but just to Professor Merrill that they should know that Dr. Curry's estimate of him is exceptional, and that generally recognition is given not only to the excellence of his platform work but to the value and high quality of his teaching.

J. T. McGILL.

Vanderbilt University, Nov. 4, 1900.

MR. S. H. CLARK AND VISIBLE SPEECH.

To the Editor of Werner's Magazine:

Ruskin tells us of a self-conscious young Englishman who "was kind enough to *pause*" before one of the great masterpieces in a Florentine gallery. This act of absurd condescension is vividly recalled by the attitude taken toward James E. Murdoch by a writer in WERNER'S MAGAZINE of September last. The article is entitled "From a Reader's Point of View."

In the ballad of "The Ass and the Nightingale" we have an admirable example of the critical tone which this writer adopts.

"Thy voice wants sharpness, but if chanticleer
Would give thee a few lessons doubtless he
Might raise thy tone and modulate thine ear."

After various trite suggestions as to remedial practice our author modestly puts forth as entirely original a few well-worn methods such as have been known and practiced since the days when Demosthenes taught himself elocution with a mouthful of pebbles on the sea-shore. He then proceeds to characterize in phrases of low music-hall slang one of the great inventions of the age. The uninformed are apt to blunder. Visible Speech is by no means restricted to the teaching of the deaf. Prof. Lewis B. Monroe, dean of the Boston University School of Oratory, gave it a prominent place in the curriculum of that institution. He considered it the only scientific method of teaching the pronunciation of all languages and indispensable for the acquirement of correct English as well as for the eradication of all vocal defects. Dr. A. Graham Bell, the distinguished son of its inventor, was in charge of this department.

Alexander Melville Bell, F. E. I. S., F. R. S. S. A., etc., Professor of Vocal Physiology, inventor of Visible Speech, Lecturer on Elocution in Edinburgh University and the New College, and in University College, London, Lecturer on Phonetics in Oxford University, England (on invitation of Prof. Max Müller), also at Johns Hopkins University, stands above the praise or blame of flippant commentators. Yet, when any member of the elocutionary profession shows total ignorance regarding a subject which he characterizes in vulgar phrase, it is time some one enlightened him.

Johnson, on being asked what is the best way to acquire style, replied: "Give your days and nights to the study of Addison." In like manner, it might be urged that those who wish to acquire the fundamentals *discovered by* our writer could not do better then to give days and nights to the study of Bell where they will find these essentials scientifically set forth.

MARY S. THOMPSON.

New York.

NASTY!—Miss Ethel—I wonder if that gentleman can hear me when I sing?

Maid—Of course he can. He is closing the window already.

At a camp meeting there were elderly women sitting at the front in oak-split rocking chairs. We found out later that they comprised the choir, for when the parson gave out the hymn, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to praise," one of these elderly females tried to "raise" the tune.

"Oh—for—a—" She had struck the high C, and her voice cracked. She cleared her throat and began again. "Oh—for—a—thou—" and she was an octave low, while her voice sounded as if it was lost in her boots. Just then a defunct stock broker in the crowd of listeners jumped to his feet and cried out: "Start her at five hundred, old lady, and see if you can't shove her off."

"Miss Mary," said the sable maiden, "we 'spect to have an en'tainment at our chu'ch nex' week, and I got to speak a piece. I was jest goin' to ast you if you had a book with some o' them pieces in?"

"Why, yes, Dora, I have a book of recitations. What kind of a piece do you want?"

"Well, I was thinkin' ob somep'n' in de nature of a catalogue."

"A what?"

"A catalogue. Y'know; a piece with one person a-talkin' an' 'nother one answerin' 'em back. Has you got a piece like dat? I'd like it fust rate!"

At a dinner in Rottingdean lately, a Royal Academician stated to the company the curious fact that sugar and sumac are the only two words in English where *su* is pronounced as *shu*. There was much interest shown in the discovery, when Rudyard Kipling was heard from the other end of the table: "But are you quite sure?"

"Don't you think he has wonderful control over his voice?" said the young woman. "No," answered Miss Cayenne, "I can't say I think that. He sings every time any one asks him to."

"He says his wife learned to sing in Paris." "That may be. She certainly can't sing in Philadelphia."

Sims Reeves.

Died at Worthing, Sussex, England, October 26, 1900.

THIS greatest of English singers had also the longest professional career of any singer on record. In 1895, when 74 years old, he remarried, and started out on a singing-tour through Australia. Notwithstanding his long career, and unprecedented artistic success, he died a poor man, and only a civil pension of $500, granted by Queen Victoria in the early part of this year, saved him from utter destitution. In 1890, WERNER'S MAGAZINE published his autobiography, and we can not do better than reproduce it now as the most complete and authoritative history of this wonderful singer.

SIMS REEVES.

SIMS REEVES'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Looking back over a vista of 50 years, what strange vicissitudes may we not recall. Especially is this so upon the stage, where wear and tear, mental and physical, is deep and sustained.

I was born at Shooter's Hill, Eng., Oct. 21, 1821. My father was a musician; and he not only practiced the art but also taught it. I learned the musical notes almost with the letters of the alphabet; and when I was a child I had to rise, take my bath, dress, and be ready for my piano-forte lesson by five o'clock in the morning. I believe my father taught me well, but I am sure he taught me strictly and severely. A false note on the piano was speedily followed by a blow from his violin bow, which, directed at my knuckles, never missed its aim. Of course, I had no business to make a mistake: but often the means adopted for setting me right threw me into the greatest confusion.

Besides being taught the piano, and soon afterward the organ, I learned at a very early age to sing, and it was said used my voice with no little skill. When I was a boy of ten I could play all Handel's organ accompaniments, from the original figured basses, and at the age of fourteen I performed the duties of organist at North Cray church, where I likewise had charge of the choir.

I was not the only member of my family that could sing. Both my brothers had excellent voices, and became tenors. One of them, Henry, sang for many years with success in the United States; the other, Edwin, enjoyed great reputation as a teacher. It does not often happen that three tenor singers are found in one family. We all had, moreover, genuine tenor voices, and sang in the proper tenor register; not the half counter-tenor voices of the present generation. I also learned to play the violin, violoncello, oboe, and bassoon. In fact, so proficient did I become as a violinist, that at the beginning of my career I not seldom undertook the duties of orchestral leader.

During 1837 and 1838 I studied in London. The vocal professor under whom I studied treated me as a barytone; and as a barytone I came upon the stage and succeeded. There have been instances of singers coming out as tenors and finding afterward that they have barytone voices; but, other than myself, I am not aware of a vocalist commencing as a barytone and then rising to a tenor. I also studied harmony and counterpoint under Mr. H. Calcott.

Although I resolved to be a singer, my father thought it prudent to teach me a trade on which, in case of failing in my profession, I could fall back. I was taught to engrave music plates. During my studies in London I heard all the great Italian singers of the time, Grisi, Persiani, Brambilla, Rubini, Ivanhoff, Mario, Moriani, Tamburini, Colletti, Fornasari, Lablache, and many others. I never liked Tamburini; his style was affected and meretricious. He looked and carried himself well on the stage, but Giorgio Ronconi, to use a slang expression, knocked him into a cocked hat, both as actor and singer. It was then that I made

up my mind to adopt the stage and dramatic singing as my profession.

I tried my luck as an amateur, and succeeded so well that I applied to an agent, who procured me an opening at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and here, Dec., 1839, I made my first appearance on any stage. I was then in my 18th year. My role was the Gypsy Boy in "Guy Mannering." I at once succeeded, and was offered the barytone parts of Count Rodolfo, in "Sonnambula," and Dandini, in "La Cenerentola." I played walking gentleman, small parts in tragedies, and even a part in pantomime. Anything that was assigned to me I cheerfully undertook. Not caring to appear in my own name I adopted the familiar one of Johnson.

Having found through personal experience the true register of my voice, I placed myself in the hands of Mr. Hobbs and Mr. T. Cooke for training as a tenor, and was soon offered an appearance as second tenor at Drury Lane, then under the management of Macready.

In 1843 I went to Paris to take lessons of Sig. Bordogni. From Paris I went to Milan, where I studied for some time under Sig. Mazzucato. Here my voice, expression and style were so much appreciated that I was asked to appear at La Scala, and chose for my debut the part of Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor," winning warm public applause and compliments from Rubini. I also appeared with success at other Italian theaters.

On my return to England I joined, in Dec., 1847, a company formed by the late M. Jullien for playing English opera at Drury Lane, and made my first appearance before a London audience in a leading operatic character, that of Edgardo in English. In 1848 I made my first appearance in oratorio, the work selected being "Judas Maccabæus," under the direction of Mr. John Hullah.

In Feb., 1851, I made my second trip to Dublin with Miss Emma Lucombe, who was a fine soprano singer and my wife. When this engagement ended I was called to sing at the Théâtre des Italiens, Paris, and made a very favorable impression. All through my career I have attached the greatest importance to enunciation. To express with appropriate feeling the full meaning of the words was my first aim.

Of late years I have appeared but little on the operatic stage, confining myself chiefly to concert singing and oratorio. During my exceptionally long career I am proud to say that I have always lived in amity with my brother artists. To all, I wish success. But the keenness of my regret at leaving the stage is mitigated by the reflection that I may be able to render services in a sphere of activity closely connected with the one I am on the point of leaving. To teach singing, it is necessary first to have learned it; and it will still be in my power to give instruction to others in the art which I have so assiduously practiced.

READERS AND SINGERS

Miss Mary Tupper is teaching this year at St. Mary's Hall, Texas.

Mr. William S. Battis is again actively engaged as teacher of elocution and public reader, making a specialty of one-author programs.

Pupils of Mrs. Harriet Augusta Prunk, of Indiana, took part in a recital Nov. 16, at which pupils of other prominent teachers appeared.

A testimonial concert for the benefit of Miss Martha Miner, New York soprano who has been ill with typhoid fever, was given at Knabe Hall, Nov. 27.

Miss Ida Root Gordon, Texas, at her opening recital, gave the Threatening Scene from "In the Palace of the King," and a monologue entitled "A Woman's Speech."

Mrs. Jessie Brown-Dorward, whose portrait and sketch appeared in our September issue, was the reader at the opening meeting of the Omaha Woman's Club, Oct. 16.

Mr. Albert Gerard-Thiers is booked to give his illustrated lecture, "The Technique of Musical Expression" during December, in Boston, Brooklyn, Washington, and Williamsport.

Miss Cora C. Tardy, teacher of elocution and physical culture at Hardin College, reports large classes and much interest in elocution and physical culture throughout the Southwest.

Miss Luella Stratton, graduate of the Ida E. Heyl School of Vocal Art, located in Philadelphia, as teacher of elocution and physical culture, reports a more flourishing season than ever before.

Miss Anna D. Cooper writes enthusiastically of the work at Mt. de Sales Academy, Georgia, corroborating the report made in our June number of expressional awakening in all parts of the South.

Mrs. Mary G. Coombs, of Pennsylvania, and pupils gave a recital in November, some of the numbers being, pantomime of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," monologue for a woman "The Confessional," and recitation "The Chariot Race."

Mrs. Bertie Donnelly, Cincinnati, elocutionist, sends an encouraging report of her work, and says, what many hundreds other teachers say, that she finds WERNER'S MAGAZINE invaluable in her work.

Mr. U. S. Allen, reader and impersonator, now touring Western New York, prints on his circulars that his entertainment is one in which "laughter dwells next to the most tender tears."

Fanny Robinson, Texas elocutionist, gave a pupils' recital Nov. 9, some numbers being "Haunted by a Song," "Joe and Meg," "Two Thanksgiving Dances," and "Poison," a one-scene farce for four females.

Mme. Besse Belle Jenne Packard, teacher of elocution at Southwest Virginia Institute, was reader in concert Oct. 2, reciting "The Masked Ball," "The Story of a Life," and "Behind the Curtain."

Miss Carrie E. Nichols, after a serious illness of two years, has resumed work and is associated with the Cleveland Lyceum League and has charge of the juvenile department of the Cleveland School of Elocution.

"Recently I used the pantomime 'S'wanee River' and it was enthusiastically received," writes Miss Sylva May Church, of Ohio. She speaks well also of "A Telephone Romance," by Pauline Phelps.

Mr. Marshall Darrach, whose Shakespearian repertoire consists of nine plays, and who "never refers to a manuscript while on the platform," will recite "Macbeth" at the Brookyln Institute on the evening of March 17.

Miss Flora Belle Carde has resigned from her Rhode Island position to accept one in Nova Scotia, whence she writes: "I should not think of getting along without WERNER'S MAGAZINE. It is such a help in teaching."

The Los Angeles School of Dramatic Art, incorporated Sept., '99, and said to be the only school of the kind on the Pacific Coast, gave a pupils' recital Oct. 26, with an elaborate vocal, instrumental and recitational program.

The copyright selection from Miss Johnston's "To Have and to Hold" which appeared in our October number, was printed by special permission of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., to whom acknowledgment should have been made.

Miss Ethel Mason's Elocution Class, Texas, gave an entertainment Oct. 26, consisting of recitations, an esthetic gymnastic drill, and a humorous play "Wimmin's Rights Meetin'." Miss Mason herself recited "The Shadow of a Song," a most effective recitation.

Mrs. Celeste Langley Slausson, of Washington, has, owing to her husband's ill-health, sold her school of elocution, but will continue instruction with several of her old pupils. She has been teaching for fifteen years and has taken WERNER'S MAGAZINE since 1886.

The London branch of the Chaffee-Noble Training School of Expression, Miss Edith Marsh, director, gave a Hallowe'en recital, some of the numbers being "A Peep into the Future," "Mary Elizabeth," "Neddie's Thanksgiving," "Studying Wasps," and a scene from "Ingomar the Barbarian."

Mr. Alfred Young will give a series of lectures before the Dramatic Circle of the Packer Alumnæ Association, Brooklyn, during the coming winter. The subjects on which he will speak are "Impressions of the Season's Plays," "Our Share in the Immortality of Shakespeare," "Problems in Criticism," and "Ethics of Playgoing."

Miss Bessie Brown Ricker, who makes a specialty of child-pieces, finds the following effective: "Our Hired Girl," "Dead Pussy Cat," "Low-Backed Car," "Happy Little Cripple," "A Bear Story," "The Doll's Wooing," and "My Ships." She gave a group of readings at the Sons of American Revolution banquet, Chicago, Oct. 9.

Miss Nina D. Cooper, whose work is characterized by artistic and poetic delicacy, gave a recital at Mt. Vernon, Oct. 23, reciting among other things, "Mammy's Li'l Boy," "High Tide on Coast of Lincolnshire," and "So Was I." She, with her brother, Mr. C. H. Cooper, baritone, are booked for full evening entertainments this season.

Mrs. Elsie M. McCollum, author of "Under the Buggy Seat," "In Grandma's Chest," "Aunt Hannah's Letter," and other taking recitations, is an active worker in the Epworth League, at a recent meeting reading a paper on "Incidents which Had Great Influence in Shaping Bunyan's Career." She is also contributing verses to Southern periodicals.

Mrs. Dannie M. Aldridge, of Alabama, has been a subscriber to WERNER'S MAGAZINE for fifteen years. At a recent recital her daughter recited "Archie Dean," while other pupils recited "Lasca," "Flying Jim's Last Leap," and "Reuben Toast's Tricycle." There were also class presentations of Lily Hoffner Wood's "International Flag Drill" and Myra Pollard's pantomime of "The Lotos-Eaters."

Interesting is the fact that theatrical music is beginning to be used in American churches. At Trinity Church, San Francisco, Oct. 28, in a special musical service, under direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart, the choruses frpm the incidental music to "Ben-Hur," by Edgar Stillman Kelley, were sung. In another part of this issue are given themes from "Ben-Hur" music, also a series of tableaux that our readers will find useful as tableau studies and as affording directions for presenting "Ben-Hur" tableaux.

Miss Mabel M. Gormley, of N. Y. School of Expression, is giving recitals and teaching reading and physical culture at county institutes in Montana. A specimen program is: Pantomime in the deaf sign-language; "Amazon Drill;" recitations, "Langley Lane," "The Leper," and "Shandon Bells;" and analysis of Brutus's and Antony's orations, followed by a reading of them. The Montana State school officials recommend "Genevieve Stebbins's System of Physical Training," they being pleased with the work of Miss Gormley as exemplar of the Genevieve Stebbins System.

The Rev. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, the famous Chicago pulpit orator, is giving a series of lectures at Columbia School of Oratory on "The Higher Ministry of English Poetry of the Nineteenth Century." The Columbia Entertainers, consisting of four women and one man, all graduates of the school, are meeting with success in their repertoire —"Short Stories and Songs," "Farce and Comedy," "Two Hours of American Humor," "Sacred Readings and Songs," "An Evening of Dialect," "An Evening with Field and Riley," "A Kipling Recital," "Shakespearian Scenes and Songs in Costume," and "Readings from the Scriptures."

Miss Mary Peltret, of the senior class of the California School of Elocution and Oratory, gave a recital Oct. 16, reciting: "My Gray Guinevere," "A Boy's Mother," "A Remarkable Case," "Jennie," "Almiry Ann," "Vas Bender Henshpecked," "The Day is Done," and "I and My Father-in-Law."

Miss Josephine H. Crowley, of Pennsylvania, includes in her repertoire "Aunt Elnora's Hero," "When Jack Comes Late," "The Soul of the Violin," "Just Commonplace," "As the Moon Rose," "The Minister's Black Nance," "Aunt Sarah on Bicycles," "Wild Zingarella," "The Widder Johnsing," "The Rugglesses Dinner-Party," and "The Tears of Tullia."

The first performance of the 17th year of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts took place Nov. 8, at the Empire Theater, New York, when "The Tory's Guest," by Victor Mapes, was enacted for the first time on any stage. The play dealt with revolutionary times, Washington being one of the chief characters. On Dec. 11 will be presented "A Maid of Leyden," a romantic drama, by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and Percy Wallace Mackaye.

Mr. James Young, who appeared before the National Association of Elocutionists at the second New York Convention in a scene from "Hamlet," and who will be in Henry Irving's Company during its American engagement this season, sets forth his views on the romantic plays of to-day in a recent number of the Baltimore *Herald*, receiving in that paper a full page-group of costume portraits, printed in colors.

Mr. Lemuel B. C. Josephs, equally at home with the artist's brush as he is when portraying emotions through voice and action, has been reengaged for his old part in "Human Hearts," now booked for the Western coast. As stage director he promises Alfred Ayres that he will be on the lookout for "dislocated emphases and in readiness to perform a surgeon's duties." The Winnipeg *Bulletin* declares that "Jimmy Logan, the half-witted boy, is an original character splendidly done by Mr. Josephs."

Miss Laura E. Aldrich, teacher of elocution at Walnut Hills High School, reports that the Debating Club connected with that school has organized for this season with a membership of twenty. Arrangements have been made with the Steele High School of Dayton for a return debate. A Junior Debating Club of sixteen members has also been formed at the Walnut Hills School, which has an enrollment of over 900, every class of whom comes before Miss Aldrich every week for instruction in reading and elocution.

The Yersin Sisters claim to have discovered that the French language is composed of fifteen sounds, which, when thoroughly learned, enable any foreigner, American, Englishman, or German, to pronounce the French language perfectly. Mr. John F. Loase, a New Yorker, likewise claims to have discovered that there are fifty-four sounds in the English language perceived by the ear when uttered by the voice. His treatise, still in manuscript, is the result of many years' labor and is worth study by all interested in the English language.

An interesting series of lectures followed by an informal social hour is held Saturdays, 11 A. M., during the winter at the School of Singing of which Miss Lillie D'Angelo Bergh is Director, the "Albany," cor. 52d St. and Broadway, New York. Among the lecturers are Prof. Wisner, Miss Mary S. Thompson, Mrs. Robert Goodwin, Dr. Frank Miller, Dr. Louise Fiske Bryson, Mrs. Donald McLean, Col. William de Hepburn Washington, the Rev. J. Nevitt Steele, Charles A. Barnard, Miss Lillie D'Angelo Bergh, and others. Three of the lectures are in French, given by Professor Wisner, on "L'Aiglon," "Acteurs et Actrices Celebres," "Les Romans De Chopin," "Quext Ce Que La Diction Française."

Miss Schuster's School of Elocution and Dramatic Action reports that Miss Adeline Non Rees, class of '00, is teacher of elocution and Delsarte System at Lexington Conservatory of Music; Miss Cora L. Jones, class of '98, is concertizing in Alabama; Miss Helen E. Reaume, class of '98, and now of faculty of Miss Schuster's School, is also connected with Pike Stock Co., of Cincinnati, and is playing in "Romeo and Juliet," "The District Attorney" and "Camille;" the Students' Dramatic Club of Miss Schuster's School opened its dramatic season at Longview Asylum, Nov. 7, with the three-act comedy, "The Golden Butterfly;' on every third Saturday takes place a studio recital in Pike Building, Cincinnati, the programs crediting "Werner's Readings and Recitations" with many of the selections recited.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Stillman Kelley, reengaged for the third season in the University Extension Lecture Course, opened this year's course at Albany, Nov. 12, receiving the following notice in the Albany *Argus:* "A large, cultivated, and highly appreciative audience assembled in the chapel of the High School to attend the illustrated lecture on music by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Stillman Kelley, who for nearly two hours entertained the audience on the subject of 'Richard Wagner: His Works and Theories.' There has been no lecture delivered in Albany for many months that was so entertaining and instructive to those who understand and appreciate music in its highest sphere. Mr. Kelley is a scholar of unusual ability, and his handling of the subject was masterful. Mrs. Kelley has a charming mezzo-soprano voice, and in her interpretation of some of the passages of Wagnerian opera, delighted the audience."

Mr. Leland T. Powers read Friday afternoon, Nov. 16, and Saturday evening, Nov. 17, "David Copperfield" at Brooklyn Institute, the characters impersonated being Fisherman Peggotty, Ham, his nephew, David Copperfield, Steerforth, Uriah Heep, Mr. Micawber, Lawyer Wickfield, Agnes Wickfield, Little Emly, Betsy Trotwood, Mrs. Micawber, Martha Endell.

Mr. Powers divides the reading into four acts as follows:

Act I.
a. The old ark on the sands.
b. At Mr. and Mrs. Micawber's.
Act II.
a. Law office of Wickfield & Heep.
b. Little Emly's Flight.
Act III.
a. A winter's night in Canterbury.
b. Mr. Micawber aroused.
Act IV.
a. Mr. Micawber assists at an explosion.
b. Emily's return.—The shipwreck.

Mrs. Alice White De Vol, of Ohio, who for several years has had to contend with physical suffering, is now getting well and is more actively engaged in teaching and lecturing. She is conducting classes of ladies in Browning, her method being to read the poems under their topical headings without discussing biography or other subjects found in books. Her idea is to interpret the thought by means of direct vocal utterance of the text, calling attention to such artistic effects and means of the author as shall more clearly establish his aim and thought. Her success is marked among educated and cultured people, who hitherto have held aloof from "readers." The exhaustive character of her Browning studies is indicated by the following divisions of her subject: The Nature and Art of Poetry—the Demands of Modern Poetry, Metrical Elements, Rhythm, Rhyme, etc., with illustrations; Poems of Adventure and Heroism—the Evolution of Service; Folk Poems—How the Story is Told; Phases of Romantic Love—Love a Factor in the Development of Character; A Group of Love Lyrics—the Story and the Mood; Portraits of Husbands and Wives—the Situation and the Characters; Art and the Artist—the Subject Matter and its Manner of Presentation; Music and the Musician—the Material and its Modeling; Poetry and the Poet—The Poet-Nature; the Poet's Relation to the World; The Evolution of Religion—the Subject Matter and Its Characterization; Autobiographical Poems—Glimpses of Browning Himself.

Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland has issued an attractive volume of nine one-act plays, many of them having undergone test of dramatic quality in stage-presentation by well-known players. The plots are original and interesting, and, as in "The Barricade," and "Rhoan the Silent," strongly dramatic. "In Far Bohemia" tells a quaint love-story of modern life and artist folk. "A Comedie Royal," in stately Elizabethan English, unfolds a dainty story of love at court wherein England's Virgin Queen figures humanly. "The End of the Way" tells a pretty story of the time of Robin Hood. "A Bit of Instruction" is modern comedy, a young actor and a Harvard student telling the story. "A Song in the Castle" is laid in Ireland in the eighteenth century, and is a pretty story of Irish love and gallantry. To "Rhoan the Silent" belongs the distinction as the last character created by Alexander Salvini before his death. "Po' White Trash," from which the book derives its name, is a study of life among the crackers of Georgia, and has been played many times.

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For General Information and Circulars address the Secretary.

For Special Arrangements regarding Courses, consult or address the Director, F. Townsend Southwick.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Winter Semester opens Thursday, January 3. The Juniors and Seniors will meet at 9.30 for the usual Shakespearian studies. The program for that day only will be the usual one for Wednesdays. It is particularly requested that newcomers register the day before the opening, in order to avoid confusion, and to have full benefit of the first day's exercises. A special review class will be organized for those who enter for the regular courses.

Early in the year the Junior class will probably be divided in order to permit of more individual instruction.

If a sufficient number apply for the course, an advanced class in pantomime will be organized for Saturday mornings under direction of Genevieve Stebbins. This class will be for the particular benefit of those who have attended the Saturday courses in harmonic gymnastics in former years, and who may desire more advanced work.

The ladies' class in fencing has been most successfully inaugurated under Mrs. S. C. Fowler, who is a recognized expert in this charming exercise.

NOTES FROM PUPILS.

Miss Minna Miner (special graduate '95), instructor in literature in the De Lancey School, spent the greater part of her vacation in California. She reports great enthusiasm for the work of the New York School of Expression, having had many applicants for instruction in both the vocal and physical branches. Miss Miner is taking special courses in elocution this year.

Miss Anna D. Cooper ('96), of Westfield, N. J., is teaching at Mt. de Sale Academy, Macon, Ga.

The class of 1901 is booked for an elaborate entertainment at the Harlem Y. M. C. A. for December 11.

Members of the Alumnæ are planning a recital and reception complimentary to the classes of '01 and '02, on December 8.

Miss Louise Davis ('00) is engaged in teaching in Danbury, Conn. A recent recital by her was highly praised.

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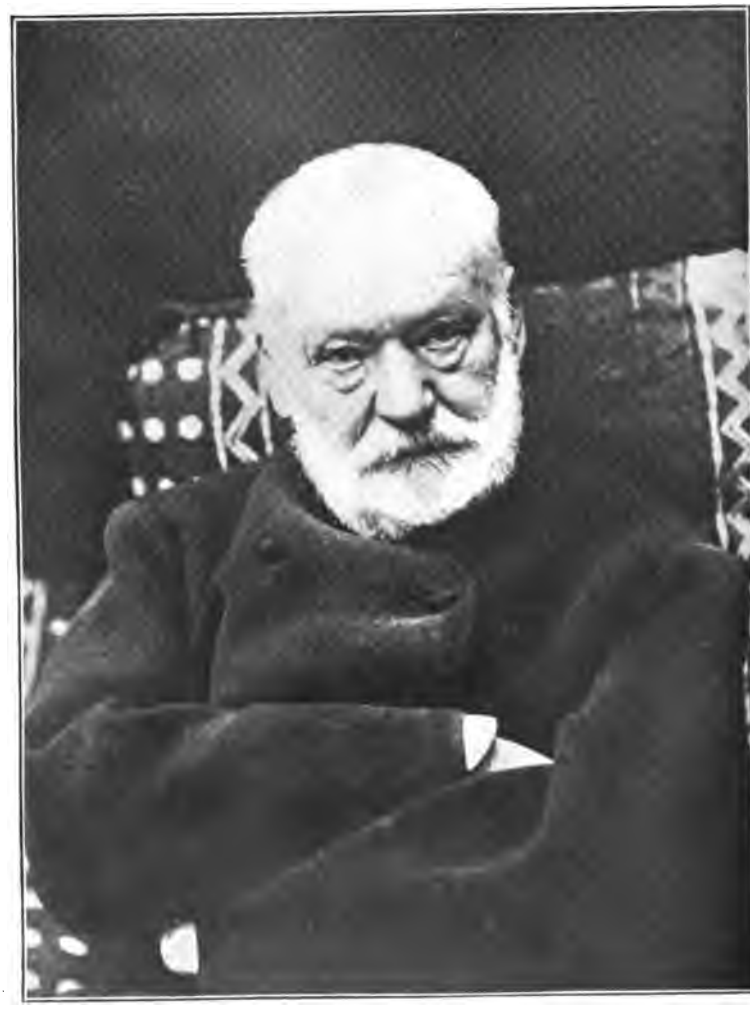

VICTOR HUGO.

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GRAND PORTAL, NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL.

Authors of the Nineteenth Century.

A SERIES OF CRITICAL STUDIES OF THE WRITERS AND THEIR WORKS, WITH SELECTIONS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED FOR READING.

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No. 9.—VICTOR HUGO.

HUGO'S RANK AND PLACE:

Around Victor Hugo's fame and work opinion is destined to rage in never-ending strife. For over sixty years he was conspicuous among contemporaries, an object of passionate admiration and of almost passionate dislike. Noteworthy is the fact that the three preeminent figures in European letters since Shakespeare—Voltaire, Goethe, Hugo—had each a literary career of about sixty years.

At the Théâtre Français, February 25, 1880, was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the first performance of Hugo's "Hernani," which, during the half century, had been acted 300 times in that theater. The audience included nearly all the notable persons of modern France. After the play the curtain was raised disclosing all the actors connected with the theater, each costumed as he had appeared in some play of Hugo's. A poem, written for the occasion by one of the chief younger poets of France, was recited, expressing the hope that Hugo might live long, and congratulating him on the golden wedding of his drama and glory.

Hugo's eightieth birthday, when all Europe congratulated him on his hale and hearty old age, was observed almost as a national holiday, his countrymen hailing him as France's greatest poet. His obsequies were unparalleled in the history of French literature. Honors and praises from all parts of the earth went with him to the grave, as incomparably the greatest French writer of the nineteenth century, and, except Goethe, the greatest of our time. Paris was packed, thousands of persons camping in the open air unable to find hotel accommodation; minute guns were fired from the Invalides and Fort Valerian; illustrious Frenchmen were in attendance; six orations were delivered under the Arc de Triomphe, where the body lay in state a day and a night.

CRITICAL AND ELABORATE ANALYSES AND CRITICISMS OF THE FOLLOWING POETS AND POEMS HAVE APPEARED IN WERNER'S MAGAZINE:

Alfred Tennyson, "The Lady of Shalott." September, 1897.
Dante Gabriel Rossetti, "The Blessed Damozel." October, 1897.
Robert Browning, "My Last Duchess." November, 1897.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." December, 1897.
George Eliot. "How Liza Loved the King." December, 1897.
Sidney Lanier, "Hymns of the Marshes" January, 1898.
James Russell Lowell, "The Courtin'." February, 1898.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Nuremberg." March, 1898.
John Greenleaf Whittier, "Telling the Bees." April, 1898.
Edward Rowland Sill, "The Thrush." May, 1898.
Austin Dobson, "The Secrets of the Heart." May, 1898.
George Eliot, "The Spanish Gipsy." October, 1898.
Sir Walter Scott. July, 1899.
Oliver Wendell Holmes. August, 1899.
Rudyard Kipling. October, 1899.
Washington Irving. November, 1899.
J. Fenimore Cooper. December, 1899.
Honoré de Balzac. January, 1900.
Hebrew Literature and Drama. February, 1900.
John Ruskin. March, 1900.
Edgar Allan Poe. April, 1900.
Henrik Ibsen. May, 1900.
William Cullen Bryant. September, 1900.
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. October, 1900.

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THE INVALIDES.

M. Floquet hailed Hugo as an immortal apostle who had preached the gospel which leads to " Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." M. Le Royer, president of the French senate, declared that Hugo pursued the higher ideal of justice and humanity, exercising an immense influence over the morals of France. M. Goblet, president of the French chamber of deputies, declared that Hugo was the greatest personality of the nineteenth century, the history of which, in its doubts, contradictions, ideas, and aspirations, was best reflected in his writings. Hugo's character he thought profoundly human, representing the spirit of toleration and peace. M. Augier, dramatist, elaborated the sentiment, " To the sovereign poet France renders sovereign honors."

Hugo was buried in the Pantheon—France's Westminster Abbey. Over

the façade of his tomb is inscribed: "Aux Grands Hommes la Patri Raconnaissante."

Hugo is the greatest representative of the French romantic school. In the preface to "Cromwell" he sets forth his views of this school, saying that until the Christian era the purely epic muse had presented nature under one aspect solely, rejecting from art nearly everything that did not relate to that type of the beautiful. The modern muse, influenced by Christianity and having a higher and wider vision, realizes that in all creation ugliness and beauty, deformity and grace, darkness and light exist side by side, and asks if the narrow and relative intelligence of the artist is to be judged superior to the infinite and absolute intelligence of the Creator. Herein poetry takes a grand step, and begins to work like nature, without forever confounding darkness with light, the grotesque with the sublime, to consider together yet not confound the body with the soul, the animal with the intellectual. Thus, according to a principle unknown to the ancients, a new type is introduced into poetry, a new form developed in art. This type is the grotesque, this form is comedy. The poetry born of Christianity, the poetry of today, is the drama; the characteristic of the drama is realism; realism results from combining the sublime with the grotesque. These cross each other continually in the drama, as in life and in creation. But we must recognize that the domains of art and of nature are perfectly distinct.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Hugo protested against the classic restraint of the stage which dictated slavish adherence to the rules of Corneille and Racine after reasons for their rules had long ceased to exist. He especially assailed the rule of the three unities—of time, place, and action; and advocated introducing into plays what soon came to be called "local color." He rejected the rigid couplets of contemporary poets, and pleaded, not for prose, but for a freer use of verse. He demanded the union of the sublime and ridiculous as they are mingled in real life. He urged dramatists to study Shakespeare rather than the masters of the French classical stage. The preface to "Cromwell" became the railying cry of young men and the manifesto of the romantic school. "Cromwell" gave to Hugo the position of leader of the reform party in dramatic literature.

As poet, Hugo is the greatest in France and one of the greatest in the world. He is master of versification, and is more lyric than dramatic; the most poetic lines in his plays even have a lyric lilt and swing. His services to French poetry are incalculable. He proved the metrical capacity of the language; he gave variety and complexity to its monotonous versification, and endowed its vocabulary with many new and rich rhymes. Not only the form but the substance of French literature was invigorated by its influence. His poetry, boundless and constant in its egotism, invaded the interests of personal life, the vexations of social questions, the exasperations of politics. The weaknesses of his poetry are more than counterbalanced by the beauty of the verse.

As song writer, Hugo has few equals. His songs have the essential lyric qualities—spontaneity, tunefulness, light delicacy of truth—all that we are

accustomed to associate with the flutter and warble of birds. As satirist, he is direct, trenchant, terrible, a swordsman whose weapon draws blood at every stroke. As writer of reflective verse, he is weighty and impressive, and amid all philosophizing remains a poet. As narrator, he is lucid and striking, and possesses in full the story-teller's gift of awakening and retaining interest. By turns sublime and playful, roughly strong and daintily delicate, full of love-passion and sweet fatherly tenderness, he seems to touch at will all the organ-stops in our nature. His regal command over rhymes, rhythms, and metre draws from them at once color and sound. His intense feelings and vivid imagination poured into the French language a stream of images, new or forgotten, that broadens from " Orientals " to " Contemplations " and forms his peculiar glory. In expression, in verbal form, he is unsurpassed, not alone in his own peculiar style, but in almost every other style. Not only was he a compeller of words, but a master of metre and of rhythm. So perfect was his ear for melody that a study of his metres is almost a complete course in French verse. He gave the Alexandrine new life and an elasticity that he never suffered to degenerate into license. He made it flexible, gave it such variety that it could serve the most manifold needs. No one knew so well as he how, in an endless variety of lyric metres, to give orchestration to his themes, to adapt cadence to sentiment and rhyme to reason.

As dramatist, Hugo is chiefly noted for establishing the romantic school and his place is on a peak of the mountain range whereon Shakespeare is enthroned. He adapted himself to the stage's conditions and fascinated his audiences by clever plots which introduced all kinds of stage-mechanism; and, by ingenious contrasts and brilliant antitheses, he cajoled them into a feeling of delightful surprise. His dramas, " Hernani," " Ruy Blas," and " Les Burgraves," are full of the soul of poetry and will live forever in literature.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The main action in Hugo's plays lies between two planes: in the light, the hero and the heroine; in the shadow, a malevolent intelligence weaving dark designs against them. In his plays are sliding-panels, secret passages, hidden staircases, spies, hireling bravos, black mutes, subtle Italian poisons and sudden antidotes; strange narcotics, at an instant's notice, are ready to hand; in short, there is no lack of tools for most awful mysteries. His plays are full of striking development of character, whole years of thought or feeling summed up in a single sentence, tragedy crowded in a sentence, destiny hanging on a word. His plays disclose command of tragic passion and abound in incidents of horror and grandeur; when in verse they are natural, alert, incisive, quick in thrust and parry as a rapier, now flashing with imagination, now trembling with passion or sorrow. When he ceases to versify, he surrenders an advantage. That humor disappears which lightens the sombre situations of his metrical plays. There is no failing of constructive skill, but his prose plays are less noble than those in

metre, though he uses often a metre hopelessly unfit for the quick work of the stage.

Lack of unity in action is the chief defect in Hugo's plays. He has always a thesis at heart, a part of his own individuality to display. Development of character and dramatic action are neglected, and he tends constantly to exchange the dramatic for the lyric or declamatory strain, until at last his characters become mere symbols. Hence, in every play situations are laboriously contrived, scenes and even acts are crudely inserted that he may declaim behind the mask of his hero. It is noteworthy that the least dramatic passages are best worth remembering.

As novelist, Hugo is regarded as the great master of romanticism as opposed to classicism. At least two of his novels, "Notre Dame de Paris" and "Les Misérables," will never die. They display his vivid descriptive powers, his admirable narrative skill, his faculty for creating real characters, his power of marshaling their actions to definite ends, his pathos and passion, his intolerance of wrong, and his style of marvelous richness and brilliancy.

Hugo's genius gives a wildness to his novels which fascinates by irregularity. All of his novels are written with philosophic as well as with moral motive, the principle underlying the story being the important thing; any digressions that may throw side-lights, however vague, on that principle, or convey instruction on points, however remote, are ruthlessly woven into the narrative, and often greatly obstruct its rhythmic flow. Everything is done for effect. Episodes wholly irrelevant are introduced; patches are inserted whose purple splendor does not hide the coarseness of their stitches. He perpetually leaves the main track of his story to follow some remote bypath; he has no well-laid plot, but strings on a slender thread a series of striking incidents. Not only is the action of his novels continually suspended, but evolution of character is neglected for display of his descriptive powers. The description of the sewers of Paris, for instance, is one of the most eloquent chapters of "Les Misérables," but many readers pass it by. His many defects, however, fade away before the touch of his genius, as indisputable as it is undisciplined. The fire of his description, the glow of his imagination, the blaze of his poetic expression, kindle an enthusiasm such as no other writer creates. His style vibrates with nervous strength, sparkles with epigrams, surprises with fine observations, or satisfies with peculiar felicity of phrase. His situations are chosen with admirable instinct; his workmanship is exquisite; his coloring splendid; his language enthralls by its beauty and bewilders by its exuberance.

The range of scenery, of emotion, of character in Hugo's novels is wonderful. There is no fun in his books. Lack of this one element in his many-sided genius has subjected him to adverse criticism. Wit he has in abundance, and he is not lacking in grim humor, ironical playfulness and grotesque fancy; yet real comedy, the enjoyment of fun for its own sake, is seldom or never found in his writings. His theory of novel writing is to include everything he sees. He attempts an impossibility and necessarily fails. He delights in broad vistas and vast perspectives. His novels—really prose poems—deal with the great forces of nature, life, and society.

His great romances are, in their kind, the greatest works produced in his time. We can compare him with no one but Scott.

As orator, Hugo was aided by stage-training; his oration became a play in one act, and he made good use of whatever scenery chanced around him. Bold, vivid, and intense in style, full of epigrams, and abounding in poetic imagery, reaching frequent climaxes and sometimes dealing in hyperbole, and using most striking rhetorical figures, he evoked every power of the mind, every passion of the soul, every impulse of the imagination. He startled his audiences by boldness and vigor of thought no less than by intensity of style. His oration on the freedom of the press and the rights of authors secured him recognition as the greatest emotional orator of France.

As politician, Hugo was a tyro, his political economy and governmental theories being impracticable. His vague socialism and credulous humanitarianism were the outcome of tender-heartedness rather than of intellect.

Neither as critic, historian, theologian, nor as philosopher is Hugo recognized as worthy acceptance. As draftsman, he sketched hundreds of sea-pieces, caricatures, ornamental devices, and a few animals; also a few churches and castles of epochs long past. Three lighthouses, drawn later in life, show originality and boldness in technique. For awhile he was fully absorbed in drafting. He showed artistic skill as decorator, taking his themes from Chinese source. He never could copy nature exactly. Mere tracing lines on paper would set his imagination at work and his effort would fly wildly toward the unknown and the unattainable. His decorations of his Guernsey and Paris houses are worth study.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Hugo's style is the man himself, diffuse, dramatic, pictorial, intense—a style glittering with imagery, pointed with epigrams, too frequently not at the service of truth, nor expressing immortal phrases. Considered as a whole, his work is stupendous, but in none of it taken separately can perfection be found. His moral defects and his mental excellences both contribute to mar the finish of his work. Had he been a man of juster balance or of more sober judgment, had he disciplined his powers by close, hard thinking, had he delayed publication for the sake of finish, had he stopped to learn from the classic school the acknowledged canons of his art, he might have risen to the place claimed for him by undiscriminating eulogists,—that of the greatest poet, dramatist, and novelist of all times. Still, in the midst of corrupt literature, his writings constantly grew in purity and health of tone. He was true to the responsibility resting upon every man who aims to influence the thought of his age, and he displayed through a long career conscientious earnestness extremely rare. In placing Hugo among the greatest writers of all ages, posterity will name "Hernani" his dramatic masterpiece, "Les Misérables" his best novel, and "Chastisements" his greatest collection of lyrics.

Hugo's command of the French language is wonderful. Never before him had this language had so great a gamut, so extended a compass. His principal characteristic is his imagination, his creative power. What he saw in nature or in a man's heart he reproduced greatly enlarged by his extraordinary imagination, but correct in the main. Many of his creations, especially in his dramas and novels, may appear grotesque and unnatural, but they may be likened to a statue, which, although of heroic size, still gives the image of a man. From 1820 to 1885 seventy volumes appeared—verse, drama, and fiction—many of them marking epochs in the history of his country and are to-day the admiration of the world.

Contrasting Hugo and Balzac, the two greatest French writers of the nineteenth century, we find both exhibiting minds of large compass, intense

activity, and firm grasp. Balzac, the novelist, in his "Comedy of Human Life," laid and nearly completed a huge plan. Hugo's work is more varied, resulting from circumstances rather than from a premeditated plan, being not only a novelist but a poet of high rank. Balzac had an ideal but is more realistic, and his writings are more objective. Hugo is more idealistic, his writings manifesting more of his own personality.*

HOW TO STUDY HUGO:

For a fair idea of Hugo and of the literary movement he heads, study "Hernani" and "Notre Dame de Paris."

For a complete view of him,—

As Lyric Poet, study "Les Orientales," "Autumn Leaves," "Twilight Songs," "The Art of Being a Grandfather."

As Epic Poet, study "Chastisements," "The Legend of the Ages."

As dramatist, study "Inez de Castro," the preface to "Cromwell," "Marion Delorme," "Hernani," "Lucretia Borgia" (including the preface), "Ruy Blas," "Les Burgraves." If in studying Hugo's dramas his views on dramatic verse, and the fact that every play was written for the stage and intended to show life seen through stage illusion, be borne in mind, their stage-effectiveness and the opportunities they afford the actor will stand out in bold relief.

As novelist, study "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Misérables."

As politician, study "Napoleon the Little," "History of a Crime," and "Speeches."

For a knowledge of French verse, study Hugo's metres.

To understand Hugo's oratorical power, read:

(1) "History of a Crime:" (a) "Remarks on M. de Money," (b) "Remarks on Mérimée." (2) "Acts and Words:" "Speech on Revision of the Constitution." (3) "Napoleon the Little:" "The Coup d'Etat."

* For an analytical study of Balzac see WERNER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1900.

NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL.

ANALYSIS OF HUGO'S WRITINGS.

I. Poetry.
II. Dramas.
III. Prose.

I. Hugo's Poetry.

Hugo's poetry may be divided:

I. Youthful Poetry (1815-1851).
II. Exile Poetry (1851-1870).
III. Return Poetry (1870-1885).

I. Hugo's Youthful Poetry (1815-1851).

Hugo began to write verses in 1815, and published his first collection in 1822, when the old classical school of French poetry was dying out. Lamartine's "Meditations" (1820) indicated a new school—the "romantic." Hugo's poems up to 1826 remained purely classic. In the preface to his 1826 collection he first indicated an interest in the new movement. Many of these poems are full of grace and music and lyric individuality. His versification and rhythm began to echo his personality; several poems revealed beginnings of that sympathetic study of mediævalism which is associated with romanticism. Openly allying himself with the romantic movement in 1827, he became, almost at a bound, its leader. In "Odes and Ballads" (1827) is "Ode to the Colonna," in which for the first time he appears as spokesman of public opinion and as interpreter of public feeling, a character often assumed in later years. Hitherto he had been a fervent royalist, an enemy to Napoleonic pretensions. In the same volume an earlier ode, "Buonaparte," represents Napoleon, the great warrior, as almost a messenger of hell.

"The Orientals" (1829), an amazing study in form, in color, and in all other elements of poetic art, is an innovation and a challenge to classic poetic France. Full of indolent, swaying music, its verse swells in syllables and in power; its metres and rhythms are studiously broken, varied and irregular; the language glows with color in strong contrast to the cold correctness of classical poetry. The poems, superb examples of art, manifest disdain of conventional periphrases and bold reliance on exotic terms and daring neologisms. The first poem describes the cloud from the Lord breaking in fire on Sodom and Gomorrah, while the last poem breathes a vague desire that the mists on the French horizon may suddenly lift and disclose a Moorish town sending up like rockets through the evening sky its minarets of gold. Nearly all the poems deal with the East, the bright colors of which Hugo was so fond of reproducing.

Hugo's Spanish poems are his truest and best. "Les Djinns" is one of the most striking examples of metrical art in the world, and more Turkish than Moresque, its lines varying in length so as to give fullest force and emphasis to its metres. In the original (our translation failing to preserve the exact form) the first stanza is in lines of two syllables; the second stanza is in lines of three syllables, the increase continuing through the central stanza, where ten syllables are reached, after which the stanzas decline in the same way until the last stanza, which consists of two syllables. No finer crescendo and diminuendo effect can be found in verbal music. These two stanzas indicate the method of increase:

"Town, tower,
Shore, deep,
Where lower
Cliffs steep,
Waves gray
Where play
Winds gay—
All asleep.

"Hark a sound,
Far and slight,
Breathes around,
On the night
High and higher,
Nigh and nigher,
Like a fire
Roaring bright."

Other perfect lyric gems in this collection are: "Sara's Bath," "Ecstasy," "Sultan's Achmet," "Moonlight," "The Veil," "The Favorite Sultana," "Expectation," "Pirate Song," and the "Sack of the City."

"Autumn Leaves" (1831), freer from faults than his later poetry, and evidencing his growing care to avoid excesses, attests Hugo's progress in metre and the broadening of his mind. These lyrics, melancholy with dead hopes, deal with memory and the heart; they are intimate, delicate, tender, grave, with a feeling for health and home, a sensibility to nature's tranquilizing influences, a charity for human-kind, a faith in God, a hope of immortality. French literature does not con-

ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

tain greater lyric poetry than "Autumn Leaves" and "Twilight Songs."

"Twilight Songs" (1835), the most varied of Hugo's lyrics, several bearing an elegiac imprint, and showing a tendency to mystic adoration, exhibits that humanitarian radicalism which made him thereafter leader of the company of immortal poets, orators, and publicists who have made the nineteenth century the century of the people.

"Inner Voices" (1837) resumes the tendencies of, but reveals a deeper communion with, nature than shown in "Autumn Leaves" and "Twilight Songs." Charles X is reverently saluted; Napoleon is magnified; the faith of the people is made clearer; the inner whisperings of the soul are reported faithfully; and the voice of the sea is reproduced for the first time in Hugo's writings.

"Sunbeams and Shadows" (1840) completes Hugo's poetic output of this period. Here nature is not only nurse but instructress, inspirer of the soul. Here we find self-restraint, delicacy of touch, less of thunder, more of the murmuring brook and whispering breeze.

From 1840 to 1853 Hugo, as lyric poet, oppressed by the death of his daughter Leopoldine, was silent.

II. Hugo's Exile Poetry (1851-1870).

The poetry of his second period also is romantic in character, but in the noble form of protest against that skepticism in the mind and weariness in the will which characterized the Second Empire. Hugo, an exile through the overthrow of the French republic by Louis Napoleon, settled in Jersey. Again his poetical power awakened, and in 1853-1856 appeared "Chastisements," a series of philippics in verse, and "Contemplations," marking his transition from lyric verse to epic verse.

"Chastisements," the greatest work of the "exile" period, piteously brands "Napoleon the Little" with infamy. Every one of its several parts is headed with a pet phrase of one of Napoleon's coterie; such as "Society is Saved," "Order is Reestablished," "Religion is Glorified," and on these Hugo turned his fierce satire, his invectives flashing with fire and passion, and elegiac poems alternating with the fiercest verses that wrath can inspire. Ninety-eight poems roll and break and lighten and thunder like the waves of a

visible sea, and execute their chorus of rising and descending harmonies with almost as much depth, variety and musical force, with as much power and life as the breakers on the Jersey coast where they were written.

"Chastisements," besides being a masterpiece of political invective, contains superb narrative poetry. Attention is called to "Renascencès of the Night of the Fourth," "Imperial Mantle," "The Seaside," "The Three Horses," and "Dawn." What can be more strong in epic simplicity than the opening lines of "Expiation,"* the finest poem in the collection? It pictures the terrible retreat from Moscow. Throughout the poem runs like a shiver the refrain, "It snowed! It snowed!" Napoleon the Great asks if his defeat at Moscow will be accepted as his expiation, but God answers, "No." Then follows the defeat at Waterloo, which God still refuses to accept as Napoleon's expiation. Even Napoleon's death on St. Helena is no expiation; but, when he lies buried under the dome of the Invalides, he awakes and learns, from the living, laughing crowds around his coffin, that his great name has been assumed by an infamous man whom his victories have served to put on the throne of France—this, then, is expiation for the 18th Brumaire, the precedent of the coup d'état of December 2, 1851. The climax is magnificent and thrilling. Where in all French verse shall we find such rush and sweep of contemptuous scorn as in "La Reculade"? How stirring the patriotic appeal to the First Empire! What calm consolation, what confidence in the ineffaceable love of the All-Upholding Arms, breathe in "Stella"!

"Contemplations" (1856), without parallel for majesty and melody, and very different from "Chastisements," consists of all sorts of poems written during various periods of Hugo's life, being a record of his inner life. The most important poems deal with his daughter Leopoldine. He had never written finer, purer, or more touching verses. Some of them are full of the breath of the sea, which spumes, foams, sparkles and roars, as it does through all of his later verses. Their style is characteristic of all of Hugo's subsequent poems, and gives them their chief element of lyric preeminence.

* See "The Retreat from Moscow," WERNER'S MAGAZINE, December, 1900.

III. Hugo's Return Poetry (1870-1885).

"The Legend of the Centuries," the most important production of the "return" period (1859-1877-1883), and the work by which Hugo's epic genius must be judged, deals with human progress through the ages between Cain and Robespierre. Full of faith in human destiny, it sums up humanity in a vast movement toward light, the slow unfolding of liberty and the rising of mankind from lowest to ideal heights. "The Consecration of Woman," "The First Meeting of Christ at the Tomb," "Roland's Marriage," "The Little King of Galuia," and "Aymerillot, the Satyr," are among the finest poems in this collection.

"The Art of Being a Grandfather" (1877), a glorification of childhood, shows no decay of Hugo's poetic powers. In many ways he expresses the joys he felt in watching every motion, hearing every word, and noting every development of his two grandchildren. The book may be considered a continuation of "Autumn Leaves," which, among other things, depicts the lives of his own children.

"The Four Winds of the Spirit" (1881) is the most striking single book Hugo produced, containing lyric and narrative verse of finest quality and a drama of original character.

II. Dramas.

"Inez de Castro," a prose melodrama, the first of Hugo's plays worthy of study, is a remarkable production for a boy of sixteen, evidencing in germ the quality of later dramatic work. Here is commingling of the comic and the serious; the humor is frankly mirthful; the prattle of children relieves the strain of tense emotion.

"Cromwell" (1827) marks a great advance on "Inez de Castro," and with it the language of the poetical drama in France made a great stride. As a historical drama it is not accurate, but presents vividly the superficial aspects of a man, and a time, still waiting for a dramatist who can see their great possibilities. The whole action turns on Cromwell's desire to be crowned king. The slender plot exhibits various forces in opposition to his wishes. The whole play has the stiffness and dulness, without the elegance and perfection of versification, of the old school. A more complete failure than "Cromwell" would be difficult to imagine.

Its prodigious length unfits it for presentation. Its chief character (Cromwell) is a weak, credulous, inflated egotist, without dignity or force. The only characters who move with any ease are the four clowns. Yet the play accomplishes some fine effects. Of more value than the drama itself is its preface, in effect a treatise on esthetics.

That art which mingles the grotesque and the terrible, and places in juxtaposition tragedy and comedy, is the mainspring of Hugo's next plays. From 1827, when "Cromwell" appeared, to 1843, when "Les Burgraves" failed, Hugo was writer for the stage, directing tragedy from its true direction toward lyrical melodrama.

"Marion Delorme" (1829), Hugo's next important drama, and one of his most interesting, represents the rehabilitation of the courtesan Marion by her true love for Didier, aiming to show that virtue can raise the most forlorn and abandoned. The play shows Paris of Louis XIII., and of Richelieu. In none of Hugo's other plays is there anything to compare with the skill by which in "Marion Delorme" the action is dominated by the unseen Cardinal Richelieu. In this play only Hugo fulfils the condition of the new drama as laid down in his preface to "Cromwell." Freer use of humor results in superior presentation of character. The play was prohibited after its first performance and did not again appear until 1831, when (during the Revolution) it was presented at the Porte St. Martin theater, being received with hisses and groans. Yet it is as moving and picturesque as "Hernani," bearing closer study and mingling passion and humor far more skilfully.

THE PANTHEON.

By writing "Hernani" (1830) Hugo answered the charge that the romantic school could not produce a dramatic masterpiece. The scenes are laid at Saragossa, Spain. The play exhibits the stern inflexibility of Castilian honor. Dona Sol, betrothed to her uncle Don Ruy de Silva, is in love with Hernani, chief of the brigands, and secretly receives him. King Charles V. of Spain loves her. Don Silva having carried her off to one of his strongholds, is about to celebrate his nuptials, when Hernani, disguised as a pilgrim, appears, seeking shelter. Believing Dona Sol unfaithful, he reveals himself. Although a large sum has been offered for his capture, Don Silva pledges him the rights of hospitality. Discovering Dona Sol locked in the arms of Hernani, Don Silva prepares to fight him, when the news is brought that the king is without the castle demanding Hernani. Don Silva conceals the robber and refuses to give him up. The king then demands Dona Sol, and Don Silva, surrendering her, the king departs. Don Silva draws Hernani from his concealment and insists upon finishing the duel. Hernani, learning what hostage the king has accepted, discloses to Don Silva the king's love for Dona Sol. Both men think now only of means to rescue her. Hernani pledges his word that this accomplished, he will give his life to Don Silva; and, as a token, gives him his bugle-horn, promising to surrender himself at whatever time and in whatever place Don Silva pleases to sound it.

Charles V., having become emperor, pardons the conspirators, among whom are Don Silva and Hernani. Hernani, who is no less a person than John of Aragon, kinsman of the king, throws off his assumed character of bandit and is restored to his rank and possessions by the emperor, who relinquishes all pretensions to Dona Sol.

The noblest moment of the drama is when Charles V., at the tomb of Charlemagne, discloses himself to the conspirators.

The marriage of Don Juan of Aragon

(Hernani) and Dona Sol is celebrated at his father's palace. The guests withdraw, the lovers are left alone, when suddenly and unexpectedly the fatal horn is heard summoning Hernani from happiness to death. In vain Hernani implores a short delay. The stern old man appears and, insisting upon his right, presents a vial of poison, which Dona Sol seizes, drinks half, and gives the rest to Hernani. Don Silva repents his hardness too late, and ends the play by killing himself.

"Hernani" violates almost every rule of the old French stage. Cadence and arrangement of the classical Alexandrine are audaciously reconstructed—the whole balance and rhythm of the individual line is altered. The language and versification are nervous, pliant, poetical, resulting in terse and vigorous expression. In no play is Hugo's verse finer or firmer. Yet the beauties of the play are more lyrical than dramatic. Full of force and freshness, with rapid action the lyric fervor of its language is intoxicating; and only in sober second thought are its weak points seen. Each act ends with somebody sparing the life of somebody, until the last, wherein all except Charles V. die.

"Hernani" was read before the Committee of the Théâtre Français Oct. 1, 1829, and produced Feb. 25, 1830, precipitating the first battle between the classicists and the romanticists. The fight was renewed at every performance; every line was hissed. The play was continued before a crowded theater for five and forty nights, until June 18, 1830, when it was withdrawn. The triumph of "Hernani" accomplished a literary revolution. Every succeeding play of Hugo's aroused most violent discussion.

"The King's Diversion" (1832) was prohibited by Louis Philippe, after the first performance. He declared it immoral. The real reason was that it represented Francis I. as immoral. Hugo vainly sought redress from the courts. The chief character of the play, Triboulet, is a most hideous and repulsive man, horribly misshapen physically and living on the lowest social plane, yet possessing a soul capable of the purest human sentiment—paternal love. Indifferent to the suffering of others, and hopelessly mean, he, however, arouses our sympathy as we behold his terrible anguish, when in his vengeance exulting over the body of a supposed enemy, he finds he has placed his own child into the hands of the murderer. The climax can hardly be called an exhibition of human nature; it is rather a horrible nightmare that haunts us in spite of all attempts to banish it. The play presents a mingling of the grotesque and tragic as striking as the crowding of imps and saints on a cathedral tower. It does not greatly differ in form and in spirit from "Hernani," but reaches greater passion. The play was revived fifty years after its first performance.

In the preface to "Cromwell" Hugo declared verse the fit vehicle for dramatic expression. Nevertheless in 1833-35 he produced three prose dramas, "Lucretia Borgia," "Marie Tudor," and "Angelo." In the preface to "Lucretia Borgia" he declares that "the drama has, within the limits of art, a national, social, and human mission to fulfil. People when they leave the theater should carry along some profound moral."

"Lucretia Borgia," a melodrama, has for its chief character a mother paralleled only by the father Triboulet in "The King's Diversion." A most hideous, repulsive, and deformed soul is placed where it can best show its ugliness—in the person of a woman (Lucretia) endowed with great physical beauty and regal grandeur. Yet this monster of wickedness is capable of the holy sentiment of maternal love; and, in spite of her depravity, awakens our sympathy for her maternal anguish, and makes clear the sacredness of maternity.

"Marie Tudor" (1833) is not even a good melodrama. Without unity, seldom interesting, entirely without humor, it is a caricature of history, passing over really dramatic events of that time to present vulgar impossibilities.

"Angelo" (1835), one of Hugo's early attempts to clothe a commonplace person with wonderful attributes, is inferior to "Lucretia Borgia," but superior to "Marie Tudor." Without distorting history it tells a simple and pathetic story and aims to present universal femininity in two types: (1) The woman in society, and (2) the woman out of society. There are also two men, one regardless of conventionalities in his relations to women, the other obedient always to the laws imposed by society. The play moves rapidly and is full of exciting situations, intense passion, set forth in brilliant and sparkling language. The chaste patrician lady is contrasted with Tisbe, the lawless woman of the public, in affecting situa-

SARCOPHAGUS OF VICTOR HUGO.

tions. Hugo, more freely in this than in previous plays, employs mysterious devices.

"Esmeralda" (1836), a lyric dramatization of "Notre Dame de Paris," is a striking series of fantasies in black and white.

"Ruy Blas," a beautiful tragedy laid in Spain and dealing with Spanish characters, shows more than other recent writings Hugo's earlier style. The continual strife between the aspirations of the nobility, and those of the people, is set forth in the dramatic story of a lackey, Ruy Blas, who, under an assumed name, rises to the highest state dignities finding requital for his pure and reverent love of the unhappy queen. The lovers are Hugo's invention, but the picture of the Spanish court in the reign of Charles II. is in many respects historical, except that what is ascribed to Charles II.'s second wife was not true of her but of his first wife, a French princess who died shortly after her marriage. Hugo uses contrasts to produce his effects. The chief characters are a queen, virtually a prisoner, a nobleman, a beggar, and a lackey. The villain, Don César de Bazan, a disgraced nobleman, plots to compromise the queen, who, however, is saved at the cost of his life by Ruy Blas. The first act is better dramatic structure than Hugo has yet shown; the second act is disappointing; the absurd climax of the third act is redeemed by a most eloquent declamation, comparable only to that spoken by Charles at the tomb of Charlemagne, in the fourth act Hugo attempts a farcical interlude, but his wit is elephantine; the pathos of the lyrical passages of the fifth act entrances, many of the lines being of Corneillian force.

The light and wholesome humor which kept Hugo's metrical dramas from the exaggerations and extravagances of his prose plays runs throughout "Ruy Blas" in the fourth act, and in one or two of "Marion Delorme's" scenes. After these efforts Hugo made no other attempt at any form of comedy.

Comparing "Ruy Blas" and "Hernani," to which it stands second in popularity, one finds, notwithstanding the beautifully poetic love-passages of "Ruy Blas," impossible situations that must always prevent its equaling "Hernani's" hold on the public.

"Les Burgraves," the most ambitious of Hugo's dramas, uses the family as the symbol of expiation. By taking four generations, living a strange and almost royal life in a moldering castle, Hugo endeavors to set forth the degradation of races, and to construct out of this philosophic abstraction a palpable, impressive dramatic reality. The result is Hugo's noblest poem, but poorest play, with uninteresting plot and undramatic ending. The characters are too colossal to be accepted in a mere play as flesh and blood. They might be accepted in a Wagnerian opera. They are on a plane so different from that on which we move and have our being that we can not accept them as portraying a humanity common with our own. Still the drama compels admiration, some of its parts being exquisite. Though a favorite with many of Hugo's admirers, it has never been revived. Every year, however, scenes from it are enacted in Paris by persons preparing for the stage.

For the ten years following "Les Burgraves," Hugo, stung by its failure, wrote no more plays, but occupied himself with politics. Hugo's final legacy to the world, "Torquemada" (1882), he overestimated. It is unsuited for the stage, and should be classed with his philosophic rather than with his dramatic writings.

III. Hugo's Prose.

Hugo's prose may be classified under two heads:

I. Novels.
II. Political and Oratorical Writings.

I. Novels.

Hugo's novels may be divided into two periods:

Period I.—1818-1862.
Period II.—1862-1885.

To Period I. (1818-1862) belongs one masterpiece, "Notre Dame de Paris," which, with "Bug Jargal" (1818, 1826) and "Hans of Iceland" (1823), founded a new school in descriptive, grotesque, humorous, architectural style of fiction.

Necromancy and astrology wreathe fantastic figures around the great doorway of Notre Dame, the center of the scenes so vividly portrayed in "Notre Dame de Paris." Hugo sees and causes us to see the mediæval city,—a picturesque huddle of irregular buildings, its narrow streets all Rembrandt glooms and gleams; the quaint overhanging houses each with its own face; the churches and convents upflinging their spires and towers, and chief of, and above all, the mighty cathedral.

"Notre Dame de Paris" is a wonderfully

imaginative and original work, at its best when Hugo, leaving the thread of narrative, tells of ancient Paris, of the cathedral, of the wily and perverse Louis XI., or of the relations of mediæval architecture to the invention of printing. According to Hugo, the printing of books superseded the building of cathedrals. His theory is that the printing-press gave vent to expression till then, resulting in architecture embellished with marvelously complicated and grotesque carvings, whereby people gave form to ideas and passions and emotions, good and bad, uplifting and down-pulling. To select this grand structure for the scene of his story is a master-stroke of originality. To us of the present day the world Hugo gathered about Notre Dame was a miniature world only, but to those then living it was a real world, for to them the world was France, France was Paris, and Paris was the Cathedral. We of the New World can hardly realize how Europeans focus their entire nations into their capitals.

"Notre Dame de Paris," an eloquent condemnation of capital punishment, a sermon against celibacy, an effort to inspire people with a love for their national monuments, and a fine 15th century guide-book of Paris, deals with the workings of fate, in whose toils the chief characters are inextricably caught. With the exception of the deaf, one-eyed hunchback bell-ringer, all of the characters are fictitious. The book contains no tenderness; love itself is a delirium, and pity is so qualified with horror that there is no softness in it. The story is of Esmeralda —a foundling—brought up within the walls of Notre Dame, that mighty building dating from the 11th century, enriched with 13th century glass, and around whose portals Hugo weaves a phantasmagoria in which a trained goat plays an important part, everywhere accompanying Esmeralda, the beautiful, innocent, and incorruptible gipsy of sixteen, a singer and dancer, loved by a priest fiercely, by a soldier gaily, by a hunchback monster passionately, and finally executed as sorceress through the unwitting intervention of her own mother.

What a motley medley of human creatures throng the place! Here is the great guild of beggar-thieves tatterdemalion and shamelessly grotesque; here is Gringoire, the out-at-elbows unsuccessful rhymer of the time. Esmeralda, accompanied by her goat, lays down her mat, and dances lightly, gracefully, to her tambourine. See how the gossips whisper of witchcraft as the goat plays its pretty tricks. Who is that grave priest, lean from long vigils of study, who stands watching the girl's every motion with eye of somber flame? Close behind, in attendance on the priest, is a figure scarcely human, deformed, hideous, whose one cyclops eye is fastened on the girl. Among the bystanders may be seen the priest's brother, Jehan, the Paris student of the town-sparrow type that has existed from the days of Villon even until now. Before the dancer has collected her spare harvest of small coins, a soldier troop rides roughly by, hustling the crowd, and in the captain the poor child recognizes the man who had saved her from violence some days before —the man to whom alas! she has given her heart. In such a group as this what elements of tragedy lie lurking and ready to leap forth? That priest, in his guilty passion, will forswear his priestly vows, stab the soldier, and, failing to compass his guilty ends, give over the poor child-dancer to torture and death. The deformed cyclops, seeing the priest's fiendish laughter as they both stand on the top of Notre Dame tower, will guess him the cause of her doom, and hurl him over the parapet. The student, too, will be entangled in the tragic chains by which these human creatures are bound together. His shattered carcass will dangle from one of the sculptured ornaments on the front of the cathedral.

"Les Misérables" (1862)—divided into Part I. Fantine; Part II. Cosette; Part III. Marius; Part IV. Idyl of Rue Plumet and the Epic of Rue St. Denis; Part V. Jean Valjean—translated into twelve languages and published simultaneously at Paris, London, Brussels, New York, Madrid, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Turin, shows a change in Hugo's political and social views. Its theme is the rehabilitation of the human soul. Society is blamed that wretched women take to the streets, and that prisons are tolerated into which men enter innocent and unfortunate, to leave hardened ruffians.

Jean Valjean, the central figure, a simple, hard-working peasant, steals bread for his sister's starving children and is sentenced to the galleys for five years, his term being lengthened to nineteen years owing to his attempts to escape. The story introduces him at the lowest point of hardened, brutal viciousness, just released from imprison-

ment and vainly begging. He startles the venerable Bishop Myriel, about to eat supper, by knocking and entering, crying loudly, "My name is Jean Valjean!" He tells his story, is invited to partake of food and to stay the night, but rewards his benefactor by stealing his silver. The bishop, when the police bring Jean before him next day, comprehending the man's condition, calmly offers him two candle-sticks, saying, "Why did you not take these too with the other things that I gave you?" Then, after the police go, he addresses Jean, "My brother, you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I have bought. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God."

Jean is not only saved from a life-sentence to the galleys, but a new era in his life dawns. His meditations, as he sits on a stone on the roadside, are interrupted by a happy little street-urchin, who, tossing coins, lets one fall near Jean, who covers it with his foot and meets the demand for the coin by asking the boy's name. The boy runs off in a fright. Jean suddenly shudders, seizes the money and runs off, calling the boy's name, and finally falls down and weeps bitterly, the first time in nineteen years. Henceforth he is a changed man, and he devotes himself to good works.

Jean appears next as M. Madeleine, a wealthy manufacturer, philanthropist, and mayor of a town. He befriends Fantine, an abandoned grisette, who, trying to live an honest life and support her child, is discharged from the factory when her history is known. She vainly tries to get work, and is driven to sell her hair, her teeth, and finally herself. Jean interferes when she is about to be arrested, and sends her to the hospital to be treated for a fatal disease, doing all he can to give her comfort and cheer.

With a prospect of a long and useful life, Jean is confronted by Javert, chief of police, his bitterest enemy, and a man of but two ideas—detection and retribution. Honest and upright, he is utterly pitiless toward the criminal classes. He suspects Jean, and watches him as he informs him of the arrest of a peasant for robbing an orchard. He declares the peasant to be the old offender Jean Valjean, and that he will receive life-sentence.

The real Jean faces a terrific temptation. Duty and self-preservation struggle for mastery. His silence will doom an innocent man to living death. An all-powerful influence draws him to the court. The innocent peasant is about to be sentenced when a voice is heard saying, "Look this way!" The spectators recognize the mayor, who exclaims: "Gentlemen, release the prisoner. Mr. President, have me arrested. He is not the man you are looking for. I am Jean Valjean!"

He escapes from the galleys after saving a sailor from drowning. He rescues Cosette from sordid innkeepers to whom her mother had entrusted her. He goes to Paris still pursued by fate—Javert discovers him. Chased through the streets, he jumps over a convent wall and is befriended by the gardener whose life he had saved. To this peaceful resort Jean brings Cosette to be cared for by the Sisters. The convent life and Jean's love for Cosette complete the work of regeneration; but years later, when, developed into a beautiful woman, she has become the solace of his life, he is called upon to make a supreme sacrifice and resign her to the man she loves.

In this complicated history is a thread on which are strung many-colored beads—antiquarian lore, political reminiscences, social vaticinations, realistic slumming. Hugo introduces us to the night side of humanity. We walk among convicts, courtesans, burglars, beggars, paupers, conspirators; we visit low taverns, prisons, cheap boarding-houses, barricades, hulks, and sewers. But we have welcome contrasts in "Gavroche, the Gamin of Paris," "Argot," "Nunneries," "Sewers of Paris"; and in the political parts, "Waterloo," "All Nobility," and "Louis Philippe." The portrait of Bishop Myriel, who personifies charity, is a charming and well-shaded study. The bishop's tour among the mountain robbers displays a courage more saintly than masculine. The scene with the two lost children, and the night among the rats in the sides of the big elephant, are perfectly drawn. Historical personages pass along as living—Napoleon, Louis Philippe, and the nobility of France.

The women characters are weak. Except Cosette, they attract little attention and still less admiration. Even Cosette scarcely gets beyond butterfly development. With men, however, Hugo is at home. In them he displays mastery in mental analy-

ses; the antitheses are strong and nicely set, the finishing is faultless, the descriptions are admirable. He catches the salient points of his subject and makes his picture with a few bold strokes or with minute filling up. He is at home in most diverse and dissonant surroundings. He paints the tropical luxuriance and bewitching moonlight of the sequestered gardens of La Rue Plumet, the splendors of a June morning after a night's rain, or he tracks the underground tour of Jean Valjean with his ghastly burden on his shoulders. What can be finer than his description of country running into town—"end of trees, beginnings of houses; end of grass, beginnings of pavements; end of furrows, beginnings of shops; end of ruts, beginnings of passions; end of divine murmur, beginning of human hubbub"?

The chief defects of "Les Misérables" are lack of continuity and proportion. The social philosophy is unusual and shallow; the style is often marred by mannerisms of thought and of phrase. The men and women are too logical to be natural, too consistent to be true. Jean Valjean is artificial; he is created for a purpose too apparent; his virtues are overdone. Yet, taken as a whole, the work remains, in spite of its defects, the greatest religious romance of the 19th century, a mirror of modern society, a repertory of ideas concerning human life and progress, a panorama of French society and civilization.

Period II. (1862-1885).

The generation and a half that separated "Les Misérables" from "Notre Dame de Paris" radically changed Hugo's sociology and politics. He is now the realist, and demands the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

"Ninety-Three," another masterpiece ranking third of Hugo's works, and appearing simultaneously in ten languages, has for its central theme the conflict between human will and blind force, between man and the revolution. Hugo apparently deliberately chose horror, crime, suffering, folly, tears, fire, and blood, through and over which to weave the embroidery of fiction. The scene is the civil war in Vendee and the time is the crucial year of the First Republic. On all the actors presses the heavy hand of fate,—an inexorable power destroying all, whether friends or foes, who cross its path. The struggle with the loosened gun on board the "Claymore" is an epitome of the dominant theme of the book. For background, serve the silent, mysterious, interminable Vendee forests, while in the foreground stand three ideal figures—types—Hugo's realization of '93, but too strongly characterized for mere human beings.

The first and greatest figure is Lantenac, of the old régime, representative of a system that is past, the type of everything Hugo abhors in politics but which he accepts in art,—a character asserting haughty qualities over all pretenders, a man absolutely brave, fearless, remorseless, caring nothing for happiness, considering his cause or himself paramount over all, the world his and his dependents created to serve or to die for him. He is the type of all despotisms, the man of divine right with profound contempt for the people and their claims.

The second chief figure is Cimourdain, citizen priest, true revolutionist, rigid theorist and logician, obstinate, hesitating at nothing, capable of imitating the inhuman grandeur of Brutus or of approving the horrors of September, an ascetic, yet a demagogue; the stern ardor of a priest in the veins of an atheist, he is representative of the present.

The third chief figure and representing the future is Gauvain, the young commander of the republican forces, the poet's ideal, and the ideal of mercy, favorite of visionary souls, emblem of generous youth made desperate by the vices of the past and laying vehement hold on the revolution, which to him is a new gospel, a means of salvation for the poor, and the destroyer of cruelty and injustice. But this young and generous heart is already chilled by contact with the fierce and horrible realities of '93, that year of blood, and the guillotine red with the carnage of that fratricidal war hard to accept as the beginning of the reign of fraternity. Gauvain is the enthusiast foreordained, the hero eliciting our sympathies yet whose strength we are conscious can not stand against environing fate.

Hugo surprises us by playing the politician and not placing Cimourdain instead of Lantenac foremost of these three men in the conflict. But the old noble, heroic in the face of death, discourses with royal calm on the eve of his execution.

The chief interest and charm of "Ninety-

Three" centers in the group of three children—René Jean, Gros Alain, and Georgette—appearing in the midst of fire and flame, in conflict of passion and of the elements. Note the contrast of the scenes without and within the castle of Tourgée—without, the fierce tumult and glare of the burning tower; within, the babble of children, unconscious of their surroundings, absorbed in their work, their play, and their trifling disputes. The situation is daringly conceived and skilfully executed. No chapter in childhood literature can be compared to "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew."

The sad and the tragic are masterfully presented in Michelle Fléchard, the poor stupid peasant to whom Tellemarch, the philosophic beggar, gives shelter in her desperate search of her children. In this part of the story Hugo deals with the really human and not with the mechanical and monstrous.

II. Political and Oratorical Writings.

Hugo began life as a royalist. The first change toward liberalism is noted in his preface to "Marion Delorme" and later in "The King's Diversion." Again in "Literature and Philosophy Commingled" he expresses "the need of a republic in fact and a monarchy in word." In 1848 he is an "opportunist,"—a republican in theory, a monarchist in practice, a liberalist in his acceptance of the sonorous watchwords of liberalism, a conservative in his conviction that great immediate political changes would be an unmixed evil, a poet in his sympathy for the poor and downtrodden, a practical man in his appreciation of the fact that any bettering of the condition of the masses must be a work of time and patience. In 1849 he became an extreme radical and in the years that followed showed a clear foresight in regard to the aims and downfall of Louis Napoleon.

The most important of Hugo's political and oratorical writings are: "History of a Crime," "Napoleon the Little," "Acts and Words."

"History of a Crime" is an eloquent account of the most stirring days of his political career. It shows how Hugo's efforts to organize resistance to the usurped authority of the false Bonaparte were distrusted by his fellow republicans.

"Napoleon the Little" is a diatribe against Louis Napoleon,—one of the most superb pieces of invective in literature. Almost literally the language seems molten with passion and rolls in a stream like lava, lurid, scorching, devouring. As the reader is rushed through page after page, his horror of Louis Napoleon's crimes deepens. Brilliant passages are to be found throughout the whole book; there is biting sarcasm, glowing apostrophe, towering climax.

"Acts and Words" is his collected speeches, public letters, and professions of faith. Herein is shown so true an instinct for all that is generous and liberal, so much intrepid persistence in the face of violent opposition; and so much moderation, calmness, and tact in meeting and in overcoming such opposition, that, independent of excellent composition, these writings are nearly as interesting now as when questions they discussed were still pending. Their language is brisk, vigorous, compact. Their fearlessness is absolutely uncompromising.

All Hugo's political and oratorical writings attest inexhaustible mental resource.

CRITICISMS

General Survey.

"The peculiar beauty and force of Hugo's style are uncontested. His invention is amazing. In a certain picturesqueness of imagination he is, perhaps, without a rival; and his creations—'Esmeralda,' 'Quasimodo,' 'Lucretia Borgia,' 'Triboulet'—are types in such high relief that they arrest the vulgarest eye, and fascinate the imagination of poets and artists. He is a very effective writer. He produces a succession of pictures which startle the most incurious; and such is the vigor of his imagination, that he not unfrequently kindles the imagination of his readers. But he rarely touches the deeper chords of their minds, and never with more than a passing breath. We think him immensely clever and rather silly; bold, original, and bombastic; swaggering and blasphemous. He has incomparable ingenuity and fertility in the *mise en scene,* but this scenic splendor only prepares us for a tragedy which is never developed. It is the same with his style.

"As a man Hugo seems moved by generous and noble sentiments, and his verses

show an exquisite tenderness toward children. We remember many offensive passages, but no page that is base or mean. Nevertheless, he repels all our sympathy by an abiding untruthfulness in conception and presentation. Antithesis seems to be his secret of creation. When he wishes to paint woman's love, he selects two courtesans, Marion Delorme and Tisbe. No attempt is made to conceal their profession; love sanctifies all. Man's love for woman is exhibited in the breasts of a monk, a monster, and a valet. Claude Frollo, Quasimodo, Ruy Blas, and Esmeralda are wonderful creatures; but they are only inhuman, and only flatter the picturesque imagination."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"Hugo is a very great man, truly unique. His genius transcends all distinctions of race. He seems to believe only in the immortality of the brain. Yet he is in the highest sense an idealist. High philosophy is the secret of his genius. His defects were necessary defects—defects of an unconscious force of nature, acting through the effect of an interior tension. He was filled with truly poetic inspiration; with him everything is the germ and sap of life. He revealed to French poetry its potential harmony. As he advanced in life his idealism became grander still and purer."—*Renan.*

"Hugo has none of the gaiety of the Gaul, at least hardly a dozen wholly joyous poems are to be found among his productions. He is never frivolous, cares nothing for elegance or correctness, and betrays no desire to amuse."—*Spectator.*

"Hugo's writings are in no sense a peaceful literature. Conflict is its very inspiration. The struggle of human misery with all the confusing and overbearing forces of life; of poverty with the requirements and oppressions of wealth; of the small with the great; of the people with tyrants; of man with Fate,—these are his subjects, and he is never an impartial historian. He is on the side of the weak in every conflict. That in which he is perhaps at his best is the delineation of a sudden scene, an incident in which human nature is seen at its highest or lowest, a spark struck out of the darkness in which history leaves the mass of humankind."—*Contemporary Review.*

"Hugo's originality is irresistible. The fire of his descriptions, the glow of his imagination, the blaze of his poetic passion, kindle an enthusiasm such as no other writer can create."—*Edinburgh Review.*

"Taken as a whole, Hugo deserves the title of the greatest poet hitherto, and one of the greatest prose writers of France."—*Saintsbury.*

"Poet, politician, philosopher, novelist, Hugo is far above mediocrity in each vocation, and is more than eminent, is illustrious in more than one. Incomparably the first modern French poet."—*Eclectic Magazine.*

"Hugo was the most versatile author of his age, the most popular and successful writer of his country, in many respects the greatest poet modern France has produced."—*James Cappon.*

"Hugo was the greatest of modern French writers."—*Fortnightly Review.*

"Hugo was one of the world's great poets, and his verse will continue through the after-time as a living force, because, while perfect in workmanship, it is broad-based upon the universal human breast, and so eternal."—*Marzials.*

"Hugo's plays are melodramas, written by a poet, and not poetic plays, written by a dramatic poet."—*Brander Matthews.*

"Above all things Hugo is a dramatist, and all the world to him becomes a stage whereon mankind plays its endless tragedy."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"Hugo never steps aside to show any complexities of character in his dramatis personæ, because they never have any; they are simply the embodiment of some picturesque passion. In novels, as in plays, he is a perfect master of melodrama."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"Hugo's originality is in his form. He is classic because he expresses the ideas of everybody in the language of the elect. Herein is the secret of his democratic popularity."—*Benjamin Wells.*

Hugo as Man (1831).

"What most struck one at first sight in Victor Hugo was a truly monumental brow that rose like a white marble entablature over his quietly earnest face. The beauty and vastness of that forehead were in truth well-nigh superhuman. It seemed to afford room for the greatest thoughts. Crowns of gold or laurel would fitly have found a place there, as on the brow of a Cæsar or a god. It was set in a frame of light, long, auburn hair. But though the

hair was somewhat long, the face was most carefully shaven, and of a particular kind of paleness, burnt through, as it were, and illumined by two eyes of bronze-gold like the eyes of an eagle. The drawing of the mouth was firm and decided, with lips curved and bent down at the corners, lips that, when parted by a smile, displayed teeth of dazzling whiteness. His dress consisted of a black frock-coat, gray trousers, a little turned-down collar,—a 'get-up' of absolute respectability and correctness. No one would have suspected that this perfect gentleman could be the chief of those bearded and disheveled hordes who were the terror of the smooth-chinned citizen. Such Victor Hugo appeared to us when first we met; and the image has never faded from our memory. We cherish with pious care that portrait of him as he was, young, handsome, smiling, and radiant with genius. When over seventy he had the same brow, the same eyes, the same mouth, the same imperial majesty, the same audacity, the same gentleness."—*Theophile Gautier.*

1845.

"He was himself, however, the best thing we saw; and I find it difficult to associate the attitude and aspect in which the world has lately wondered at him, with the sober grace and self-possessed quiet gravity of that night. Just then Louis Philippe had ennobled him, but the man's nature was written noble. Rather under the middle size, of compact, close-buttoned-up figure, with ample dark hair falling loosely over his close-shaven face, I never saw upon features so keenly intellectual such a soft and sweet geniality, and certainly never heard the French language spoken with the picturesque distinctness given to it by Victor Hugo. He talked on his childhood in Spain, and of his father having been governor of the Tagus in Napoleon's wars; spoke warmly of the English people and their literature; declared his preference for melody and simplicity over the music then fashionable at the Conservatoire; referred kindly to Ponsard, laughed at the actors who had murdered his (Ponsard's) tragedy at the Odeon, and sympathized with the dramatic venture of Dumas. To Dickens he addressed very charming flattery in the best taste; and my friend long remembered the enjoyment of that evening."—*G. H. Lewes.*

1855.

"After this, with his legs a little stiff, for he had acquired the habit of standing as he wrote, and of walking when in the act of composition, he would come slowly down the stairs, the tapestry deadening the sound of his steps, and would lightly shake off his graver thoughts and give them a holiday for the rest of the day. He was now no longer the poet, the inspired prophet of a few minutes ago; he was the friend who came to be with his family, the dear kind friend who had always some pleasant word for greeting, and a tender caress for farewell. Ah, admirable great man! And how can I, when the work is mentioned, not call to mind the ingenious tender devices by which he beguiled us to follow his example; for he did not like to see any one idle about him. 'No day without its line,' he was wont to say."—*Marzials.*

Hugo's Religion.

"From youth up Hugo was an opponent of the church, a rebel against its authority. The priest as priest had no attraction for him, but the reverse; and the work of the church was odious to him. Yet, when he would set before us the most pure ideal, the incarnation of mercy and goodness, he finds it in a priest, a priest the most perfect of priests, celibate, ascetic, a combination of every circumstance which in polemics would most separate him from the common sympathies of humanity, yet by very right of that separation the succorer and servant of humanity, the brother of all men. Bishop Myriel is more than the Christian—he is the Catholic ideal. Hugo was no Catholic, nor even in the theological sense of the word, a Christian. To him the church was the kingdom of the devil rather than the kingdom of God."—*Contemporary Review.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HUGO.

Victor Marie Hugo was born Feb. 26, 1802, at Besançon, France. As a baby he was ugly-looking, and so weak that every one but his mother gave up hopes of his living. His father, Joseph Leopold Sigesbert Hugo, of artisan ancestry, was a distinguished soldier in the French army, but, getting into disfavor with Napoleon I., he followed the fortunes of Joseph Bonaparte into Italy. His success there brought him

a generalship and a governorship of a province. Later, he went with Joseph Bonaparte to Spain, where he became governor of three provinces and was made a count. After Joseph's downfall he returned to France and became a lieutenant-general in the army of Louis XVIII.

Hugo's mother, Sophie Trébuchet, was daughter of a shipowner of Nantes. She advocated entire freedom of education, was a "freethinker and had no religion." She married Major Hugo in 1796. Their first born was Abel, born at Paris, 1798; their second born, Eugene, born at Nancy, 1800; Victor followed in 1802.

1805-1806. Lived at Paris with mother and brothers.

1807-1808. Lived in Italy.

1809-1810. Lived at Paris, studying under his mother and Father Larivière. Began the classics. Learned Spanish in six weeks.

1811. Went to Spain to live. Attended the Seminary of Nobles, to be educated as page for Joseph Bonaparte. Owing to his youth he was put into the lowest class, but within a month he was with the oldest pupils. The priests were astonished at his brilliancy.

1812. Returned to Paris, continuing his classical education under Father Larivière. Read philosophical works, also Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, and Captain Cook's Travels.

1813. Attended the Cordier School, and there became fascinated with verse-making. Studied Latin, mathematics and physics.

1814. Organized a theater at school, and was continually acting plays with the boys. Mother and father separated by common consent.

1815. Attended lectures at College of Louis-le-Grand. Was badly injured in the knee. Devoted his whole time to poetry.

1815-1818. Wrote odes, satires, epistles, poems, tragedies, elegies, idyls, a comic opera, imitations of Ossian, translations from Virgil, Horace, Lucan, Ausonius, Martial.

1816. Wrote tragedies "Irtamène," and "Athélie"; melodrama "Inez de Castro."

1817. Competed for prize of French Academy; subject, "The Happiness Derived from Study in Every Situation of Life." The Academy awarded honorable mention to his poem, "The Loves of Dido." The Academy would have awarded the poem the prize had it not doubted that so young a person (Hugo having stated his age on the manuscript) could have written it. Wrote "Bug Jargal," a romance, in two weeks.

1818. Successfully competed for prize of French Academy with poems, "Institution of the Jury," and "Sur les avantages de l'enseignement mutuel." Left school. Competed for prize of Academy of Toulouse with odes, "The Virgins of Verdun," which won the golden amaranth prize, and "The Statue of Henry IV.," which won the golden lily prize. Hugo was now a celebrity.

1818-1822. His poetry during these years was classic, religious, and royalistic in tone.

1819. Victor and brothers tried to lessen the poverty of their mother by founding "The Literary Conservative," which was continued until 1821, forming three volumes, two of which Victor wrote, he contributing "Bug Jargal," also poems, dramatic criticisms, and articles on history, politics and art. Fell in love with Adèle Foucher.

1820. His poem "Moses on the Nile" won for him another prize of Academy of Toulouse. The three prizes constituted Hugo "Master of the Floral Games" and a provincial academician. Wrote and published "Ode to La Vendee."

1821. Mother died; father remarried July 20, and he became betrothed to Adèle Foucher. Did all kinds of work; lived in a garret, his life there being described by the budget of Marius in "Les Miserables."

1822. Published his first collection of early poems under title, "Various Odes and Poems." Louis XVIII. was so pleased with them that he granted Hugo a pension. Married Adèle Foucher Oct. 12. Brother Eugene became crazy.

1823. Published "Hans of Iceland." Became friend to M. Nodier, the critic. With others founded the short-lived "Revue Française." Wrote "Ode to My Father." A son was born, but died. Wrote nearly twenty odes.

1824. Published a second collection of poems, "New Odes." Daughter Leopoldine was born.

1825. Was made a knight of the Legion of Honor. Visited his father for the first time after separation from his mother. Attended coronation of King Charles. Visited Switzerland and the Alps.

1826. Published a third volume of poems, "Odes and Ballads," and "Bug Jargal" in new form. With Sainte-Beuve, Antoine and Emile Deschamps, A. de Vigny, Boulanger the painter, and David the sculptor, he formed the literary association called the "Cénade," which discussed art and literature. This society established a periodical, "The French Muse." Daughter Adèle was born.

1827. Wrote "Cromwell" for Talma, also "Ode to the Vendome Column." His real friendship for Sainte-Beuve began.

1828. Wrote and published play "Amy Robsart." Father died Jan. 28. Son François Victor was born.

1829. Published new collection of poems, "The Orientals." Wrote play, "Marion Delorme" in four days. Wrote novel, "The Last Day of a Condemned Man," in three weeks, and published it.

1830. Wrote and produced "Hernani" at Théâtre Français. In July the monarchy of the elder branch of the Bourbons passed away, and Louis Philippe became king of France.

1831. Published new collection of poems, "Autumn Leaves," and wrote and published novel "Notre Dame de Paris." "Marion Delorme" was produced at the Porte St. Martin Theater.

1832. Wrote and produced play, "The King's Diversion."

1833. Wrote and produced plays "Lucretia Borgia" and "Marie Tudor."

1834. Wrote and published prose works, "Literature and Philosophy Commingled," and "Claude Gueux.

1835. Published poems "Twilight Songs," and wrote and produced play "Angelo tyran de Padone."

1836. Wrote and produced opera "Esmeralda," a lyrical dramatization of "Notre Dame de Paris."

1837. Published poems "Voices Within." Brother Eugene died in February.

1838. Wrote and produced play "Ruy Blas."

1840. Published poems "Sunbeams and Shadows." Daughter Leopoldine and her husband were drowned.

1841. Elected one of the "Forty Immortals" of the French Academy. Became a politician.

1843. Wrote and produced his last stage p "Les Burgraves."

1845. Was made a peer of France by Louis Philippe. From this time for many years did no real literary work.

1848. Founded "L'Evénement," a paper on which worked his sons, Gautier, and other friends. Was elected deputy to the constitutional assembly of the Revolution. Louis Napoleon became president of the French republic.

1849-1851. Foresees Louis Napoleon's ambitious schemes. Unsuccessfully defends his son, who was sent to prison, accused of publishing a treasonable article against the death penalty.

1851. In asserting the rights of the deputies to preserve the republican constitution, his speech made possible Louis Napoleon's *coup d'etat*, and he was banished from France, taking refuge in Belgium.

1852. By writing and publishing the philippic, "Napoleon the Little," he was compelled to leave Belgium, and he fled to the isle of Jersey, where wife, daughter Adèle and his sons joined him. He was an exile for nineteen years.

1853. Wrote and published collection of poems, "Chastisements." Also published "Speeches of Hugo's Political Life."

1855. Removed to Guernsey. Mme. Drouet became and continued his secretary for thirty years. He dictated all of his writings to her.

1856. Marks the culmination of Hugo's powers as lyric poet. Wrote and published collection of poems, "Contemplations."

1859. Wrote and published Vols. I and II. of "The Legend of the Centuries."

1862. Published novel "Les Misérables."

1863. Published prose work "Victor Hugo Revealed by a Witness of His Life."

1864. Published prose criticism "William Shakespeare."
1865. Published collection of poems, "Songs of the Streets and Woods."
1866. Published novel, "The Toilers of the Sea."
1869. Published novel, "The Man Who Laughs."
1870. France was conquered by Germany; a republic was established. Hugo returned to Paris August 5 and received a great ovation.
1871. Was elected to the National Assembly. His opposition to the treaty between France and Germany forced him to withdraw from the Assembly. Protested against the destruction of the Vendome column. Went to Brussels, whence he wrote a letter of such a character that he was compelled to leave Belgium. Went to England. Returned to France. Son Charles died.
1872. Published poem "The Terrible Year." Founded "The Sovereign People," a democratic journal.
1872-1875-1877. Published utterances on public matters, "Acts and Words."
1873. Son François died. Daughter Adèle became insane.
1874. Published novel "Ninety Three."
1876. Was elected senator.
1877. Published "The Art of Being a Grandfather," "History of a Crime," and Vol II., Part 2, of "The Legend of the Centuries."
1878. Published poem "The Pope."
1879. Wrote "La Pitié Suprême."
1880. Wrote "Religions and Religion," and "L'Ane."
1881. Published collection of satirical, dramatic, lyric and epic poems, "The Four Winds of the Spirit."
1882. Published play "Torquemada." His 80th birthday was celebrated with great enthusiasm.
1883. Wrote poem "L'Archipel de la Mancha." Published Part III. of "The Legend of the Centuries."
1885. May 13 was seized with a chill; heart and lungs became affected; suffered greatly; died May 22—as he had predicted, "when the roses were in bloom," robust and tempestuous to the last. A public funeral was given him, and he was buried in the Pantheon.
1886. "The Theatre and Freedom," a book of plays not intended for the stage, was published.
1887. A prose work, "Things Seen," was published.
1890. A prose work, "The Alps and the Pyrenees," was published.

SUGGESTED HUGO SELECTIONS.

POEMS.

"The Cities of the Plain."
"Sara's Bath."
"Ecstasy."
"Sultan Achmet."
"The Djinns."
"Moonlight."
"The Veil."
"The Favorite Sultana."
"Expectation."
"Pirate Song."
"The Sack of the City."
"Old Ocean."
"Prayer."
"My Thoughts of Ye."
"Napoleon."
"The Retreat from Moscow."
"The Lions."

DRAMAS.

"HERNANI:"
"Speech of Don Silva to Dona Sol."
"Don Silva Enumerates to Charles the Exploits of His Ancestors."
"The Conspiracy."
"Charles V. Monologue."
"Description of Portraits."
"Hernani and Dona Sol alone after the Marriage Feast."

"MARION DELORME:"
"Didier's Account of Himself."
"Didier Learns about Marion from Saverny."
"Didier Forgives Marion."
"Final Parting of Didier and Marion."
"Didier's Speech as the Bells Toll the Hour of His Execution."
"The King."
"Saverny."
"Scene between Louis and His Solemn Jester."
"Marquis de Brichanteau Tries to Console the Uncle for his Nephew's (Saverny) Supposed Death."

"THE KING'S DIVERSION:"
"Triboulet and His Daughter." (Begin with "My Child! Oh, clasp thy hands about my neck," etc.)
"Triboulet discovers that the Dead before him is his Own Child."
"Speech of Triboulet over the Body of his Dead Daughter."

"LUCRETIA BORGIA:"
Final Act.

NOVELS.

"LES MISERABLES:"
"The Bishop."
"Sacking of the Bishop's Palace."
"Attack on Liege."
"Attack of the Beggars on the Cathedral."
"The Prison and the Convent."
"The Chain Gang for the Galley."
"The Battles of the Barricade."
"Jean Valjean's Struggle with Himself."
"The Conversion."
"Cosette's Walk in the Dark to the Village Well."
"Cosette's Little Broken Shoe on Christmas Eve."
"Jean Valjean and a Sailor in Mid-Ocean."
"Battle of Waterloo."
"The Last Hours of Javert."
"Mock Burial of Jean Valjean."
"The Solitude of Bishop Myriel."
"Description of Mme. Baptistine, an Old Maid."
"Sermon on a Nettle."
"The Pantheist's Creed."
"The Death of Jean Valjean."

"TOILERS OF THE SEA:"
"The Combat with the Octopus."

"NOTRE DAME DE PARIS:"
"Claude Frollo's Picture."
"The Cathedral."

"NINETY-THREE:"
"Massacre of Saint Bartholomew."
"The Streets of Paris."
"Hall of Session of the National Convention in the Tuileries."
"The Combat with the Monster Cannon."

HUGO SELECTIONS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

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"L'Ange qui Veille" (in French, 35c.).
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"The Hour of Prayer" (15c.).
"The Poor Children" (15c.).
"The Poor Fisher Folk" (25c.)
"Children of the Bonnet Rouge" (35c.).
"Napoleon the Little" (15c.).
"Secret Executioners" (15c.).
"The Retreat from Moscow" (25c.).
"Jean Valjean Reveals Himself" (25c.).
"Death of Jean Valjean." (35c., in manuscript.)

[We will supply the other Hugo selections in manuscript form, for from 15c. to 25c. each.]

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"To a Woman" (60c.).

Opera in America.

By EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

A RESEARCH into conditions surrounding opera of the present and of the past proves that almost the same hopes, the same failures, the same successes, the same facts were connected with this form of amusement long ago as now. Stars always formed the great attraction, and the financial side entailed about the same risks as at the present day. The attempt, nay more than this, the intention and desire, to put opera on a permanent basis in America were discussed fifty years ago just as expectantly as it is at the present time.

The question which presents itself very forcibly is, whether opera in general is more or less popular than it was at that time. Entertainments more than anything else furnish a key to the customs of the people, as also to the trend of their minds, but opera always has been an unknown quantity, for it never has been quite clear whether it is the music and its accompaniment of scenic and dramatic effects, or the story, with its accompaniment of music, that has been the attraction.

The influence of the music of the past was certainly better than the influence of to-day's music, for in actual fact opera gave the popular music of the old days, as the music-boxes and the old hand-organs will attest, while the popular music of to-day is of a very low order.

Children were lulled to sleep to the melodies of "Hear Me, Norma," "Back to Our Mountains," "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls"; now they go to sleep to the tune of "Mammy's little Pumpkin-colored Coons," or some other sentiment equally ennobling. The opera-house has a very strong rival in the music-hall, strange as that may seem, for one can hardly realize a connecting link between the two styles of entertainment, and it leaves one wondering to what to attribute this degeneration. To remedy this is no easy matter—nothing could do it, in fact, except the maintenance of good opera, by good and interesting companies at low prices. This is demonstrated in the history of opera, in fact of everything, for the public school system is the greatest proof that elevation can come only through benefit to the largest numbers, and the largest numbers can be attracted only when financially a thing is possible to them.

Another form of amusement highly detrimental to the furthering of opera is the extravaganza or musical burlesque. With its coarse vulgarities it has fairly eradicated the light opera, which was delightfully restful and entertaining. The day of "The Chimes of Normandy," "Olivette," "Falka," "Giroflé-Girofla," "Pinafore," and the like is for the present over, yet never a revival of one of these operas but the hearers feel themselves better for the hearing than after an evening spent with "Lady Slavey," "The Cadêt Girl," "A Dangerous Maid," and that ilk, which at best represents a hodge-podge of topical ragtime songs, an amazon march and a quantity of jokes which you would prefer to keep from the ears of a refined, innocent young girl. This obstacle did not exist fifty years ago; in fact, fifteen years ago the vaudeville

was not mentioned by the feminine part of American population at all; that was supposed to belong exclusively to the entertainments which men might enjoy with or without the knowledge and consent of their better halves, and it is probable that the performance was not any more risqué than it is to-day. Women have grown accustomed to hear unclean suggestions until they are no longer shocked at many things which men hardly tolerate. This may speak well for their endurance, but something is gone from their womanliness and from their modesty that all the worldliness and poise on earth can not replace.

To study music and its relation to mankind from a purely physical standpoint, it soon becomes apparent that music is a tonic which the mental system and even the physical (for the nerves are involved) absolutely require. Whether this be owing to the vibrative elements in sound and in man, or whether music has the same influence as the sound of the sea or the breeze, it would be impossible to say; but that the system needs it just as truly as it needs salt is unquestionable. The adoption of music in the army has more significance than a cursory thought would present. It is not alone for the rhythm that the band is indispensable. The spirits of the soldiers must be thought of, the tension must be let down, a relaxation, mental, physical, and nervous, must occur, and through what could this come if not through music?

In the same light one must regard music in the church as a direct play upon the emotions, and that the music fits into that emotional corner just right proves it is a necessity to the system. Granting, then, music is a necessity to the system of man, it is *not* surprising that he will get it when he can. If it be served him in its higher form of opera, he will grow to appreciate that form of it; if he can get it by dropping into this variety-house or that beer-hall, and there be no opera available to him, he certainly will grow down to that level and need nothing save a little rollicking tune with a strong rhythm. This need for music is what fills the vaudeville houses. Why not fill the opera-houses instead?

In 1852 there were three opera companies playing in New York, all playing to fine business, and presenting artists of practically the same caliber. That this would be impossible in New York to-day there is probably no doubt.

In 1844 Palmo's Opera House was built in New York, and from that time opera has occurred annually. The seasons were longer then than now, as there was an autumn, a winter, and a spring season, with very frequent supplementary summer seasons by artists who remained in town or by visiting companies. To the casual observer it may cause surprise to learn that there are comparatively very few of the world's greatest artists who have not appeared in America, beginning indeed in the 40's and 50's, and continuing up to the present day. It must not be inferred that opera was born to America at the late period of 1844. The first opera was presented to America by its English friends in 1750, in a place used as a theater on Nassau Street, between John Street and Maiden Lane. The name of the opera was "The Beggars' Opera." It was again presented in 1753 by Hallam's company, which included Adcock, Hallam, Mrs. Becceley, Mrs. Clarkson, and Mrs. Hallam. Dr. Arne's opera, "Love in a Village,"

was presented January 11, 1768, at a new theater on John Street, with a cast composed of Miss Wainwright, Mrs. Hallam, Stephan Woolls, Hallam, and David Douglass.

In 1773 Bickerstaff's "Maid of the Mill" was given by the above cast, with Miss Storer supplanting Miss Wainwright. Milton's "Mask of Comus" was also given. An interesting note is that the first opera performed after the Revolution was "Love in a Village," June 16, 1786. In 1791 "Inkle and Yarico" and "Tempest," with music by Purcell, was given. Storace's "No Song, No Supper" was given in 1793 by Mrs. Kenna, Mrs. Pownall, Mrs. Hamilton, Stephen Woolls, Ryan, Prigmore, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson. "The Beggars' Opera" was revised after twenty years, and this same 1794 saw McNally's comic opera of "Robin Hood." In January of 1795 a gala performance of "Macbeth," with music by Locke, was given by the players aforementioned, with the addition of Mrs. Melmoth. Scottish airs arranged by Carr were played between the acts. "The Mountaineers," by Colman, was played in 1796, with Joseph Jefferson, father of the present celebrity, in the cast.

It is also noteworthy that the first American opera was performed in 1796. It was written by Smith (libretto) and Pellesier, and it was entitled "Edwin and Angelina." "The Siege of Belgrade," an opera by Storace and Pellesier, with scenery painted by Joseph Jefferson, held the boards for thirty years, and the last performance occurred in 1840. Musical farces and comic operas, by Theodore Hook and Dibdin, and ballad operas, were in vogue for many years. In 1819 Rossini's "Barber of Seville" was given for the first time, and it will be noticed that up to this time the operas had been English exclusively, not English translations either, but operas conceived and executed in the vernacular. November 12, 1823, John Howard Payne's "Clari, Maid of Milan," with music by Bishop, was presented at the Park Theater. The part of Clari was sung by Miss Ellen A. Johnson, who sang "Home, Sweet Home" for the first time, as it belongs to the opera. This rôle was a great favorite with Mrs. Joseph Jefferson, who gave the song great popularity. An important event was an English version of Weber's "Der Freischütz," March 2, 1824.

During the period of English opera in America those who were great favorites were Miss Westray, Mrs. Oldmixion, Mrs. Darley, Miss Leesugg, Mrs. Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Miss Broadhurst, Stephen Woolls, Pearman, Tyler, Barnes, Phillips, Spiller, Reed, Clarke. The operatic conductors up to 1825 were James Hewitt, Mr. Gillingham, and Mr. De Luce.

At this period came the attempt to introduce Italian opera into New York, and this was made by the great Garcia, at the Park Theater, in 1825. Garcia's company consisted of the family, which was a rarely talented one. Garcia himself was one of the greatest tenors the world has ever had. Mme. Garcia was a fine contralto, young Garcia an excellent barytone, and the daughter was the renowned Malibran. Their début was made in "Barber of Seville," and the company included Rosich and Angrisani. This company fairly astonished every one, as their art was far beyond anything the people had ever heard. The English opera company continued to play also.

A French opera company, with Mr.

and Mrs. Alexander, appeared in "Cenerentola," in 1827. A demand was created by this time for more serious operas, for the Garcias, who had revisited the country, had fed the audience upon "Semiramide," "Tancredi," "Romeo and Juliet," "Il Turco in Italia," "Don Giovanni," and the like. So the taste began to show results of education.

In 1833 a great event was the first presentation in America of "The Magic Flute," it being sung in English. "Fra Diavolo" was also given, but it was not so successful as the other.

In the spring of 1832 Italian opera was presented at the Bowery with a company formed by Lorenzo Da Ponte, the friend of Mozart, who wrote the books to "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," and "Cosi fan Tutte," and who lived in America from 1803.

The Italian opera-house was built on Leonard and Church Streets, in 1834, and was opened by Fabj, Porto, Sapignoli, Monterasi, Clementina, and Rosini Fanti in Bellini's "La Straniera." Bouchier was the conductor. Rossini's "Assedio di Corinto" and his "Moses in Egypt" were also given, and this ended Italian opera until 1844.

Meanwhile English opera flourished. November 13, 1835, "La Sonnambula" was first given in America. It was sung in English, as was nearly every opera from 1835 to 1843. During this time a burlesque on this opera was played at another house and enjoyed the musical cognomen of "The Roof Scrambler." This was the period of the Seguins. In 1839 the most important event of the year was the presentation of Beethoven's "Fidelio." That musical taste was entirely well developed is proved by the fact that this opera was sung for fourteen nights. Adams' "Postillon de Lonjumeau" was also a novelty presented this season. "Norma" was sung for the first time at the Park Theater, February 25, 1841. After the burning of this opera-house it was rebuilt and opened by the Seguin Opera Troupe, October 31, 1842, with no less an imposing novelty than the oratorio "Israelites in Egypt," by Handel and Rossini, and in November they gave Handel's "Acis and Galatea."

In 1843 a French company from New Orleans opened at Niblo's Theater. Among the cast was Mlle. Calvé, who was a great favorite in America. The first representation of Donizetti's "Anne Boleyn" occurred in this year, as did also "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Palmo's Opera House opened February 3, 1844, with Bellini's "I Puritani," given for the first time in America. In the cast were Borghese, Majocchi, Albertazzi, Mayer, Perozzi, and Valtellina. Rapetti was the conductor. Donizetti's "Belisario" had its first presentation in New York with Valtellina in the title rôle. During this season the Seguins presented "The Bohemian Girl" for the first time.

January 4, 1847, Palmo's Opera House opened the season with a new Italian company under the management of Patti, Sanguirico, and Pogliani. During the same year a very fine Italian opera company from Havana played in New York under direction of Badiah and Arditi, and they gave "Ernani" for the first time. When the season ended the Havana company appeared at the Castle Garden. In August of 1847 Mme. Anna Bishop appeared at the Park Theater in "Linda di Chamounix." How long this talented woman played to American admirers can be estimated from the fact that many of us who are not

so very old can remember having seen her in her farewell concert appearances. In 1847 the Astor Place Opera House was built, and in 1848 the question of permanent opera was already agitated. Of course, then, as now, there were those who attended and favored it and those who condemned it; but evidently things worked out of that stage, just as they will out of any other harassing conditions, and Italian opera flourished, although they are waiting yet to-day for the permanent opera. Signora Biscaccanti, of Boston, made her début here and some years after went to San Francisco on opera bent. Reeves, a brother of Sims Reeves, appeared about this time, and here Amalia Patti made her début. M. and Mme. Laborde were also giving French opera at this time.

By this time opera was not confined to New York, but companies were playing in Boston and Philadelphia. New Orleans had its French opera of artists rarely heard in the North, just exactly as it is to-day. On the evening of May 10, 1849, during a performance of Macready, friends of Edwin Forrest surrounded the Astor Place Theater and attempted to storm it during the performance. It was badly damaged; the doors were riddled and the windows broken. After this disagreeable experience the place was called "Massacre Place Opera House," which did not heighten its value to any considerable extent. After this it passed into the hands of Max Maretzek. He played a company with Mlles. Bertucca, Truffi, Borghese; Signori Forti, Guidi, Beneventano, and Novelli. This company gave sixty consecutive performances without one solitary postponement or alteration in the bill. Later Maretzek married Mlle. Bertucca, who was at all times a thoroughly reliable artist.

From this time opera waxed more interesting. English opera under Bochsa, with Anna Bishop, the Seguins, and Aug. Braham, was presented in 1852. A French company was playing "Zampa" and "Crown Diamonds." During this period, Sontag, Jenny Lind, and Alboni were concertizing and became well known in America. It is a remarkable thing that Jenny Lind never appeared in opera in this country. Teresa Parodi, who was a great favorite, appeared in November of 1850, at the Astor Place, this house having been remodeled. Strakosch's "Giovanni di Napoli" had its first presentation on any stage, January 6, 1851. From June to November of this year a series of opera was given for fifty cents admission; Mmes. De Vries and Barili were in the cast. This meant the very best artists at the very lowest prices, but still they failed to popularize opera. Later that season Anna Bishop opened in English opera at Niblo's. In the autumn of 1852 Anna Thillon and Mrs. Maeder played English opera at Niblo's, alternating with Mme. Fleury-Joly's French company. The English company, with Anna Bishop, Anna Thillon, Leach, Strini, and others, gave the first presentation of "Martha" in America, November, 1852. By this time the great Alboni was dawning upon America. She appeared in "Cenerentola," December, of 1852, in company with Rovere, Sangiovanni, Colletti, Pellegrino. Arditi conducted.

January of 1853 brought another enormous singer into the field, the great Sontag, and, strange to record, Alboni and Sontag played in opposition to one another, and often appeared in the same rôles, which was

rather strange, in view of the fact that one was a great contralto, the other a great soprano. In support of Sontag were Mmes. Seidenburg, Vietti, Barili, and Carl Eckert was conductor. When Sontag played at Castle Garden Amalia Patti and Mme. Strakosch played with her.

In 1854 Louisa Pyne made her appearance, and for many years was a great favorite in English opera. The year of 1854 is one of the greatest in operatic history, it being the time that brought the great Grisi and Mario to America. Arditi conducted. They opened in "Lucrezia Borgia." The Academy of Music was opened October 2, 1854, with Grisi and Mario in "Norma," and their farewell was not said until February 20, 1855, in the same opera. From this point opera seems more within our remembrance, as these were the days of Brignoli, Steffanone, Mme. de La Grange and many others whose names are well known. By this time American singers began to join the opera ranks, as we find Adelaide Phillips, Elise Hensler and Harrison Millard among the artists who played at the Academy in 1856. The fall of 1856 is notable for the first Wagnerian operas, which, of course, were "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," given under Carl Bergman.

This, however, brings us to another era.

The Body Responsive.

By E. V. SHERIDAN.

SECOND ARTICLE.

III.

The Attention of the Eye.

THAT which is You radiates from many different centers of the external. The chief center, that through which You must be in communication with your environment, before any other center can come into activity satisfactorily, is the eye. By that I mean both eyes. The You back of the other centers throws the other centers into activity, but through this center the You comes into actual contact with environment. The eye selects the target outside, toward which expression or attention shall be directed. According to the accuracy of its selection, the aim is true. Through the eye the You focuses on the outside. Until this choice is made of whence impression shall come, impression does not come clear. The first sign of a rattled You is a fluctuating eye. The difference between the personality who "holds" you and one who doesn't, is a difference of the eye. To command the eye to its full duty is to command the situation—the other man, the audience. "Eyes first" should be inside all your hats. You will lose no time in the long run by always taking off your hat and reading that before you do anything. Presently you will realize that the eye works at each end. You can read from the inside as well as from the outside. The instant of inner focusing of your eye on that thought will be time saved, and power gained always.

Now, let us consider the Eye as an outlet to the You. Suppose you are watering the lawn with the hose. According to the shaping you give to the opening at the nozzle, the stream of water is affected. You can narrow the

opening till the stream is gimlet small and sharp and forceful. You can widen it for a stream. You can direct the nozzle somewhere, and by a pressure of the finger over part of the opening, the stream may be deflected. If your hose-pipe is punctured, little side streams will escape, lessening the power of the main stream. When you want the water to reach a given place, the first thing you do is to turn the nozzle that way. Think about all this.

You all know that it is the setting of the eye, not the eye itself, that changes. Modification of the shape of the opening in which the eye-ball rests makes all changes in the "expression" of the eye. You all know that through the pupil itself, that pin-point of dark, sight is. It's a big thing back there in that sacred dark—enough and plenty can get out of a pin-point, if you let it. The shaping of the eye corresponds to the shaping of the You behind. Do you leap out with horror at a suddenly presented terror?—it is from a wide and fixed eye, an eye calculated to allow as much as possible of You to get out, and as much as possible of the inspected thing to get in. Does a cautious You prefer to give nothing of itself, and get all it can? Then it stands behind veiled lids, and gathers impression chiefly through the ears, or touch. We can "take in" everywhere. We give out that which is actually ourself only one "where," and that where a pin-point.

Does a You militant stand ready for fight? Try it. See if you can shape yourself so, if the eye, wide and mild, escapes gentleness and peace. The eye is the natural center through which to take impression and from which to give result. To fail to direct the eye first means either indifference or fear. And under indifference I include (to be kind about it) weakness of personality.

Suppose you are very hungry. You are alert all over to supply the demand, from inside, for food. The You waves little tendrils from every center. Ah! delicious odor! The report of nostril starts the You, and with the other end of your eye you see the roast pig the odor implies.

The outward shaping of the eye shows that it reads within, and with what sensation its reading thrills the You! That done, the eye is directed to the external. Whence that delicious odor? The eye searches. Ah! the covered dish! Excitement within. The You must marshal its forces. The eyes having gazed with ecstasy a moment, close, while the pros and cons within are considered. When you decide, right or wrong, to investigate further, the lids lift and determination shines forth. Now the stealthy step toward the tempting dish; the eyes meanwhile alert from side to side to signal warning if need be. The cover is lifted. The eyes behold! A backward starting body permits them, undisturbed, to make full report. Next, a hastily cut-off morsel is melting in the mouth! The eyes may be relieved of duty. They close to allow ecstasy to focus in through the sense of taste, or they roll in frank relinquishing of responsibility.

To permit the eye to take its full share in every act is to give forth of yourself in every act. That is to be "a powerful personality."

Has your child lied to you? Those wide, angry eyes of his are seeing things with the other end. He is behind the cover of those things. When at last you say something that gets in through the pin-point, swish! down fall the lids! Victory!

Does your hostess give you her hand, her front, her smile, all her ups and downs of voice? And not her eyes? She is hard worked, and there is not enough of her to go round.

Are you telling the cook that she must prepare dinner before she leaves? If your eyes with the other end are seeing fight, or outside, are roving around in the rattlement induced by an anger-agitated interior, you will probably go dinnerless. But if you lift to hers eyes that are steady and open and cheerful, eyes that invite her to look in and see what you see—a nice cook preparing dinner before she goes—well, you have some chance.

An unexpected caller enters. You may scramble from your chair, and whirlwind yourself at him, or shall we say her? But it will not be until a fixed eye has really identified your friend, made due report to you, and so produced activity at every center. The seeing and the report may be swift, but they will BE. Now, if you are not really glad at all, rattled or introspective eyes may betray you, and he or she, if he or she knows as much as I do, will know just what a pretense your whirlwind is.

Ineffective readers, bad actors, are ineffective and bad chiefly because they do not give the eye a chance.

According to how much of yourself you give a person, or a thing, or a thought, the importance of that person, or thing, or thought, to you may be judged.

You know how it is when she talks to John while he is reading the morning paper. She may get in at his ears. He is not likely to give her his eyes. And if he does—well, something more than just attention is likely to come. To give the full, direct eyes and in the easiest way, is to give full attention.

[*To be continued.*]

HEARING ONE'S OWN VOICE.

By Charles Lunn.

DEAF people can always hear better in a noise or when in motion, as in a moving vehicle, because the inertia is overcome. There is a common superstition that a man "can not hear his own voice." In point of fact it is the exact opposite, for a man trained to perceive hears his own voice better than any one else, for he hears it both subjectively and objectively, whereas a listener only hears it objectively. Symbols are ideas of past perceptions. The tonic sol-faists put symbols before things, and so violate the first principle of psychic succession. A tale is told of the astronomer Franklin, that, when informed of a new planet, he said, "Tell me what I am to look for"—in short, localize it. Now, if a person came into my study and saw me seeking for something, and said, "Have you lost anything?" and I answered, "Yes," then he would say, "Tell me what you have lost, and I will help you to find it." Informed, he would have a subjective idea into which the object sought for would conform. Knowing, he might find; not knowing, probably he would not. This, then, is the basis of tuition.

It is an axiom in psychology that, if it be required to make a person perceive a thing new to him that he has hitherto not perceived, all distracting elements must be removed, and the point of perception exaggerated. (1) For example, if a pupil can not reproduce a tone in pitch identical to the note sounded on the keyboard, if the tone be flat, unite with the struck note all similar notes above. If it be G, I multiply by associating all the G's above. If the tone be sharp, I reverse the process, and strengthen by all the similar notes below. Never introduce harmony, as it distracts attention from the point of perception. As reproduction of pitch from recurrent action becomes easier, eliminate the extreme notes until the single note can be reproduced by the learner's voice. Spread the principle, and when two or three notes are obtained proceed to next exercise. (2) Take C above the intoning note (G), and double it with all the C's above; then take the C below the intoning note, and double it with all the C's below. Shift the principle about in three or four notes, and the sense of hearing is fixed.

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION

THIS DEPARTMENT PRESENTS	THIS MONTH.
Dramatic Selections	"JEAN VALJEAN REVEALS HIMSELF."
	"THE HILL OF THE TWO LOVERS."
	"THE WIFE'S VIGIL."
Seasonable Selections	"PARCIVAL RIDING ON GOOD FRIDAY."
	"SHE DANCED WITH WASHINGTON."
	"LOVE IN LENT."
Humorous Selections	"THE AUNT OF THE SAVAGES."
	"THE CONFESSION."
Declamation	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."
Romantic Selection (Racing Piece)	"THE MASTER'S CUP."
Encore	"THE GIDDY GIRL."
Suggested Program	"EVENING WITH LONGFELLOW."

I.

JEAN VALJEAN REVEALS HIMSELF.

By VICTOR HUGO.

[Jean Valjean, an escaped convict, who, under the assumed name of M. Madeleine, has led a respectable life for twenty years, has acquired a fortune and is the honored mayor of a city, on learning that a peasant is suspected as the old offender Jean Valjean, and is about to be sentenced to the galleys, goes, after a night of terrible struggling, to the court and reveals himself.]

The president was about to sum up the evidence, when there was a movement by his side and a voice could be heard exclaiming, "Brevet, Chenildieu, and Cochepaille, look this way!"

All those who heard the voice felt chilled to the heart, for it was so lamentable and terrible. All eyes were turned in the direction whence it came; a man seated next to the judge had risen, pushed open the gate that separated the judges' bench from the public court, and stepped down. The president, the public prosecutor, twenty persons, recognized him, and exclaimed simultaneously, "Monsieur Madeleine!"

It was he in truth; the clerk's lamp lit up his face; he held his hat in his hand, there was no disorder in his attire, and his coat was carefully buttoned. He was very pale and trembled slightly; and his hair, which had been gray when he arrived, was now perfectly white—it had turned so during the hour he had passed in court. Every head was raised, the sensation was indescribable, and there was a momentary hesitation among the spectators. The voice had been so poignant, the man standing there seemed so calm, that at first they did not understand, and asked each other who it was that had spoken. They could not believe that this tranquil man could have uttered that terrific cry.

Before the president and the public prosecutor could say a word, before the gendarmes and ushers could make a move, the man, whom all still called at this moment M. Madeleine, had walked up to the witnesses.

"Do you not recognize me?" he asked them.

All three stood amazed, and shook their heads to show that they did not know him. M. Madeleine turned to the jury and the court, "Gentlemen of the jury, acquit the prisoner. Monsieur le President, have me arrested. The man you are seeking is not he, for—I am Jean Valjean!"

Not a breath was drawn,—the first commotion of astonishment had been succeeded by a sepulchral silence; all felt that species of religious terror which seizes on a crowd when something grand is being accomplished. The president's face, however, displayed sympathy and sorrow; he exchanged a rapid look with the public prosecutor, and a few words in a low voice with the assessors. He then turned to the spectators, and asked with an accent which all understood,—

"Is there a medical man present?"

The public prosecutor then said,—

"Gentlemen of the jury. The strange and unexpected incident which has disturbed the trial inspires us, as it does yourselves, with a feeling which we need not express. You

all know, at least by reputation, worthy M. Madeleine, mayor of M——. If there be a medical man here, we join with the president in begging him to attend M. Madeleine and remove him to his house."

M. Madeleine did not allow the public prosecutor to conclude, but interrupted him with an accent full of gentleness and authority.

"I thank you, sir, but I am not mad, as you will soon see. You were on the point of committing a great error; set that man at liberty: I am performing a duty, for I am the hapless convict. I am the only man who sees clearly here, and I am telling you the truth. What I am doing at this moment God above is looking at, and that is sufficient for me. You can seize me, for here I am; and yet I did my best. I hid myself under a name, I became rich, I became mayor, and I wished to get back among honest men, but it seems that this is impossible.

"It is true that I robbed the bishop; also true that I robbed Little Gervais, and they were right in telling you that Jean Valjean was a dangerous villain—though perhaps all the fault did not lie with him. Listen, gentlemen of the court. The galleys make the convict. Be good enough to bear that fact in mind. Before I went to Toulon I was a poor peasant, with but little intelligence; but the galleys changed me. I was stupid, and became wicked; I was a log and I became a brand.

"At a later date indulgence and goodness saved me, in the same way as severity had destroyed me. I have nothing more to add, so seize me. Good heavens! the public prosecutor shakes his head. You say M. Madeleine has gone mad, and do not believe me. This is afflicting, at least do not condemn this man. What! these three do not recognize me!"

He then turned to the three convicts,—"Well, I recognize you. Brevet, do you not recognize me?" He broke off, hesitated for a moment, and said,—

"Can you call to mind the chequered braces you used to wear at the galleys?"

Brevet gave a start of surprise and looked at him from head to foot in terror. He continued,—

"Chenildieu, you have a deep burn in your right shoulder, because you placed it one day in a pan of charcoal in order to efface the three letters, T. F. P., which, however, are still visible. Answer me—is it so?"

"It is true," said Chenildieu.

"Cochepaille, you have near the hollow of your left arm a date made in blue letters with burnt gunpowder; the date is that of the emperor's landing at Cannes, March 1, 1815. Turn up your sleeve."

Cochepaille did so, and every eye was turned to his bare arm; a gendarme brought up a lamp, and the date was there. The unhappy man turned to the audience and the judges, with a smile which to this day affects those who saw it. It was the smile of triumph but it was also the smile of despair.

"You see plainly," he said, "that I am Jean Valjean."

In the hall there were now neither judges, accusers, nor gendarmes; there were only fixed eyes and heaving hearts. No one thought of the part he might be called on to perform—the public prosecutor that he was there to prove a charge, the president to pass sentence, and the prisoner's counsel to defend. It was a striking thing that no question was asked, no authority interfered. It is the property of sublime spectacles to seize on all minds and make spectators of all the witnesses. No one perhaps accounted for his feelings, no one said to himself that he saw a great light shining, but all felt dazzled in their hearts.

It was evident that they had Jean Valjean before them. The appearance of this man had been sufficient to throw a bright light on the affair which was so obscure a moment previously: without needing any explanation, the entire crowd understood, as if through a sort of electric revelation, at once and at a glance the simple and magnificent story of a man who denounced himself in order that another man might not be condemned in his place. Details, hesitation, any possible resistance, were lost in this vast luminous fact. It was an impression which quickly passed away, but at the moment was irresistible.

"I will not occupy the time of the court longer," Jean Valjean continued; "I shall go away, as I am not arrested, for I have several things to do. The public prosecutor knows who I am, he knows where I am going, and he will order me to be arrested when he thinks proper."

He walked toward the door, and not a voice was raised, not an arm stretched forth

to prevent him. All fell back, for there was something divine in this incident, which causes the multitude to recoil and make way for a single man.

He slowly walked on; it was never known who opened the door, but it is certain that he found it opened when he reached it. When there, he turned and said,—

"I am at your orders, sir."

II.

PARCIVAL RIDING ON GOOD FRIDAY.

By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

As thus he rode he met an old man gray;
A knight was he; but, on this holy day,
He walked for penance with his feet all bare;
Beside him came his wife and daughter fair:
Along the path, although 'tis white with snow,
All meekly toward some forest shrine they go.

Thus to the knight, when Parcival drew near,
The old man said with speech and look severe,—
"Why ride you forth on such a holy day?
Why bear you arms when you should go to pray?"
And then said Parcival: "Most worthy knight,
This is some day, I know, because 'tis light;
That it is sacred is unknown to me,
I can not tell you what its name may be.
In years gone by, I served a God unknown,
Who leaves me here, forgotten and alone."

"This is the day," the gray old man replied,
"When God, the Virgin's Son, for sinners died;
And, therefore, still and clothed in meek array,
Yet glad at heart we venerate the day.
If holy water ever touched your brow,
Remember, knight, your own baptismal vow.
If you're a heathen man, cast off your pride,
And toward a hermit's cell, not distant, ride;
There you may learn the truth of all I tell,
And win release from all your doubt. Farewell."

III.

SHE DANCED WITH WASHINGTON.

By Elvira Snyder Miller.

With powdered locks and brocade gown,
Fair as a young rose just a-blow,
From out a picture she looks down—
My sweet coquette of long ago.

Ere time her beauty could dispel,
Or dim the dark eye's dancing light,
Love's art immortalized this belle
Who danced with Washington one night.

The town was glad with laugh and song,
The streets and windows all agleam
While in the ball room vast and long
Awoke the music's witching dream.

Rare gems and orders glistened there
On velvet coats and breasts of snow,
While o'er the wide floor waxed and bare
The stately throngs passed to and fro.

Old men who laid stern cares aside
And jested like gay youths once more,
The dowagers in stately pride
Trailed their stiff brocades o'er the floor.

For War had put his sword away
And roses masked his horrid frown;
And love and life kept holiday
Within that little eastern town.

The Frenchmen who had brought us aid
Across the ocean's stormy waters,
Now, as the lutes and viols played,
Led out our Continental daughters.

And Washington stood by to see
The grace and joyance of the dance;
He praised the minstrel's melody,
And smiled response to every glance.

And she was there, this sweet coquette,
Brave in rich silks and ribbons gay,
Fair as a young rose newly wet
With heaven's own dew at break of day.

Yes; she was there. She smiled, she frowned
Upon her suitors—every one—
Who gathered eagerly around
Like Aztecs worshiping the sun.

One held her glove, and one her fan,
One followed madly where she led,
One deemed himself a happy man
To win her smile, but soon it fled.

At last when every heart was sore,
Yet, in its madness did adore her,
Across the wide and polished floor
Came Washington and bowed before her.

Ah, then the music sweeter grew,
  The little April notes seemed laughing,
And, in an instant, 'ere she knew
  The last sweet bit of idle chaffing—

Her gallant partner led her out,
  Her long train rustling soft behind her,
While all the minstrels thronged about
  As if with music to enwind her.

But no! 'Twas not for them to play
  The strains when love and valor met;
The gallant Frenchmen took away
  Their instruments. Ah, minuet!

So sweetly played each son of France
  Bent o'er the strings and swept them light;
They played for beauty's self to dance
  With Washington that night.

I think I hear the silvery notes,
  And see the gay musicians stand
In buckled shoes and velvet coats,
  The light bow in each jeweled hand.

I see the General's powdered head
  Bend o'er her gloved hand small and thin,
While—as the minuet they tread—
  He bows to her, she smiles on him.

Perchance now, as her eyes look down
  Upon the careless passer-by
Her thoughts are of that eastern town,
  And of the vanished revelry.

O, cruel time! to treat amiss
  A face so radiantly bright;
And of her history leave but this:
  She danced with Washington one night.

IV.

LOVE IN LENT.

LOVE hides behind the door,
  'Tis Lent;
His quiver's on the floor,
  'Tis Lent;
The maiden bows her head,
The maiden's prayer is said,
The holy book is read,
  'Tis Lent.

Love hears a step outside—
  'Tis Lent—
Love starts up, eager-eyed—
  'Tis Lent!
A man comes in, and lo!
Love blithely draws his bow—
A twang! And oh—and oh,
  'Tis Lent!

V.

THE AUNT OF THE SAVAGES.

By Jane Barlow.

[Adapted by Sara Greenleaf Frost.]

MacBARRY and his cousin Aylmer O. Sullivan had spent a dreary week at Sheenagh House visiting their bachelor uncle. In fact it was so very dull there that they felt themselves privileged to do almost anything to break the monotony. One morning Uncle Stephen found them digging in the front yard and setting out young trees, at which he was much annoyed and reproved them sharply. Then he added: "I believe your Aunt Amy is coming to see you this afternoon, so I hope by that time you will look more like civilized beings and less like savages."

Thereupon Mac and Alymer went and talked grumblingly under the big sycamore close by.

"I wonder where this old aunt is coming from bovvering," said Mac.

"I don't like aunts," said Aylmer. "Mine is always asking me seven times three times, and the dates of kings, and things that are no affairs of hers."

"And mine talk and talk as if a person was always wanting to hear about kittens and old tame robins."

"We might stay outside till she's gone," suggested Aylmer.

"Let's go live like wild savages, and never come back here any more," Mac said.

"Savages is black."

"Well, I dare say we might grow black, if people let us alone," said Mac, looking hopefully at his grimy hands.

"What do wild savages live on?"

"Oh, hunting and fishing. We could fish plenty in the lake over there. And I've three matches in my pocket to cook them with."

"And there's a beautiful old fishing-rod in a corner in the back hall."

"Then we'll get it now, nobody won't see us."

Nobody did see them as they secured the fishing-rod and stole out into the shrubberies—nobody but old Moriarty, who was raking at the end of the laurel-walk, and they knew that he would not mention it.

"When we're savages," Mac said, as they walked along, "we mustn't ever speak to any body, but only make signs."

"What signs? I don't know how to make them, and I'd rather fish."

"It's as easy as anything. You just wave your hands about a little and crook your fingers, and waggle your head, and those is signs."

"But what do savages make them for?"

"Why, of course, so that people mayn't understand what they mean. Savages is uncommonly cunning."

"Oh, I see."

The little boys thought they had come to a delightful place, especially when Mac remembered that savages never wore shoes and stockings, and they put theirs on the flat top of a boulder. Aylmer sat down upon this gray boulder. "It must be crammed full of troutses," he said, and began to fish steadily while Mac waded in the water. Soon he grew tired of wading and thought he would take his turn at fishing. Aylmer, however, refused to give up the rod. Then followed a fierce dispute which ended in a fight. They scuffled so violently that Aylmer's hat fell into the water and went floating off.

"There now," he exclaimed angrily. "It's swum away to drown itself, and here am I in the blazing sun, enough to kill me."

"And dripping wet I am, too, getting my death, most likely."

"He's be welcome to a loan of the ould sack," said a voice close behind them, and there stood two little girls. One of them held in her hand a long rope with a small white goat grazing at the end of it, and the other was carrying a couple of brownish sacks and a reaping hook.

"If he had it over the head of him," the latter said to Mac, "he could take the little wet coateen off of him, and let it get a chance to dry in the sun. There's a very handy hole in the end of this sack. And there's plenty of time yet to be fillin' them wid the grass. Rosy McClonissy owns it but she'll loan it and welcome—wouldn't you, Rosy! Say 'Ay, bedad!'"

"Ay, bedad!" said Rosy.

Aylmer took off his jacket and wisped himself up in the sack. Mac considered the costume so appropriate that he put on the other one. The elder little girl, whose name was Matty Shanahan, spread out the blue and white jackets to dry on the boulder.

"Bovver!" said Mac, feeling in his pocket. "I declare my matches has got wet, too. I suppose now all the fire's washed out of them; and how are we to cook the troutses, if we get some bites that stick on?"

"I never heard tell of any troutses catchin' here," said Matty.

"What'll we be cookin', then?" said Aylmer.

"Oh, potatoes," Mac said. "Do you happen to know if there are many about here?"

"Sorry a pitaty we've in it this long while back. Sure we had the last of them ate before Easter."

"Then why on earth don't you get some more?"

"How at all would we, when the rest of them wasn't fit to throw to the hins?"

"People must have enough to eat, whether there are potatoes or not," said Mac.

Matty stared at him hard. "You are a quare one," she said.

"Has any people ever enough to eat?"

"Well, if they want to go on for ever and ever, they must be great pigs."

"When I've got joggolates," Aylmer said, "I always do want to go on forever and ever and all the evers that ever were."

"Most whiles when we're hungry we go to the wishin' well for our bit dinner," said Matty. "Saint Brigid owns it, and grand she is. I seen her picture at Father Daly's in an illigant white gown and a gould sunbonnet, and they say that if you drop a little bit of somethin' into the water to remind her she'll send you what ever you're wishin' for."

"And what does she send you?" Mac inquired.

Aylmer murmured, hopefully, "Joggolates maybe."

"Nothin'," Matty replied. "But you can never tell she mughtn't take the notion to some day, Rosy and me'll be slippin' up prisently."

"We'll come along," said Mac.

"Deeds you might better, than to be drowndin' of yourselves fightin' on the edge of the pool. The bits of coateens can be dryin' here till we come back. I'll tether the little goat the way she won't get swallyin' them."

So they went together to the well, a rounded rock basin under the high steep bank. The little girls crossed themselves and said some queer-sounding words, which were Latin, Matty explained; but she could not tell what they meant.

"I don't see how I'm to order dinner that way," said Mac, "because I happen not to remember the Latin for anything to eat."

"Sure, how could she help knowin' what pitaties is," Matty said.

"And a sup of buttermilk," Rosy whispered.

"Is that all you're goin' to order?" said Mac. "Why, that's only a little bit of a dinner—there's lots of other things."

"Joggolates," suggested a husky voice beside him.

"I will not order chocolates," said Mac. "I know very well she'd say it wasn't wholesome enough for people's dinners. Roast chicken and mashed potatoes, and a cold apple pie, and custard, might do. What shall I drop in?"

"Thim little thimbles off of the fir trees is handy, if you haven't e'er a pin or a button," Matty said.

Aylmer unobserved dropped one in, as he did so murmured "Joggolates."

In the meantime the much dreaded Aunt Amy had come over from Glenamber in her pretty white bridesmaid's dress on her way from her cousin Norah's wedding, bringing a hamper of good things for the boys. She found no one at the house but old Moriarty who informed her that the young gentlemen had probably gone to the lough. "And you'll be apt to meet them comin' back by now, miss," he added, "unless they're after drowndin' themselves somewheres—that's noways too unlikely."

Somewhat alarmed she hastened down to the lough. First she saw a straw hat floating on the water, then their jackets and stockings on the rock, but no boys. She was now convinced that something terrible had happened to them, and dropping her hamper on the grass, she fled panic-stricken down the lane in search of help. Very soon after she had gone four as wild small figures as you could have met in the width of Connaught came down the woody path and stepped out upon the sunny green margin.

"I declare to goodness there's our dinners!" exclaimed Mac, spying the hamper. "She's left them in a basket! There it is near the big stones. Come and look what's in it." He raised the lid. "Whoof! Is it nothin' but old flowers?"

But under the flowers was a paper bag full of small, sugary biscuits. Then there came thick slices of dark plum cake, and a number of softly flushed peaches, and a heavy bunch of bloomy, purple grapes. And, lastly, a round box of bonbons. "Joggolates!" Aylmer said triumphantly, "and it was me ordered them. But you can have one apiece."

"Let's have the biscuits first," said Mac. "You needn't grab them with your two hands at once, Aylmer, like a wolf."

Aylmer said something indistinctly about savages. "Come along Matty and Rosy."

But Matty turned away with a disappointed face.

"They're not our dinners, for sartin," she said. "Ne'er a pitaty is there at the bottom—ne'er a one. It's time we got the grass cut, Rosy. Say, no, thankee." Rosy, on the contrary,, said "Please," and accepted a handful of grapes. Matty also was tempted irresistibly by some apricots, and the little girls went off to their work.

Just then round the corner ran a figure whose white robes swept after her over the grass as softly as foam.

'Bedad, then it was herself brought them their dinner," Matty said, in an awe-stricken tone.

It was really the bringer of the hamper, who, having met with young Lambert May on his bicycle, and sent him speeding to fetch assistance, had now returned to the lough-shore. She hurried up to the little girls with eager questions.

"Be curtsiyin', Rosy, be curtsiyin'," Matty exhorted. "Saints is a great sort of quality."

"Do you know anything about the hat floating in the water?" said the stranger.

"Ay, Miss Saint Brigid, it fell off of the little boy's head, and he fightin' wid the other. There's the two of them now," and Matty pointed to Mack and Aylmer squatting by the hamper in their sacks.

"Oh," the stranger said. "And did you happen to see two other boys in blue and white sailor suits anywhere about?"

"Ay, did I."

"And where did they go?"

"There's the two of them now at their dinners."

"Those poor children. Are you quite sure? Why, they seem to have hardly any clothes."

"Sure, the little coat of one of them's there in the water too, it's about drowndin' himself dead he was raichin' after the hat, so I got him out of it, and we loaned him the ould sack while it would be dryin'. If

you please, Miss Saint Brigid, ma'am—"

But Saint Brigid ran on to speak to the little boys. Mac, when he saw her approaching, kicked Aylmer, and said: "It's just a girl all dressed up; we needn't mind about being savages to her."

"So you found the hamper, I see," said the girl. Mac replied by offering her some of the biscuits. "Did Saint Brigid send you?" he asked.

"Saint Brigid? Oh, no!"

At that moment Lambert May appeared, bringing several men with ropes and poles, the doctor, and a crowd of women and children. Amy felt very much ashamed of the commotion roused by her false alarm, and did not like to think how foolish she must appear to Lambert May. Moreover her nephews proceeded to behave so badly that she felt quite abashed. Mac especially, being hungry and fractious, stamped furiously in a puddle when told to put on his boots, and declared that he wasn't going to be ordered about by people who came bovvering and pretending they were everybody's aunts. His good humor was not restored until he had been invited thoroughly to inspect Lambert May's highly polished roadster. By the time his aunt had helped him to lace his boots he had begun to take a more tolerant view of her character. Yet when he told her good-by at the gate, he gave her a bit of mortifying intelligence.

"The man with the bicycle thinks you're horrid," he said.

"How do you know?"

"Because, when he was showing it to me I asked him if you were his aunt, and he said: "Oh, no, indeed, she's not my aunt, thank goodness."

"But next time I see him I'll tell you aren't so bad as most aunts, unless you maybe aren't one at all, and only letting on, the same way that we were about the savages."

VI.

THE GIDDY GIRL.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

[This recitation is intended to be given with waltz music accompaniment, introducing dance-steps at the refrain: "With one, two, and three," etc.]

A GIDDY young maiden with nimble feet,
Heigh-ho! alack and alas!
Declared she would far rather dance than eat,
And the truth of it came to pass.
For she danced all day and she danced all night;
She danced till the green earth faded white;
She danced ten partners out of breath;
She danced the eleventh one quite to death;
And still she redowaed up and down—
The giddiest girl in town.
With one, two, three; one, two, three; one, two, three—kick;
Chassée back, chassée back, whirl around quick.

The name of this damsel ended with E——
Heigh-ho! alack and a-day!
And she was as fair as a maiden need be,
Till she danced her beauty away.
She danced her big toes out of joint;
She danced her other toes all to a point;
She danced out slipper and boot and shoe;
She danced till the bones of her feet came through.
And still she redowaed, waltzed and whirled—
The giddiest girl in the world.
With one, two, three; one, two, three; one, two, three—kick;
Chassée back, chassée back, whirl around quick.

Now the end of my story is sad to relate—
Heigh-ho and away we go!
For this beautiful maiden's final fate
Is shrouded in gloom and woe.
She danced herself into a patent top;
She whirled and whirled till she could not stop;
She danced and bounded and sprang so far,
That she stuck at last on a pointed star;
And there she must dance till the Judgment Day,
And after it, too, for she danced away
Her soul, you see, so she has no place anywhere out of space,
With her one, two, three; one, two, three; one, two, three—kick;
Chassée back, chassée back, whirl about quick.

VII.

THE HILL OF THE TWO LOVERS.

By Kirby Draycott.

ONE soft moonlit summer's night, a little more than nine hundred years ago, a solitary horseman rode across the narrow bridge over the Andelle, and took a path leading through a little belt of woodland to the haughty stronghold of Raoul de Vauray. The figure of a man stepped silently out of the wood.

"Is't thou, Pierre?" whispered the rider.

"It is, lord, at thy service. Will it please you to dismount here? It would not be prudent to go farther on horseback."

"Where is the trysting-place, Pierre?"

"When the moon makes a straight shadow across the angle of the eastern bastion, our Lady Arline will come with Mistress Elsie to the garden between the inner and outer walls. If my lord knocks thrice on the gate at that time my brother will admit him, and be his guide."

"And his lordship of Vauray?"

"My lord is at present in Rouen, the guest of the Worshipful Sieur Pommeraye, bailiff of the city."

"Who has a son whom he would marry to the daughter of a noble line!" murmured the young knight. "Well, we shall see. And now, Pierre, take this for thy kindness to me." Waving his hand he disappeared into the wood. He crept under the wall of the castle, watching the line of shadow cast by the now bright moonlight, which at last stretched out fairly across the angle. Then he crept swiftly toward the gate, drew his dagger, and knocked thrice on the thickly-studded oaken door. A half-smothered voice asked, "Is it my Lord of Rouvrai who knocks?"

"It is, good Jacot. Open quickly, I pray thee."

A key turned gently in the lock, two bolts slipped back almost noiselessly, the gate half-opened, and Norrys de Rouvrai, the owner of as broad and fair a domain as any in Norman France, slipped through. There was the quick tread of armed feet and a rattle of weapons. Turning sharply he found himself confronted by a tall, burly form, behind which were half a dozen men-at-arms.

"My Lord of Rouvrai is welcome. He was expected, and so my lord, who is presently absent at Rouen, left orders with me to receive him in a fashion suitable to his rank, and to offer him the hospitality of the castle."

Before the warden had begun to speak the young knight saw that he had been betrayed.

For five days Norrys de Rouvrai was lodged in all comfort and treated with all courtesy in a set of apartments in the northern wing of the castle. At length, when the afternoon of the fifth day was waning, the warden came with a message that de Vauray had returned and awaited his presence in the audience hall.

The Lord of Vauray was sitting at a table. Near him at his right, sat a stout, sleek man in fur-trimmed robes, and with a chain of gold about his neck.

This was Sieur Pommeraye, bailiff of Rouen—and next to him was a tall, handsome youth, the bailiff's son, Gaston, who had had the presumption to stand as a suitor for the hand of the Lady Arline. The three half rose in their seats, and the Lord of Vaudreuil said, "We must ask your pardon for such a tardy welcome, my Lord of Rouvrai. My only excuse is, that when guests arrive unexpectedly, they have small cause for offence if they do not find their host at home."

"My Lord," said Rouvrai, "to be quite truthful with you, I came because I knew you were not at home. Doubtless you know that I came to seek that speech with your daughter, the Lady Arline, which you have so unreasonably and so unjustly denied me. I made no secret of my love, for it was only what a good knight might be proud of. You turned me from your doors, well knowing the answer the Lady Arline had already given me."

The bailiff turned to the Lord of Vaudreuil and murmured something to which his host lent a ready ear.

"And do you, my Lord," said de Vauray, "know so little of the laws and customs of this land as to forget that the consent of a disobedient child is no better than a refusal? My consent being withheld, you bribe my servants, you steal into my castle, like a thief in the night, no doubt with intent to steal its dearest treasure. For this alone I could hale you before the Duke and take a heavy judgment on you according to his justice. But there is a reason why I should prefer to take my own judgment upon you."

"I deny your right! My Lord, you forget that I am your peer. While I wear belt and spurs you can not judge me."

"But, if I may be allowed to speak," the bailiff interposed, in his soft, smooth voice, "it was not a knight belted and spurred that entered the castle five nights ago. It was but a nameless man, an interloper, who, by bribing the warden of the gate to give him entrance, against his lord's commands —by that act placed himself under the judgment of the lord of the castle. So far as I know it, that is the law of the land."

"Well said, Sieur Pommeraye!" laughed the Lord of Vaudreuil.

"And now, speaking as to one who has put himself beyond the law, I will tell you the second reason why you are here."

"And that is?"

"Because you are a son of your father and mother and more especially because you are the son of your mother. But for your father she would have been my wife and the mother of my children. In life he avoided my vengeance, and now death has put him beyond it. But she still lives, and through you, her only son, lies my shortest and surest road to the just payment of my debt. I thought to hang you like a felon from one of the turrets, so that the shame of your death might go all over the land; but I have consulted with my good friend Sieur Pommeraye here, and he has found a more generous way of dealing with you.

"You are renowned throughout the countryside for your strength of body. You call yourself the strongest man between here and the sea. You have said that no other man, gentle or simple, in the duchy could support my daughter in better state than you. Well, now at sunrise to-morrow we will see how far you can sustain this boast, and that, my lord, is all that I have to say to you at present."

De Rouvrai slept little that night. About daybreak the warden came and led him out of the castle-gate and down the hillside, until at length he found himself standing on the level ground at the bottom of a steep ascent which rises nearly a thousand feet above the river beds. Presently there came around the other side of the hill the lord of Vaudreuil with the Sieur Pommeraye and his son, and following them, was a litter borne by four men-at-arms.

"Welcome, my lord," said de Vauray. "Certain accidents have so far prevented you meeting with the lady whom you came to the castle to see. The delay is to be regretted, but it is now at an end."

The next moment de Rouvrai saw him leading the Lady Arline toward him. He sprang forward with arms outstretched, but her father strode in front of her and said:

"Not so fast, my lord. My daughter and the heiress of Vaudreuil is not won as lightly as you would think. Let us see how well you can support her. Take her in your arms, carry her to the top of that hill without pausing or resting, and she and all else that I shall leave when I die are yours. Stop, if only for a moment, and I will hang you from the highest turret of the castle as a felon who enters into another man's house by stealth. Come, take your choice. Here is Arline, yonder is the hill, and beyond the turret."

"Do not try, Norrys!" cried Arline. "You are brave and strong, but that is impossible for any man to do. Father, you shall let him go free, or by all the saints I shall slay myself."

"He must choose," said de Vauray, coldly, and with an ugly smile on his lips.

"There is no choice," cried de Rouvrai, "save one which a true knight could take. Come, my sweet one, and may the saints give me strength."

He grasped the slight, graceful form of his love in his arms, raised her from the ground, and then, as her arms folded lovingly about his neck, he turned, and before all of them, kissed her full on the lips. Then turning he set himself to such a task as man had never faced before.

Those below watched him with eager, curious eyes as he climbed up foot after foot, slowly and steadily, and yet never resting, toward the summit which he dared not look at. Half the way he went with seemingly little effort, and then Gaston said:

"Ah, he slackens! He will not climb much farther."

"By the saints, young sir, you would have fallen dead yourself ere you had got so far on such a journey," snapped de Vauray; for, like all his race, he held courage and strength the highest of all virtues, and he already half repented him of what he had done.

Another quarter of the upward way was won, and they could see Arline holding her lover's hair back from his forehead with

one hand, and with her kerchief wiping the sweat from his face.

"By the saints, he will do it!" roared de Vauray, when they seemed to be within a few yards of the top. Then he put his hands to his mouth and shouted up the hillside.

"Stop, de Rouvrai, stop! Put her down ere thy heart breaks. By the mass, thou art thy mother's son, and thou shalt have her."

But there was a wind blowing across the side of the mountain, and, moreover, the blood was roaring and singing so in de Rouvrai's brain that he could hear nothing but that. Yet somehow he did hear a soft voice whisper in his ear:

"Courage, dearest; only a few feet more, and thou hast won the top and me."

Inch by inch and foot by foot they rose, and at last Arline, looking over the ridge, saw the castle clear before her.

"At last, thank God! The top, dear love, the top. Quick, put me down!"

He stopped with both feet on the ridge. He murmured, "Dear love!" Then she felt herself flung forward to the ground out of his arms, and she saw him lying prone face downward on the grass, with a thick stream of blood trickling from between his lips.

"By the Holy Virgin they have killed thee, my gallant love! But what maiden having been blessed by love like thine would give herself to another? I am my father's daughter, but I am not base enough for that."

Stooping, she snatched her lover's dagger from its sheath. Her father was already more than half-way up the hill, supported on both sides by a stalwart man-at-arms and thrust up from behind by another. She stood motionless with the dagger behind her until he gained the summit.

"See, my father, how gallant a man thou hast sent to death for love of me. Now what can I, who love him still, do but this?"

The Lord of Vaudreuil stumbled forward, shouting incoherent words, but before any of them reached her, her right hand went up above her head and fell with a swift, true stroke, the dagger-blade sunk deep into her heart, and without a cry she fell prone across her lover's body.

Her father stared at her in dazed silence for a full minute. Then with a low, savage cry, he turned to the three men-at-arms.

"By the Holy Rood, those who put this evil into my mind shall pay for it. Two of you go down and fetch that fat shopkeeper and his son up here. You, Rolf, go to the castle and bid the carpenter set about making two gibbets instantly. They shall hang for this, even though it bring the army of the Duke under my castle walls. Vengeance! Vengeance!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

VIII.

SUGGESTED EVENING WITH LONGFELLOW.

By Sara Greenleaf Frost.

[Henry W. Longfellow was born Feb. 27, 1807.]

1. Essay: "Longfellow's Characteristics as Poet."
2. Vocal Solo: "The Arrow and the Song."
3. Reading: "The Leap of Roushan Beg."
4. Reading (with or without music): "Sandalphon."
5. Vocal Solo: "Beware."
6. Reading or Entertainment: "The Blind Girl of Castél-Cuille."
7. Reading: "The Emperor's Bird's Nest."
8. Vocal Solo: "The Day is Done."
9. Scenes from "The Spanish Student."
10. Living Pictures representing, Priscilla and John Alden, Hiawatha and Minnehaha, Lady Wentworth, Paul Revere, Evangeline.

An interesting arrangement of "The Spanish Student" is made by writing a connected story of the play leading up to the scenes best adapted for stage-production. First lead up to Act I., Scene 3, which give. Then go to Act II., Scenes 4, 5, and 6. From these to Act III., Scene 5, where Preciosa appears near the gipsy's camp in the forest; end with Victorian's speech, "Now let us join Don Carlos."

[The reader steps aside as the curtain rises on each scene and then resumes the story at its close, carrying the plot on to the next scene presented.]

This little drama gives a phase of the poet's work not often presented to the public. His style is too lyrical for a great dramatist, but there are some strong situations and sprightly dialogue in "The Spanish Student." The stage settings may be rich and beautiful.

IX.

THE WIFE'S VIGIL.

By William C. Willsinson.

THE clock was as noiseless as the creep of time;
Only the soft throb of the pendulum
But fell, not heard; and, like the pulsing blood,
The slow, persistent dial hands paced round
The dull same sentry-beat about the hours,
And stood or seemed to stand, at two, blank two,
The dead point of the circling night. A lamp
Burned dim with a low vigil flame, and lit
The room in steadfast shadow, where one waked
To watch another's sleep. The husband slept,
And the wife waked; and they two were alone.

The sick man's bosom scarcely heaved with breath,
And she scarce breathed to see him scarcely breathe.
He must not wake, or he will wake to die;
But if he sleep, then he may sleep to live.
O Night, dear Night, kind luller of all sounds,
Slow Night, still Night, nurse him with dark and calm!
He shall not hear me breathe, nor hear my heart
Beat, though it beat nothing but love for him.
Hush! Hark! A footstep! for I heard it well.
He did not hear it: and it falls again.
Another! and another! If he wake!
He shall not wake. Those cat-like footsteps still!
But it is well, if he must rob the house,
He walks so softly. Oh, poor man, bad man!
Now, angels, weave your charms to shield his sleep!
O God, thou givest thy beloved sleep!
O my beloved, God's beloved, sleep!

Outside with patient cunning he had plied,
The prowler, his long purpose in the dark
Without a sound, and wrought it, entering in
He spied the light, and the light drew him on.
A moment on the border of the dark,
The spirit of the darkness, hovering,
There in the center of her sphere of light,
The spirit of the light, he saw her sit
The woman, beautiful, and pure, and pale
With shut eyes, wrapt in prayer, and calm, and strong.
A power from the vision fell on him.
He had not guessed, in his dark heart, how much
Good overmatches evil, in its strength
To watch, and wait, and work, and overcome,
He in his doubt and pause. She raised her eyes
And saw all in an instant. Instantly,
With simultaneous thought and act, she rose—
A finger on her lip to make him dumb—
And turned, and from their secret drawer took
The keys to all the treasures of the house;
Then, all as if he were her servant come
In answer to her call to do her wish—
And he became her servant in the sign,—
Moved like a moving statue silently,
To meet the wondering robber where he stood.
The straight regard of those clear, steadfast eyes,
Bent on him without fear, or horror, or doubt,
Wrought a confusion in his brain and sense,
And quelled his evil boldness in the man.
She did not fear, but he was sore afraid.
She looked no horror of him, but he conceived
A horror of his own self, and of his deed.
She dwelt secure in purpose and result;
But he was baffled in perplexity.
Good made her light, and evil darkened him.
She held the keys forth, pointing with mute sign
To him that lay so still in sleep, or death.
The robber saw and understood, and took
Involuntary purpose suddenly.
He shook his head in silence for his sign,
And, stepping velvet, vanished as he came.

So the light purged him off into the dark.
Perhaps a spark of light abode in him
That after leavened his nature into light.

X.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By H. C. Deming.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S work was finished when, unheralded and almost unattended, leading his little son by the hand, he walked into the streets of humiliated Richmond.

If, on that auspicious morn, the crowning benediction had descended on him, he might well have wished to die. What more could he ask for on earth? Assailed by the strongest conspiracy that ever threatened a nation's life, his triumph over it was complete and overwhelming, conquering liberty for a class and national existence for a people. Was not this honor enough for one man?

He had survived ridicule; he had outlived detraction and abuse; he had secured the commendation of the world for purity of purpose, constancy in disaster, clemency in triumph, and the praise even of his armed foes for gentleness and mercy. In times more troubled he had administered government with more ability than Carnot, and war with more success than Napoleon the Third. He had paled the glory of Hastings in preserving an empire, and had earned comparison with Hampden for self-command and rectitude of intention, while as an emancipator of a race he stood alone without a rival and without a parallel.

If fame had approached him with the laurels of a conqueror, if power had offered him a scepter, and ambition a crown, he would have scorned them all. He asked from men, he asked from God, but one culminating boon—peace, peace on the bloody waters and the blighted shore.

Alas! Such a consummation was denied. There are mysterious conferences of guilt-laden men; a conspiracy is formed, and on the night of the fourteenth of April, 1865, its purpose is accomplished. The nation stands aghast; the crime of the Dark Ages has entered our history; the soul of Abraham Lincoln is transferred from earth to heaven.

Crime always fails in its purpose; assassination is everlastingly a blunder. Cæsar is assassinated; and imperial sway emerges a full-armed despotism from his tomb. William the Silent is assassinated; but the republic of the Netherlands breaks the double fetters of superstition and tyranny, and expands into a great and flourishing commonwealth. Lincoln is assassinated; but he lives to-day in his imperishable example, in his recorded words of wisdom, in his great maxims of liberty and enfranchisement.

The good never die; to them belongs a double immortality; they perish not on earth, and they exist forever in heaven. The great primeval law-giver, entombed for forty centuries in that unknown grave in an obscure vale of Moab, to-day legislates in your halls of state. Against the Philip of to-day, the dead Demosthenes thunders; the dead Leonidas guards the gates of every empire which wrestles for its sovereignty; the dead Napoleon still sways France from that silent tomb in the Invalides; and the dead Abraham Lincoln will beckon the wavering battle line of liberty till the last generation of man.

XI.

THE MASTER'S CUP.

By Alfred Stoddard.

IT was St. Patrick's Day, and as has been its custom for many years the Meadowmere Hunt Club was closing its season with a great hunt breakfast and race meeting.

The sun shone brightly over the whole scene. Everyone was laughing and chatting gaily. Scarcely a sober face could be seen—save one.

Godfrey Burrowe's face, as he strode toward the stables, striking his booted legs savagely with his cutting whip, did not reflect any great amount of happiness. Mr. Burrowes was angry—angry with Fate, and with himself. He was particularly angry with Dick Tolliver, and the worst of it all was that he was also angry with Dolly Fairweather, the one little woman in this great big world for whom Godfrey Burrowes had ever cared.

It was about this way. Godfrey Burrowes, who had never before cared a rap for anything except his horses, had, during the last winter, fallen head over ears in love with pretty Dolly, then in her first season. Now it was not to be expected that Dolly, who was a blithe-hearted creature, was going to give up her fling and settle down right away to be any man's wife—not to speak of Godfrey Burrowes, who was by no means a millionaire. Yet she had been rather nice to Godfrey last summer at Narragansett, and allowed him to propose as often as he liked, a privilege which she did not accord to every one.

Godfrey was not slow to avail himself of this unwonted favor, and formally proposed to Dolly every time he saw her, an average of four times a week at least, on the principle that constant dripping will wear away stone. If so, however, Dolly's heart must have been unusually adamantine, for although Godfrey persisted conscientiously in his tactics she was just as consistent in hers, which consisted in gently but firmly telling him that he was a "goose."

A man becomes impatient at times when he is called names, even if it is by the woman he loves, and on this occasion Godfrey's angry passion had been aroused by being reminded for the hundred and tenth time of his foolishness. Perhaps, however, it was because Dolly had turned from him with such a beaming face to welcome Dick Tolliver that Godfrey was in such a huff. He had never liked Tolliver anyway. He despised him now, and the worst of it was that Tolliver's horse Bully Boy, which was entered for the Master's Cup, was pretty sure to win, even from his own chestnut mare, Rosemary. For Bully Boy was a crack chaser, and Tolliver had just purchased him for a terrifically big price, which his millions enabled him to pay with ease, while Rosemary was quite unknown to fame. Burrowes had never raced her before, and did not possess any great amount of faith in her ability to go a distance 'cross country. Besides, she had not been trained at all, and he was very angry with himself now because he had not had her trained, instead of lending her to Dolly Fairweather to ride for the last six weeks, while he was away on a trip West.

For a time he thought of withdrawing his entry rather than submit to the inglorious beating which he felt sure was in store for him.

A groom led Rosemary out for his inspection, and Godfrey, who had not seen the mare since his return from the West, could not repress an exclamation of surprise. If she had not been regularly trained she was certainly very "fit."

As Godfrey gazed at her the angry lines left his face, and in their place came a look of honest admiration and delight, which every true horseman feels when looking at a good horse. Suddenly he was conscious of some one plucking at his sleeve, and he turned to confront Miss Fairweather.

"Rosemary looks all right, doesn't she?" asked Dolly, in a rather timid tone. "I tried not to abuse her."

"Abuse her!" cried Godfrey, "why I never saw——"

"Hush!" interrupted Dolly, excitedly "there's the bugle and I must leave you—but will you do one thing for me?"

"Anything—everything," responded Godfrey, promptly.

"Then take off those spurs."

Godfrey looked at Dolly in astonishment. He had never ridden a race in his life without them, but—pshaw! He was sure to lose anyway. He unbuckled the spurs.

Godfrey galloped off, but as he did so he thought he heard Dolly's voice calling after him,

"Whistle to her on the home-stretch."

There were six horses entered, and they all got away in a bunch as the starter dropped his little red flag. Soon the other horses were practically nowhere, and so it settled down to a duel between the big bay Bully Boy and Godfrey's chestnut mare.

Bully Boy was two lengths ahead of the mare now and increasing with every stride. In a fraction of a minute he would win.

Suddenly Godfrey thought of Dolly's words, "Whistle to her." Rosemary's delicate little ears went back instantly, and almost without an effort she increased her speed until the gap between her and the big bay disappeared entirely. She was at Tolliver's saddle-girth now, but desperately near the finish.

Godfrey leaned far down on the mare's shoulder, steadying her as he did so and repeating the whistling sound. "Go it, old girl, for Dolly's sake," he whispered to her, and the gallant little mare responded nobly. They were almost neck and neck now, and the surrounding hills resounded with cheers for both. One more desperate effort—and the race was over. Rosemary had won it by a length.

"How do you like me for a trainer?" cried Dolly, as Godfrey threw himself from the mare's back.

"I like you so well," cried Godfrey, earnestly, 'that the little mare is yours to train and to own from this day on, and her owner as well if you will have him."

It was the one hundred and eleventh proposal, but it was a little different from the others, and Dolly liked it so well that she said she would.

And she did.

XII.

THE CONFESSION.

[With musical accompaniment.]

THERE'S something on my breast, father,
  There's something on my breast!
The livelong day I sigh, father,
  At night, I can not rest;
I can not take my rest, father,
  Though I would fain do so,
A weary weight oppresseth me,
  A weary weight of woe.

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
  Nor lack of worldly gear;
My lands are broad and fair to see,
  My friends are kind and dear.
My kin are leal and true, father,
  They mourn to see my grief,
But oh, 'tis not a kinsman hand,
  Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
  'Tis not that she's unkind;
Though busy flatterers swarm around,
  I know her constant mind.
'Tis not the coldness of her heart,
  That chills my laboring breast,
It's that confounded cucumber,
  I ate, and can't digest.

LESSON-TALK.

This is bathos, pure and simple. You will have a roar of laughter when your mock sentiment is seen. Shake the head in sorrow. Look at your imaginary father as though the weight of woe were indeed heavy. Put stress on "something," "breast," and "father." The right hand may be put on the breast, and you must look really in grief. A slow time will be requisite. Put stress on "something" and "breast" in the second line, heave a sigh, and pause again. Then slowly with "livelong" prolong the word "day," "sigh," "father," "night,"—such a shake of the head—"can not" mournfully emphatic—"rest" dejectedly delivered. Pause, with extra emphasis give "can not," "take rest," "father," "though" "fain"—this word with much depth,—"do so." Great feeling into "A weary weight" just as though you were a modern Atlas, and your burden must excite universal pity. A pause at the end of the line. "Weary weight" and "woe" solemnly emphasized. "Woe" is a sound suggestive of stopping. and an appropriate pause will do good. A little quicker in the second stanza: "Not lack of gold, father;" shake of the head for "nor," "lack," "gear." All these words may be studiously stressed. A bit of gesture may aid you in the third line. Your arms may spread. "Lands," "broad," "fair," "see," need emphasis, the two adjectives admitting good manipulation. Very tenderly go into line four. A smile may even go on the face, as you gratefully give "friends," "kind," "dear." "Kind," and "dear" may do much, if you will grasp their rich meaning. Still sustaining your grateful style, give "kin," "leal," "true," "father," the second and third words being the ones for effect. Rather more slowly and with deeper feeling deliver "mourn," "see," "grief." Look down, shake your head, as though the pattern of the carpet displeased you, and draw a full-weight sigh. Then gazing into space, on your right give a good "But oh!" "not," "kinsman's hand," "can give," "heart relief." A stronger style will suit, "kinsman's hand." "Heart" and "relief" need very mournful and despairing treatment. The name "Janet" may be made very suggestive. Throw much into it, with more energetic style. "False" may be full of effect, given forcibly. A gentler manner for "not," "she's" extra stress—"unkind" great feeling. "Busy flatterers" emphatically given will bring a picture to tell. Much force, unquestioned decision, in "know her constant mind." Each syllable here should be given with all heart. Pause and then slowly with "not," "coldness," "heart," all emphasized. Place both hands on your breast as you deliver "chills my laboring breast." Do all you possibly can to make these important words have a genuine look. A long pause, as though in great pain, intense mental bewilderment, and, then casting off all melancholy, in a high pitch of voice ring out with a laugh, "It's that confounded cucumber, I ate, and can't digest." The utmost care must be taken to make the utterance as clear as possible, so that the bathos may be understood. It is necessary to put such a piece as this in frequent practice, so that the ease of execution comes quite naturally.

MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT TO "THE CONFESSION."

A. C. Mackenzie.

Lento con espressione.

Piano.

mf *dim.* *p*

There's somewhat on my breast, father! There's somewhat on my breast!

pp

The livelong day I sigh, father! And at night I cannot

p

I cannot take my rest, father, Though I would fain do so;

A weary weight oppresseth me — This weary weight of woe!

pp *p dolce*

'Tis not the lack of gold, father, Nor want of worldly gear;

mf

My lands are broad and fair to see, My friends are kind and dear; My kin are leal and true,

p accel. *pp*

father, They mourn to see my grief But Oh! 'tis not

p

a kinsman's hand Can give my heart' re . lief!

mf

'Tis not that Janet's false, father, Tis not that she's unkind Tho'

p dolce

busy flatterers swarm around, I know her constant mind

p

'Tis not *her* coldness, father, That chills my labouring breast: It's that con -

mf *poco rit.* *f*

founded cucumber I've eat and can't digest.

espress. *ff ritard.* *p* *ff ritard* *ff's* *p* *a tempo* *p dolce*

pp

Graded Physical Exercises.

FOR USE IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

By Bertha Louise Colburn.

[Copyright, 1900, by the Edgar S. Werner Publishing & Supply Co.]

TENTH ARTICLE.

[The April, 1900, number of Werner's Magazine contained the introduction to this serial. The exercises have been arranged with special reference to the mental as well as the physical needs of school children. Six years in schools have demonstrated their value. They have also been used with benefit by older persons whose physical training has been neglected, and all who desire systematic exercise at home will find in them some complete set of exercises adapted to their needs. They are arranged in eight groups, one for each year in graded schools; each group consists of ten lessons, one for every four weeks. Additional lessons in marching, games, etc., are also given. Each lesson contains exercises for all parts of the body; but, as it is only from frequent repetition of a movement that benefit can be derived, only one or two new exercises are given in each lesson, and these are a natural outgrowth from the preceding ones. Thus, the eighth year exercises contain all the movements of the preceding grades.]

Grade VI.—Sixth Year in School—*Continued.*

[Teachers are referred to "Note to Teachers," page 264 of Werner's Magazine for May, 1900.]

LESSON VII.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching; clasping hands behind head.*
2. Poising; *leg swinging forward, with heel raising, backward, with sinking.*
3. Leg; *stepping and knee bending.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching, with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *bending forward, back, and to sides, with hands clasped behind head.*
6. Neck; *bending backward, with twisting.*
7. *Reaching, both hands to floor at half side.*
8. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward front, downward sides.*
9. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with swinging up and down.*
10. Floating; *above shoulder level.*

2. Poising; Leg Swinging Forward, with Heel Raising, Backward, with Sinking.

Swing right leg forward and back while raising and lowering heel of left foot. Repeat three times. Same with left leg.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Swing right! Back! Forward! Back! allowing one count for each movement. This exercise strengthens leg and ankle muscles, but its special value lies in the development of the power of controlling nerve force.

LESSON-TALK.

The forward movement comes on the heel raising; the backward on the lowering. The old idea of the steadily swinging pendulum in its fixed case will assist the pupil to maintain equilibrium.

Marching.

1. From the middle—*dress!*
2. March—*four—skip—four—left!*
3. March—*four—hop—four—left!*

1. The pupils standing in the middle look straight forward; the others turn heads without twisting shoulders and look toward the middle line.

2. Starting with left foot, advance four steps; skip forward with left foot leading during four counts; starting with right, advance four counts; skip forward with right foot leading during four counts.

3. Starting with left foot, advance four steps; hop forward four times on left foot; starting with right, advance four steps; hop forward on right.

LESSON VIII.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching; clasping hands behind head.*
2. Poising; *leg swinging forward, with heel raising; backward, with sinking.*

3. Leg; *stepping and knee bending.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching, with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *bending forward, back, and to sides, with hands clasped behind head.*
6. Neck; *bending backward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *both hands to floor at half side.*
8. RESPIRATORY; *arm circling.*
9. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with swinging up and down.*
10. FLOATING; *above shoulder level, with opposite movements.*

8. RESPIRATORY; ARM CIRCLING.

Inhale while carrying right arm forward, upward and backward in a large circle; hold breath while repeating; exhale. Inhale while carrying left arm over in same manner; hold; exhale. Inhale while carrying both arms over, making the circles perfect and parallel.

Time: Right arm! 2-3-4-1-2-3-4. Again! 2-3-4-1-2-3-4. Left arm! etc. The purpose of this exercise, like that in Lesson I., is to establish the habit of healthful breathing. It gives freedom of action at the shoulder joint by increasing the synovial fluid.

LESSON-TALK.

Face squarely to front and do not allow arm to pull chest around to one side. Keep head well poised. Imagine that the arm is a wheel revolving around its axis, the shoulder.

10. FLOATING; ABOVE SHOULDER LEVEL, WITH OPPOSITE MOVEMENTS.

Float arms as in Lesson V. When both are directly above head hold position of left and float right down to shoulder level; while floating right up again float left down to shoulder level; continue these opposite movements through several counts.

Marching.

1. WITH TURNING 90 DEGREES TO THE RIGHT —*in place—jump!*
2. MARCH—*alternate follow and touch-step!*
3. MARCH—*alternate follow and back touch-step!*

1. Done in six counts. On *one* raise heels; *two,* bend knees; *three,* jump straight upward by quickly stretching knees and ankles, keeping trunk and head erect, and turn the body in air so as to face 90 degrees to right of former position; on *four,* touch floor with toes and balls of feet, knees bent and heels raised; *five,* stretch knees; *six,* lower heels. Jump, turning 90 degrees to left.

2. On *one,* step forward with left; *two,* follow with right; *three,* point right front; *four,* bring right to position; *one,* step forward with right; *two,* follow with left; *three,* point left foot front; *four,* bring to position.

3. Same, touching foot back instead of front.

LESSON IX.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching; clasping hands behind head.*
2. Poising; *leg swinging forward, with heel raising, backward, with sinking.*
3. Leg; *stepping and knee bending.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching, with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *bending forward, back, and to sides, with hands clasped behind head.*
6. Neck; *bending backward, with twisting.*
7. REACHING; *at sides; trunk twisting, with bending and reaching downward.*
8. Respiratory; *arm circling.*
9. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with swinging up and down.*
10. Floating; *above shoulder level, with opposite movements.*

7. REACHING AT SIDES; TRUNK TWISTING, WITH BENDING AND REACHING DOWNWARD.

Stand on both feet. Raise arms at sides until shoulder high and reach outward; without moving feet, twist trunk to right until left hand points directly front. Reach downward front till fingers of left hand touch floor in front of feet, head turned, looking upward at extended right arm. Rise and turn trunk front. Twist to left and reach down.

Time: Arms! 2-3-4. Twist! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. This exercise brings into play muscles of shoulder, arm, trunk and thigh, gives flexibility to spine, and accelerates circulation over whole body.

LESSON TALK.

Do not allow feet to move. In reaching down to floor with left hand, bend at hip, and if necessary left knee, but do not allow right knee to bend.

Marching.

1. WITH TURNING 180 DEGREES TO THE RIGHT —*in place—jump!*
2. MARCH—*alternate follow and cross-touchstep.*
3. MARCH—*alternate follow and back cross-touchstep.*

1. Same as in Lesson VIII., turning 180 degrees instead of 90.
2. Same as in Lesson VIII., with cross instead of front touchstep.
3. Same, with back cross-touch.

LESSON X.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching; clasping hands behind head.*
2. Poising; *leg swinging forward, with heel raising, backward, with sinking.*
3. Leg; *stepping and knee bending.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching, with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. Trunk; *bending forward, back and to sides, with hands clasped behind head.*
6. Neck; *bending backward, with twisting.*
7. Reaching; *at sides; trunk twisting, with bending and reaching downward.*
8. Respiratory; *arm circling.*
9. ARM SWINGING; *arm raising, with swinging in circles.*
10. FLOATING; *upward in front to waist line; turning; downward.*

9. ARM SWINGING; ARM RAISING, WITH SWINGING IN CIRCLES.

Raise arms as in Lesson I., swinging forearms in small outward circles, while carrying them upward. Raise while swinging in inward circles.

10. FLOATING; UPWARD IN FRONT TO WAIST LINE; TURNING; DOWNWARD.

Stand on right foot. Raise right forearm in front until it is horizontal with elbow, near body; carry arm to right front, gradually turning palm front, with fingers pointing outward and downward; hold an instant; turn palm down and float down to side. Stand on left foot and float left arm; on both feet and float both arms.

For Time and Effect see Lesson I.

LESSON-TALK.

Stand in an expectant attitude. Do not hold neck stiff, but let it move slightly in obedience to reflex action.

Marching.

1. LEFT FOOT—*sideward—place! change—quick!*
2. SKIP—*four—hop—four—alternate!*
3. SKIP SIDEWISE—*four—hop sidewise—four—alternate!*

1. Place left foot straight to left side one foot's distance. Bring it quickly back to position and transfer the weight to it with a little leap, at same time placing right foot out to side, change to right, continue rapidly.
2. Starting with left foot, skip forward during four counts; hop forward four counts; skip forward, with right foot leading, four counts; hop on right four counts.
3. Same, with sideward instead of forward movement.

ACTION POEMS.

[See Note to Teachers, Grade V, page 232. Whatever method the instructor may use in teaching a poem he must be certain that the pupils thoroughly understand it and all its allusions before trying to give it physical expression. It is sometimes well to let each pupil give a stanza of a new poem alone to test his growth in bodily expression.]

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Crackle! crack! the ice is melting; (1)
From the west the rain falls pelting: (2)
Swish and gurgle, splash and spatter! (3)
"Halloo! good folks, what's the matter? (4)
Seems to me the roof is leaking!"—(5)
Jack from down below is speaking. (6)

You know little Jack? (7) In the spring he is seen on the swampy edge (8)
Of the hemlock-wood, looking out from the shade of the fern-wreathed ledge;

But in winter he cuddles close under a thatch of damp leaves. (9)
Now the water is trickling fast in through his garret-eaves; (10)
And he opens his eyes, and up he starts, out of his cosy bed, (11)
And he carefully holds, while he climbs aloft, his umbrella over his head. (12)
High time for you to be up, Jack, when every growing thing (13)
Is washing and sunning itself, (14) Jack, and getting ready for spring. (15)

Little Jack, the country preacher, (16)
Thinks, "These rustics need a teacher; (13)
I shall scold the wild young flowers (17)
For coquetting with the showers (18)
That invade my honest dwelling: (19)
What I'll tell them—there's no telling." (20)

They call him Jack-in-the-Pulpit, he stands up so stiff and so queer (21)
On the edge of the swamp, (22) and waits for the flower-folk to come and hear (23)
The text and the sermon, and all the grave things he has to say; (24)
But the blossoms (13) they laugh and they dance,—they are wilder than ever today; (25)
And as nobody stops to listen, (13) so never a word has he said; (26)
But there in his pulpit he stands, (21) and holds his umbrella over his head. (12)
And we have not a doubt in our minds, Jack, you are wisely listening (27)
To the organ chant of the winds, Jack, and the tunes that the sweet birds sing! (28)

(1) Hit palms together softly; point down to left. (2) Raise both arms front above head level and float swiftly downward, palms down. (3) Circular movements with hands, palms parallel to floor; up and down movements from wrists on "splash and spatter." (4) Look from side to side. (5) Tip head back, looking upward. (6) Point downward with right hand. (7) Lift left forearm to half side mid line, hand open, palm down. (8) Point right to swamp. (9) Lower head and lift shoulders. (10) Raise arms high in front and lower, moving fingers up and down to show trickling rain. (11) Lift head suddenly and straighten trunk. (12) Hold arms above head, palms parallel to floor to represent the spathe of the flower. (13) Arms carried to half sides, palms up. (14) Turn palms down and give slight circular movement with hands. (15) Turn palms up. (16) Point down left. (17) Point down right. (18) Point up. (19) Lower right hand swiftly and turn palm up on "dwelling." (20) Shake head. (21) Point down left, standing stiff and straight. (22) Point down left again. (23) From 13th turn palms down and carry arms across to left. (24) Earnest manner. (25) Turn palms down and wave hands, with wrist movement. (26) Lower hands and shake head. (27) Point to Jack. (28) Tip head to side, listening, and point upward left.

THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

By William Wordsworth.

See the kitten on the wall, (1)
Sporting with the leaves that fall, (2)
Withered leaves—one, two, and three—(3)
From the lofty elder-tree! (4)

Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair, (5)
Eddying round and round, they sink (6)
Softly, softly. One might think,
From the motions that are made, (6)
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending, (7)
To this lower world descending,)8)
Each invisible and mute, (9)
In his wavering parachute. (10)

But the kitten, how she starts, (1)
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts! (11)
First at one and then its fellow, (12)
Just as light and just as yellow:
There are many now—now one; (13)
Now they stop, and there are none. (14)

What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire! (15)
With a tiger-leap half-way
Now she meets the coming prey, (16)
Lets it go as fast, (17) and then
Has it in her power again: (16)

Now she works with three or four, (18)
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art, (19)
Far beyond in joy of heart. (20)
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by, (21)
Clapping hands with shout and stare, (22)
What would little Tabby care (1)

For the plaudits of the crowd? (22)
Over-happy to be proud,
Over-wealthy in the treasure (23)
Of her own exceeding pleasure! (20)

(1) Point to right. (2) Same, with circular movements of hand. (3) Point to three leaves in same direction but slightly different places. (4) Point higher. (5) Raise arms front to shoulder level and carry outward to half sides, turning palms upward. (6) Turn palms down, and move arms in circles, lowering slowly. (7) Arms extended at front shoulder level, palms up. (8) Turn palms and lower to low front. (9) Peer forward. (10) Extend arms at front shoulder level, palms down, and wave hands slightly to sides. (11) Bend forward; extend arms; move hands downward, and give leaping movement with arms. (12) Point left, then right. (13) Point outward with both hands; lower right. (14) Lower left. (15) Look up eagerly. (16) Give leaping movement with arms and close hands. (17) Open hands. (18) Movements of leaping and catching leaves. (19) Carry left arm out to half side mid line, palm up. (20) Clasp hands joyously. (21) Carry both arms out to mid line at half sides, palms up. (22) Clap hands. (23) Lift forearms to mid line at half sides, palms up.

THE TREASURE DIGGERS.

By Gottfried August Bürger.

A vintner, at the point of death,
Spake to his sons with parting breath:
"A treasure in our vineyard lies. (1)
"Dig for it!" (2)—"Say, where is the prize?"—(3)
Aloud they to their father cried.
"Dig, dig!" (4) he said, when lo! he died. (5)

Ere in his grave he long had lain, (6)
They searched and dug with might and main. (7)
With spade, and mattock, and with hoe (7)
The vineyard o'er and o'er they throw. (7)
E'en through a sieve they passed the soil,
And drew the rakes across, around; (8)
For every stone upon the ground.
But of the treasure saw no trace, (9)
Each thought 'twas but a wild goose chase. (10)
But scarce the sun its yearly round (11)
Had made, when they with wonder found (12)
Each vine-tree bore a threefold prize. (13)
Then grew at length the children wise,
And, year on year revolving round, (14)
Dug greater treasures from the ground. (15)

(1) Point right, palm down. (2) Slight downward movement of hand. (3) Lean forward in eager attitude. (4) Repeat 2d twice. (5) Raise both hands in surprise on "lo"; lower them to mid line, palms up, on "died." (6) Point downward left. (7) Motions of digging, hoeing, and tossing dirt over. (8) Motions of raking. (9) Forearms raised in front to waist line, palms front. (10) Shake head slightly and lower arms. (11) Left arm raised at side and carried over in curve toward front. (12) Raise both hands, palms front, in wonder. (13) Carry arms down at half sides to mid line, turning palms up. (14) Raise both arms front and carry them upward in a curve to right. (15) Point downward with both hands, palms down.

FOUND.

By Johann von Goethe.

'Twas in a forest, (1)
Absorbed in thought (2)
I roamed, and knew not (2)
What there I sought. (3)

I saw a flower (4)
O'ershadowed rise, (5)
Like stars so beaming, (6)
Like bright blue eyes. (7)

I stooped to pluck it (8)
It gently spoke,
"Shall but to wither
My stem be broke?"

I dug around it, (9)
Took roots and all,
And laid it under
The grotto's wall.

Again I set it, (10)
So still and lone;
It buds and blossoms (11)
Now sweetly on.

(1) Point to right half side, palm down. (2) Droop head in thoughtful attitude. (3) Point to right half side, palm up. (4) Point down front with left hand. (5) Raise left hand and make curving gesture over flower. (6) Point upward left. (7)

Point left hand mid front, palm up. (8) Bend forward and reach down with right hand. (9) Motions of digging; taking up plant; carrying across to right, and in last line point upward with right. (10) Motion of setting it. (11) Raise forearms slightly at half sides, palms front.

THE SONG OF THE SOWER.

By William Cullen Bryant.

[By permission of D. Appleton & Co.]

The maples redden in the sun; (1)
  In autumn gold the beeches stand; (2)
Rest, faithful plow, thy work is done (3)
  Upon the teeming land. (4)
Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly (5)
On every breath that sweeps the sky, (6)
The fresh dark acres furrowed lie, (7)
  And ask the sower's hand. (8)
Loose the tired steer and let him go (9)
To pasture where the gentians blow,
And we, (10) who till the grateful ground, (7)
Fling we the golden shower around. (11)

Fling wide the generous grain; we fling (11)
O'er the dark mould the green of spring. (11)
For thick the emerald blades shall grow, (12)
When first the March winds melt the snow, (13)
And to the sleeping flowers, below, (14)
  The early bluebirds sing. (15)
Fling wide the grain; we give the fields (11)
  The ears that nod in summer's gale, (16)
The shining stems that summer gilds,
  The harvest that o'erflows the vale, (17)
And swells, an amber sea, between (18)
The full-leaved woods, its shores of green.
Hark! from the murmuring clods I hear (19)
Glad voices of the coming year; (20)
The song of him who binds the grain, (21)
The shout of those that load the wain, (22)
And from the distant grange there comes (23)
  The clatter of the thresher's flail, (24)
And steadily the millstone hums (25)
  Down in the willowy vale.

* * * * *

Nay, strew, with free and joyous sweep, (11)
  The seed upon the expecting soil; (11)
For hence the plenteous year shall heap (26)
The garners of the men who toil.

Strew the bright seed for those who tear
The matted sward with spade and share, (27)
And those whose sounding axes gleam (28)
Beside the lonely forest-stream, (23)
  Till its broad banks lie bare; (26)
And him who breaks the quarry-ledge,
  With hammer-blows, plied quick and strong, (29)
And him who, with the steady sledge,
  Smites the broad anvil all day long. (29)
Sprinkle the furrow's even trace (11)
  For those whose toiling hands uprear (30)
The roof-trees of our swarming race, (31)
  By grove and plain, by stream and mere; (32)
Who forth, from crowded city, (33) lead
  The lengthening street, (34) and overlay
Green orchard-plot and grassy mead (35)
  With pavement of the murmuring way. (36)
Cast, with full hands the harvest cast, (11)
For the brave men that climb the mast, (37)
When to the billow and the blast
  It swings and stoops, with fearful strain, (38)
And bind the fluttering mainsail fast, (39)
  Till the tossed bark shall sit, again,
  Safe as a sea-bird on the main. (40)

Fling wide the grain for those who throw (11)
The clanking shuttle to and fro, (41)
In the long row of humming rooms,
  And into ponderous masses wind (42)
The web that, from a thousand looms, (43)
  Comes forth to clothe mankind. (26)
Strew, with free sweep, the grain for them, (11)
  By whom the busy thread (44)
Along the garment's even hem
  And winding seam is led;
A pallid sisterhood, that keep
  The lonely lamp alight,
In strife with weariness and sleep,
  Beyond the middle night.
Large part be theirs in what the year (45)
Shall ripen for the reaper here.

* * * * *

Brethren, the sower's task is done. (26)
The seed is in its winter bed. (46)
Now let the dark-brown mould be spread, (47)
  To hide it from the sun, (48)
And leave it to the kindly care
Of the still earth and brooding air. (49)

(1) Point front with right hand. (2) Point right. (3) Point down left, palm up. (4) Turn palm down. (5) Both arms lifted at half sides to mid line, palms up; point higher for "trees"; on "fly" move hands slightly toward left. (6) Sweep across to left. (7) Point down front with both hands, palms front. (8) Point front with left hand. (9) Point toward left. (10) Point to self with both hands. (11) Curve left arm toward chest as if holding measure of grain, and swing right arm from it out to side and back again as if sowing grain. (12) Point down toward left, palm down. (13) Turn palm up. (14) Turn palm down, pointing still lower. (15) Point upward with right hand. (16) Extend arms and give waving movements from right to left. (17) Raise both arms to front mid line, and carry out to sides, turning palms up. (18) Point front, palms down. (19) Lean forward to listen; point down to "clods." (20) Raise hand to mid line, palm up. (21) Curve arms to bind grain. (22) Arms upward as if loading grain on wagon. (23) Point right front with fingers straight, palm down. (24) Swing arms toward right, right arm higher than left, and bring downward. (25) Circular movement for "millstone." (26) Both arms lifted at half sides to mid line, palms up. (27) Hold arms down front as if grasping spade. (28) Motions of swinging axe over right shoulder and down again. (29) Motions of hammering. (30) Raise arms high at half sides, palms parallel to floor. (31) Lower to mid line and turn palms up on "race." (32) Point on left side to each as named. (33) Point to right. (34) Point front. (35) Point downward with both hands, palms front. (36) Turn palms down. (37) Point upward right. (38) Sweep right hand to side, then down. (39) Motion of binding sail. (40) Both arms extended at mid line half sides, palms down. (41) Sweep right arm horizontally from side to side. (42) Motions of winding web. (43) Point left, then right, palms down. (44) Motions of sewing continued through next six lines, nodding head with "sleep." (45) Left arm extended at half side mid line, palm up. (46) Turn palms down and lower slightly. (47) Sidewise motions with hands, palms still horizontal with floor. (48) Point upward left. (49) Point downward right, palm up, and upward left, palm front.

THE RISING IN 1776.

By T. B. Read.

[By permission of the author, and J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers.]

I.

Out of the North the wild news came, (1)
Far flashing on its wings of flame, (2)
Swift as the boreal light which flies (3)
At midnight through the startled skies. (4)
And there was tumult in the air, (5)
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat, (6)
And through the wide land everywhere (7)
The answering tread of hurrying feet; (8)
While the first oath of freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington; (9)
And Concord, roused, no longer tame, (10)
Forgot her old baptismal name, (11)
Made bare her patriot arm of power, (12)
And swelled the discord of the hour. (13)

II.

Within its shade of elm and oak (14)
The church of Berkley Manor stood; (15)
There Sunday found the rural folk, (16)
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread (17)
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught; (18)
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead. (19)

III.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk, (20)
The vale with peace and sunshine full (21)
Where all the happy people walk, (22)
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom; (23)
And every maid with simple art, (24)
Wears on her breast, like her own heart, (25)
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir (26)
Is breathing rose and lavender.

IV.

The pastor came; his snowy locks (27)
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer. (28)

The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text a few short words of might,—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!" (29)

V.

He spoke of wrongs too long endured, (30)
Of sacred rights to be secured; (31)
Then from his patriot tongue of flame (32)
The startling words for Freedom came. (33)
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake, (34)
And, rising on his theme's broad wing, (35)
And grasping in his nervous hand (36)
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling (37)
Defiance to a tyrant king.

VI.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude, (38)
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher; (39)
Then swept his kindling glance of fire (40)
From startled pew to breathless choir; (41)
When suddenly his mantle wide (42)
His hands impatient flung aside, (43)
And lo! he met their wondering eyes (44)
Complete in all a warrior's guise. (45)

VII.

A moment there was awful pause,—
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor, cease! (46)
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause; (47)
His holiest places then are ours, (48)
His temples are our forts and towers, (49)
That frown upon the tyrant foe; (50)
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day, (51)
There is a time to fight and pray!" (52)

VIII.

And now before the open door— (53)
The warrior priest had ordered so— (54)
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er, (55)
Its long reverberating blow, (56)
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear. (57)
And there the startling drum and fife (58)
Fired the living with fiercer life; (59)
While overhead, with wild increase, (60)
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace, (61)
The great bell swung as ne'er before; (62)
It seemed as it would never cease; (61)
And every word its ardor flung (63)
From off its jubilant iron tongue (62)
Was, "*War! War! War!*"

IX.

"Who dares?" this was the patriot's cry, (64)
As striding from the desk he came,— (65)
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name, (66)
For her to live, for her to die?" (67)
A hundred hands flung up reply, (68)
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

Show with quick gestures the haste and excitement in the first stanza; picture with slow movements the following Sabbath calm; then show pastor's suppressed feeling, his passionate appeal and its effect upon his audience.

(1) Point front, palm down. (2) Carry arm swiftly to side. (3) Point upward right. (4) Carry right arm swiftly to side. (5) Lower right to half side mid line and raise left to same level. (6) Hold fife up to mouth. (7) Carry arms to sides at mid line, palms up. (8) Carry over front and down, palms down. (9) Point front with right hand. (10) Point right. (11) Arms extended quickly and slightly at half sides. (12) Motions of rolling up sleeves. (13) Arms extended front at mid line, palms up. (14) Point upward left. (15) Point to church below. (16) Hold left and raise right to same level, palms up. (17) Low curving motions with left hand. (18) Turn left palm up and hold the low position. (19) Point down to left, palm down. (20) Raise arms to front mid line and carry out to sides. (21) Turn palms down. (22) Carry arms slowly front. (23) Point to "hat." (24) Point to "maid" with left hand. (25) Point to heart. (26) Extend arms slightly and make slight sidewise motions. (27) Point to right, palm up; turn palm and raise hand slightly; hold during next line; lower gently. (28) Slowly raise extended arms, showing how the people follow the pastor. (29) Point upward with right arm; bring strongly down to mid line, turning palm up. (30) Carry left arm out strongly to half side, palm up. (31) Raise

and lower forearm. (32) Bring right arm slowly up, pointing to mouth. (33) Carry it swiftly straight upward above head. (34) Left hand on heart. (35) Raise arms straight front and carry slightly outward at shoulder level. (36) Lower left and close right hand; hold during next line. (37) Lower right arm strongly and hold extended at front shoulder level, palm up. (38) Stand erect. (39) Raise arms straight front to head level. (40) Lower quickly. (41) Point to pew with left hand; point to choir. (42) Both hands to chest, fingers closed. (43) Extend arms to sides. (44) Downward movement of arms, straight front. (45) Hold, turning palms front. (46) Point half right at head level, palm down and forefinger extended. (47) Point directly upward with right hand. (48) Lower arm strongly to mid line, palm up. (49) Hold right and raise left same. (50) Lower arms to sides, closing fists. (51) Bend forward, hold right arm straight front at shoulder level, palm down, forefinger extended. (52) Raise forearm to head level and lower again; lower to low line. (53) Point straight front with right hand. (54) Point left. (55) Arms carried swiftly from front mid line to sides, palms down. (56) Lower extended arms in front, palms front. (57) Point downward right. (58) Quick downward motion with drumsticks; swift movement to mouth. (59) Swift movement of extended arms slightly downward and to sides. (60) Point upward left. (61) Lower to mid line and hold palm up. (62) Raise both arms straight above head and sweep from side to side. (63) Fling arms upward from front to half sides. (64) Hold extended right arm at front shoulder level, palm up. (65) Sweep left arm from side shoulder level to front mid line. (66) Extend arms front at mid line, palms up. (67) Raise and lower forearms. (68) Wave hands above head.

NOW AND THEN.

Far in the West great wheat fields lie; (1)
They stretch away to meet the sky, (2)
And oft, wind-rippled, seem to be (3)
A waving, rolling, restless sea. (4)
But summer wings. Behold this main, (5)
A yellow sea of ripened grain. (6)
And lo! there sounds a bustling stir,
The tread of horses, the reaper's whirr, (7)
And where the morn saw waving grain, (8)
The evening greets a stubby plain; (9)
Swift darkness shows the lurid light (10)
Where engine feeds the thresher's might.
At length the great machines are still; (11)
The ready grain awaits the mill. (1)
Ah! mighty brains are they that plan
Giants which so can work for man; (11)
Which time and labor so can save,
And to a master change the slave. (12)
We turn the leaves of memory's book
And on our parent's labor look.
We see the old New England farm (13)
Beneath the mountain's brooding calm;
(14)
The pasture bound by rocky wall, (15)
The pine wood waving straight and tall,
(14)
The alders where the blackbirds sing; (16)
And hark! the whetstone's cheerful ring!
(17)
The farmer bends with swinging blows,
(18)
And lays the grass in fallen rows. (18)
His son with pitchfork turns it o'er (19)
That wind and sun may dry it more.
They ply the rake; the hay cocks grow,
(20)
And stand, white-capped, an even row. (21)
Dark night draws on with dash of rain;
(22)
The cows run home through narrow lane.
(23)
But morrow's sun shines bright and fair,
(24)
Like balm the breeze, like wine the air;
(25)
Now flashing pitchforks spread the hay;
(17)
Old Sol smiles broadly all the day; (24)
The creaking carts with hay o'erflow, (26)
And slow to the barn the oxen go. (27)

A peaceful scene of honest toil; (28)
Was he a slave who thus did moil? (13)
Nay: rather king, lord of his land, (29)
Of beauty, health, and skilful hand. (30)
Our forefathers no pity need:
But changing times new duties lead; (31)
New visions rise, new pleasures call,
And leisure, is the cry of all. (28)
So hail! thou brain that so contrives (32)
Such keys to unlock labor's gyves,
That toil and pleasure hand in hand, (33)
May travel o'er the whole broad land. (28)

(1) Carry both arms from front mid line to sides, turning palms up. (2) Turn palms down and extend arms front. (3) Waving motions to left. (4) Wave to

right; turn palms up and hold in first position on "sea." (5) Take 1st on "this main." (6) Turn palms down and carry arms toward front. (7) Point front and left front with left hand. (8) Point higher left for "morn"; lower to shoulder level, bring right to same level and make waving motions to right. (9) Point upward right, lowering left, then lower right and point to low front with both hands, palms front. (10) Lower arms swiftly from high front to mid line, then point left to "engine." (11) Point left, palm up. (12) Hold right hand out at shoulder level half side, palm up. (13) Point right, palm up. (14) Point higher, palm down. (15) Take 1st position on "pastures," then turn hands sidewise, with slight up and down movement for "wall (16) Point left. (17) Left arm up front as if holding scythe and give whetting motions with right. (18) Swing arms across from right to left as if mowing. (19) Motions of tossing hay. (20) Motions of raking. (21) Carry right arm from front to side, palm down. (22) Raise arms slowly straight above head, looking upward, then lower swiftly, palms down, on "dash." (23) Sweep extended arms from right to left. (24) Point upward left. (25) Lower to mid line and hold while carrying right upward and out to half side, turning palm up. (26) Both arms lifted high front and carried down toward sides. (27) Drop left and point outward with right. (28) Carry both arms from front mid line to sides, turning palms up. (29) Lift right forearm and lower again with emphasis; carry left arm outward to half side mid line, palm up. (30) Emphatic up and down movements of left forearm. (31) Carry right arm from front to side, palm up. (32) Carry right arm above head level at right side, palm front; lower to half side mid line, palm up, and hold during next line. (33) Point front and to left with left hand, palm up.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

By Lord Byron.

The King was on his throne, (1)
  The Satraps thronged the hall: (2)
A thousand bright lamps shone (3)
  O'er that high festival. (4)
A thousand cups of gold, (5)
  In Judah deem'd divine— (6)
Jehovah's vessels hold (7)
  The godless Heathen's wine. (8)

In that same hour and hall,
  The fingers of a hand (9)
Came forth against the wall, (10)
  And wrote as if on sand: (11)
The fingers of a man— (9)
  A solitary hand (9)
Along the letters ran, (12)
  And traced them like a wand. (12)
The monarch saw, and shook, (13)
  And bade no more rejoice; (14)
All bloodless wax'd his look, (15)
  And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear, (16)
  The wisest of the earth, (16)
And expound the words of fear (17)
  Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
  But here they have no skill; (18)
And the unknown letters stood (19)
  Untold and awful still. (20)
And Babel's men of age (21)
  Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage, (22)
  They saw—but knew no more. (23)

A captive in the land, (24)
  A stranger and a youth, (24)
He heard the king's command, (1)
  He saw that writing's truth. (10)
The lamps around were bright. (3)
  The prophecy in view; (10)
He read it on that night— (25)
  The morrow proved it true. (26)

"Belshazzar's grave is made, (27)
  His kingdom pass'd away, (28)
He, in the balance weigh'd, (29)
  Is light and worthless clay;
The shroud his robe of state, (30)
  His canopy the stone; (31)
The Mede is at his gate! (32)
  The Persian on his throne!" (33)

(1) Point left, palm up. (2) Point right with sweeping gesture. (3) Point upward with both hands. (4) Lower arms to shoulder level, palms down. (5) Point left front. (6) Point to distant right, palm down. (7) Point upward with right hand on "Jehovah." (8) Point left. (9) Hold out right hand, palm down. (10) Point right hand upward front at head level. (11) Close fingers and move arm slightly as if writing. (12) Move slowly as if making large letters. (13) Like 1st, then shudder. (14) Lift right hand and bring down to mid line, palm down, in gesture of command. (15)

Look at wall on right and shudder. (16) Lift right hand to half side mid line, palm up. (17) Turn palm down and point up at right wall. (18) Shake head solemnly. (19) Point to wall. (20) Clasp hands in solemn fear. (21) Point left. (22) Shake head. (23) Like 19th, then lower hand to mid line, palm up. (24) Point out to right side. (25) Look at wall. (26) Bring right arm upward at half side and lower slightly, as far as mid line, in affirmation. (27) Point to king, palm up; turn palm down and point lower. (28) Sweep right arm across from left to right at mid line. (29) Point to king on "he"; lift right arm to same position on right side to show the "balance," and raise left while lowering right. (30) Point down left. (31) Point upward left, then lower again. (32) Point right, palm up. (33) Lift left to level of right and hold both.

GAMES.

BALL PUSS.

Players stand at marked stations and exchange places with each other as in the old game of "Puss in Corner." The one standing in the center has a soft ball and attempts to hit any one who is off a station. The one hit goes to the center with the ball while the former puss goes to the station vacated. If there are many players, a square or triangle may be drawn; players change places with those on opposite or adjoining sides and may be hit when off the line.

INDIAN PRISONER.

One boy is counted out for "prisoner." He stands facing tree or wall with hands bound behind his back. The others walk past him and, in turn, flip their handkerchiefs against his open palms; the one whose handkerchief he first succeeds in grasping becomes "prisoner" in turn.

THE TRADES.

Twelve or fifteen are enough to play this game; if there are more who wish to play let them form another group. One is counted out for guesser: he retires from the playroom while the others tell their trades. Standing in a row, the first one turns to the next one, saying, "My father was a tailor, sir," at the same time making the motions of sewing. The second one nods, and says, "A tailor, I understand"; then he turns to the third, and says, "My father was a blacksmith, sir," and makes the motions of working at the anvil. The third replies, "A blacksmith, I understand," and turning to the fourth, says, "My father was a chopper, sir," and makes the motions of chopping. The fourth replies as before and tells his father's trade, and so the game proceeds until each has told his choice. The guesser is now called in, and while all tell their trades in pantomime, he guesses what occupation each one represents. The first one whose occupation he fails to guess becomes the guesser next time.

STRONG SIDE.

The boys stand in two long lines, facing each other, with arms raised at sides and hands clasped. At a given signal they rush toward each other, each boy trying with his body to break through the clasped hands opposite him. A break scores one for the side making it. The champion side is the one which first scores five.

Girls may join in this game if not overmatched in size and strength by the boys.

HOP TAG.

This is played like ordinary tag, except that all, including the catcher, hop upon one leg, changing to the other when tired. As it is too fatiguing to be continued long at a time, it may be alternated with plain tag. Or, if agreed upon beforehand, the catcher may command "Hop!" at will.

Grade VII.—Seventh Year in School.

LESSON I.

Prepare to stand! Stand! Space!

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing upward.*
2. Poising; *leg swinging forward with heel raising, backward with sinking.*
3. Leg; *knee bending and leg circling or stretching.*
4. Arm and Hand; *arm floating and stretching, with alternate fist closing and opening.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting.*
6. Trunk; *bending forward, backward, and to sides, with hands clasped behind head.*
7. Neck; *bending backward, with twisting.*

8. Reaching; *at sides; trunk twisting and bending; reaching downward.*
9. Respiratory; *arm circling.*
10. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with circling outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *above shoulder level, with opposite movements. Upward front to waist line; turning; downward.*

1. POSITION EXERCISE; ARM STRETCHING AND PUSHING UPWARD.

Raise arms at sides, palms down, until they reach shoulder level; without stopping turn palms front, and continue reaching upward till arms are straight above head; carry them, with same stretching movement, downward and slightly outward in front until down at an angle of thirty degrees with the body; continue pushing backward to an angle of thirty degrees; turn arms and raise to shoulder level with palms up interlock fingers behind head without touching it; raise hands above head turning palms up and push upward during four counts; unclasp fingers and float to sides, palms down.

Time: Up! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Push! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. As its name indicates this exercise is designed to bring all the organs of the body into correct position. The last upward pushing is particularly beneficial in lifting the organs high in the body, separating the ribs, and drawing in the stomach and abdomen. The habitual practice of this exercise will ensure improved health and carriage.

LESSON-TALK.

Begin the exercise correctly by standing with weight on balls of feet. Question pupils. about importance of keeping internal organs at a high altitude; explain why these organs can not properly perform their functions when they are crowded downward. Illustrate the difference between a slouchy carriage and an erect one.

2. POISING; LEG SWINGING FORWARD WITH HEEL RAISING, BACKWARD WITH SINKING.

Swing right leg forward and back while raising and lowering heel of left foot. Repeat three times. Same with left leg.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Swing right! Back! Forward! Back! one count for each movement. This exercise strengthens leg and ankle muscles, but its special value lies in the development of the power of controlling nerve force.

LESSON-TALK.

The forward movement comes on the heel raising; the backward are lowering. The old idea of the steadily swinging pendulum in its fixed case will assist the pupil to maintain equilibrium.

3. LEG; KNEE BENDING AND LEG CIRCLING OR STRETCHING.

Standing on left foot carry right around with a circular movement until directly behind and a foot or more in distance from left foot; immediately change weight to right foot and bend right knee, straightening left in a deep courtesy; rise carrying weight forward to left foot; bring right to position; transfer weight easily to right foot and repeat.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Right foot! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Right foot! 2-3-4. This exercise for girls uses the muscles of thigh and leg, with those of the lower back which assist in holding the trunk erect; it gives free action at the hip joints and an ease of movement which improves the gait in walking.

EXERCISE FOR BOYS.

Or, standing on left foot bend knee, at same time extend right foot in direction to which it points and touch toe lightly to floor. Return to position and repeat. Transfer weight to right foot, and extend left in same manner.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Right foot! 2-3-4. This exercise for boys is somewhat more difficult since the whole weight of the body is raised and lowered by calf and thigh muscles.

LESSON-TALK.

Transfer weight slowly from forward to backward foot; incline trunk forward and keep left knee straight while bending right; glide smoothly to forward foot.

Keep the trunk erect and square to front while bending left knee and extending right foot.

4. ARM AND HAND; ARM FLOATING AND STRETCHING, WITH ALTERNATE FIST CLOSING AND OPENING.

Close fists with thumbs outside fingers, and float both arms strongly with forearms

leading, across chest. Open fist, turn palms front, and carry arms out to sides with a strong stretching movement. Turn palms front, close fist, and float back to chest. Repeat three times.

Time: Arms! 2-3-4. Out! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Out! 2-3-4. This exercise uses both the flexors and rotators of the arm, and by its lateral pull, expands the chest.

LESSON-TALK.

Lift head and chest high and execute the movements as strongly as possible. Hold in mind the thought of strength and precision.

5. CHEST; EXPANDING AND CONTRACTING.

Stand on both feet. Place thick of hands on floating ribs with fingers pointing straight forward. Draw sides as near together as possible; expand waist sending sides as far apart as possible. Repeat three times.

Time: Contract! 2-3-4. Expand! 2-3-4. 1-2-3-4. Contract! 2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, etc. This is an excellent exercise for expansion of lower chest; it also stimulates the action of the internal organs.

LESSON-TALK.

The hands do not assist except as a guide to the mind. Keep the fingers extended; as the sides contract they will touch, then overlap. Do not call attention to the breathing unless the child holds his breath; he ought naturally to inhale as he expands and exhale as he contracts.

6. TRUNK; BENDING FORWARD, BACKWARD, AND TO SIDES, WITH HANDS CLASPED BEHIND HEAD.

Stand firmly on both feet. Raise arms at sides with a stretching movement and clasp hands with fingers interlocked back of head; bend upper part of chest toward front, letting head droop forward; lift to position; bend backward with a movement which begins with head and then includes upper part of back; lift to position; bend directly to right side, allowing head to droop on shoulder; lift head to position last; bend to left in same manner. Repeat.

Time: Arms! 2-3-4. Bend! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. In the first movement the internal organs are lifted high in the body; in bending, the muscles which surround them are strongly exercised; the result is improved digestion and assimilation.

LESSON-TALK.

There must be no bending at hips; bend in front so that the break may come at end of breast bone. Do not let elbows droop forward. Lift trunk to position before raising head.

7. NECK; BENDING BACKWARD, WITH TWISTING.

Bend neck forward till chin touches chest; lift head to position by pushing upward and backward with crown of head. Bend neck directly backward till face is parallel to ceiling; without lifting head twist to right; to center; to left; to center; lift to position. Repeat.

Time: Neck! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Right! 2-3-4. Center! 2-3-4. Left! 2-3-4. Center! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. This exercise gives strong work to little-used muscles in the back of the neck, relieves the brain and cultivates correct carriage of the head.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not expect to twist the neck enough to carry the chin far to either side; keep the face as nearly parallel to ceiling as possible; it can not reach this position, however, if the neck be constricted by tight clothing. Pupils should wear loose collars.

8. REACHING; AT SIDES; TRUNK TWISTING AND BENDING; REACHING DOWNWARD.

Stand upon both feet. Raise arms at sides until shoulder high and reach outward; without moving feet, twist trunk to right until left hand points directly front. Reach downward front till fingers of left hand touch floor in front of feet, head turned, looking upward at extended right arm. Rise and turn trunk front. Twist to left and reach down.

Time: Arm! 2-3-4. Twist! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. This exercise brings into play muscles of shoulders, arms, trunk, and thighs, gives flexibility to spine, and accelerates the circulation over whole body.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not allow feet to move. In reaching down to floor with left hand, bend at hip,

and if necessary right knee, but do not allow left knee to bend.

9. Respiratory; Arm Circling.

Inhale while carrying right arm forward, up and backward in a large circle; hold breath while repeating; exhale; inhale while carrying left arm over in same manner; exhale; inhale while carrying both arms over, making the circles perfect and parallel.

Time: Right arm! 2-3-4, 1-2-3-4. Again! 2-3-4, 1-2-3-4. Left arm! etc. The purpose of this exercise is to establish the habit of healthful breathing. It gives freedom of action to the shoulder-joint by increasing the synovial fluid.

LESSON-TALK.

Face squarely to front and do not allow arm to pull chest around to one side. Keep head well poised. Imagine that the arm is a wheel revolving around its axis the shoulder. Loose clothing is necessary in order to secure perfect freedom of arm movement.

10. Arm Swinging; Arm Raising, with Circling Outward and Inward.

Stand firmly on both feet. Raise forearms until horizontal at waist line with elbows near body and hands hanging passive. Swing forearms vigorously in small outward circles, and continue the movement while raising them above head. Drop to sides with swift floating movement. Raise swinging in inward circles.

Time: Raise arms at command, Arms horizontal! at Swing! shake forearms rapidly and carry upward. The music should change to something quick and running like a galop, although the swinging is much faster than the counts. The chest is the part of the body wherein lies its strength; it should always suggest power. The effort to keep it firm while swinging the arms develops the power of self-control. The tension of wrist and finger muscles is also relieved.

LESSON-TALK.

Swing forearms with great vigor, but do not allow head or chest to move in the least. Hold the thought of great strength and power.

11. Floating; Above Shoulder Level, with Opposite Movements. Upward Front to Waist Line; Turning; Downward.

Float arms up at sides with forearms leading, until fingers touch over the head; hold left arm while floating right down to shoulder level; float left to left shoulder level and right over head. Repeat twice. Hold right at shoulder level until left reaches same level and float down to position.

Stand on right foot. Raise right forearm in front until it is horizontal, with elbow near body; carry arm to right front gradually turning palm front with fingers pointing outward and downward; hold an instant; turn palm down and float down to side. Stand on left foot and float left arm; on both feet and float both arms.

Time: Both arms! Float to slow waltz music without counting aloud. The aim of the floating exercises is to gain harmony of muscular movement; reserve power is developed, and beauty and grace of movement cultivated.

LESSON-TALK.

The movements must be performed in continuous curving lines. Let forearm lead and hand follow passively. Stand in a buoyant attitude and head will respond slightly to movement of arms.

Marching.

1. *Left (right) half—face!*
2. *Follow and double touch step—alternate.*
3. *Follow and double cross touch step—alternate!*

1. In response to, Left! raise right heel and left toe; at Face! make one eighth turn on left heel, right foot slightly lifted from floor, heels together, keep in the angle of ninety degrees. The ball of the right foot gives the first impetus to the movement. The turn to right is also made on left heel.

2. On *one*, step left; *two*, follow right; *three*, point right front; *four*, point right back; then *one*, step right; *two*, follow left; *three*, point left front; *four*, point left back.

3. On *one*, step left; *two*, follow right; *three*, cross right front of left; *four*, cross back of left; *one*, step right; *two*, follow left; *three*, cross left front; *four*, cross left back.

LESSON II.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing upward.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg in circle; poising and rising on strong foot.*
3. Leg; *knee bending and leg circling or stretching.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arms stretching to sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting.*
6. Trunk; *bending forward, backward, and to sides, with hands clasped behind head.*
7. Neck; *bending backward, with twisting.*
8. Reaching; *at sides; trunk twisting and bending; reaching downward.*
9. Respiratory; *arm circling.*
10. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with circling outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *above shoulder level, with opposite movements. Upward front to waist line; turning; downward.*

2. Poising; Swinging Free Leg in Circle; Poising and Rising on Strong Foot.

Stand on left foot. Swing right leg around left in a circle; begin by swinging front and across left, then around to right and back of left, keeping toe pointed to floor; swing to front and repeat ending movement with right leg behind and slightly touching left, toe raised from floor. Poise forward upon left foot as far as possible without raising heel from floor or losing the perpendicular; return weight to ball of foot; poise backward upon heel; return to ball; rise slowly upon ball and toes; lower heel to floor; rise again; lower. Return right foot to position; transfer weight easily to it; swing left leg, etc.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Swing right! 2-3-4. Poise forward! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. Rise! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4, etc. This exercise strengthens leg and ankle muscles, cultivates the muscular sense, strengthens the nerve centers, and gives self-command and ease of manner.

LESSON-TALK.

The trunk must not move during the swinging of the leg. During the forward and backward poising the most noticeable movement is at the ankles, although the body is kept perpendicular by a complex movement of many muscles.

4. Arm and Hand; Pushing Forward with Clasped Hands, and Arms Stretching to Sides.

Raise arms and interlock fingers in front of chest; turn palms front and push forward as far as possible keeping head erect; unclasp hands and carry horizontally to sides with strong stretching movement; turn arms, float to chest; repeat three times.

Time: Arms! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Sides! 2-3-4. Chest! 2-3-4. The muscles of fingers, arms and shoulders are strongly exercised, the chest is expanded, and the carriage of the head improved.

LESSON-TALK.

The beneficial effect of the exercise is weakened by any bending forward of head or chest. Push backward slightly with head while pushing forward with hands.

Marching.

1. *Left (right) face and forward—march!*
2. *Left (right) about face and forward—march!*
3. *Left (right) half face and forward—march!*
4. *Face and backward—march!*
5. *Touch step—alternate!*

1. On the executive command the left foot is raised forward, a quarter turn to left made on ball of right, and left foot is placed on floor and begins the forward march. Same, raising right foot and turning on ball of left.

2. Make one half turn to left or right.

3. Make one eighth turn to left or right.

4. Repeat with marching backward.

5. On *one,* step left; *two,* touch right front; *three,* step right; *four,* touch left.

LESSON III.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing upward.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg in circle; poising and rising on strong foot.*
3. Leg; *knee bending and leg circling or stretching.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching to sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling.*
7. Neck; *bending backward, with twisting.*
8. Reaching; *at sides; trunk twisting and bending; reaching downward.*

9. Respiratory; *arm circling.*
10. Arm Swinging: *arm raising, with circling outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *above shoulder level, with opposite movements. Upward front to waist line; turning; downward.*

6. TRUNK; BENDING AND CIRCLING.

Stand firmly on both feet. Place hands on hips, thumbs pointing forward, fingers together and pointing straight downward at sides. Bend upper part of chest toward front, letting head droop forward; circle trunk to right, back, left, and front, bending along the line of the ninth rib; repeat circling from left to right; lift trunk to erect position, raising head last and letting hands slide easily down to sides.

Time: Trunk! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Right! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Left! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4, etc. The abdominal and back muscles and the diaphragm are strongly used in this exercise, but the most important effect is that resulting from the alternate pressure and relaxation of the vital organs, which strengthens them and stimulates to more vigorous action.

LESSON-TALK.

It is not possible to bend over far if the exercise is correctly taken. Let there be no bending at hips; keep them firm and a little in front of their usual position. The trunk must be square to front and the neck relaxed so that head may follow movements of trunk. Keep in mind the thought of the immovability of lower part of body and flexibility of upper.

Marching.

1. *Forward—march! Left (right)—face!*
2. *Forward—march! Left (right) about—face!*
3. *Forward—march! Left (right) half face!*
4. *Repeat with marching backward.*
5. *Cross touch step—alternate!*

1. While marching forward, the executive command for facing left is made as the left foot touches floor; the right foot takes one step; then one quarter turn is made on its ball, while the left is raised forward; the left touches floor, starting the forward march to left. Executive for facing right is given as right foot touches floor; left takes one step; one quarter turn is made on its ball while it is raised forward and starts march to right.

2. Made with one half turn.
3. Made with one eighth turn.
4. Repeat with marching backward.
5. On *one,* step left; *two,* cross touch right front; *three,* step right; *four,* cross touch left.

LESSON IV.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing upward.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg in circle; poising and rising on strong foot.*
3. Leg; *knee bending and leg circling or stretching.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching to sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling.*
7. NECK; *bending forward, twisting to one side, bending backward.*
8. Reaching; *at sides; trunk twisting and bending; reaching downward.*
9. Respiratory: *arm circling.*
10. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with circling outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *above shoulder level, with opposite movements. Upward front to waist line; turning; downward.*

7. NECK; BENDING FORWARD, TWISTING TO ONE SIDE, BENDING BACKWARD.

Bend neck forward till chin touches chest; twist to right till chin rests on right shoulder; tip back of head down on left shoulder until face is parallel with ceiling; raise the head, bringing chin down upon right shoulder again, and turn front. Repeat to left.

Time: Neck! 2-3-4. Right! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Raise! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. This exercise gives fulness and roundness to muscles of neck, improves carriage of head counteracting the tendency to throw out chin, and regulates supply of blood going to brain.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not twist the shoulders while twisting neck. Keep chin close to neck while turning front. Insist upon loose collars and explain how freedom of movement is necessary for development.

Marching.

1. *With turning ninety degrees to the right (left) forward—jump!*
2. *One half cross-step twirl—left!*

1. Done in six counts. On *one,* raise heels; *two,* bend knees; *three,* throw body upward from floor making a quarter turn in the air; on *four,* land three feet to right of former position on toes and balls of feet, knees bent; *five,* stretch knees; *six,* sink heels. Same with one quarter turn to left.

2. *One,* step forward with left; *two,* step with right; *three,* place left foot in front of right and immediately make a quarter turn to right by twirling around to right upon balls of feet; *four,* twirl front again and step forward once more with left foot.

LESSON V.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing upward.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg in circle; poising and rising on strong foot.*
3. Leg; *knee bending and leg circling or stretching.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching to sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling.*
7. Neck; *bending forward, twisting to one side, bending backward.*
8. Reaching; *at sides; trunk twisting and bending; reaching downward.*
9. Respiratory; *arm circling.*
10. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with circling outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *upward at half front; turning and floating downward.*

11. Floating; Upward at Half Front; Turning and Floating Downward.

Stand on right foot. Float right arm with forearm leading, wrist and hand passive, up halfway between front and side until above head level; turn palm upward, fingers pointing upward and outward; hold position three counts, letting head incline toward arm and looking upward in direction indicated by hand; turn palm down and float arm to position; repeat. Transfer weight easily to left foot and float left arm.

For Time, Effect, and Lesson-talk, see Lesson I.

Marching.

1. *With turning one hundred and eighty degrees to right (left) forward—jump!*
2. *Cross step twirl—left!*

1. Same as in Lesson IV, with one half turn.

2. Same as in Lesson IV, crossing one foot in front of other and making one half turn.

LESSON VI.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing upward.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg forward and back with heel of strong foot raised.*
3. Leg; *knee bending and leg circling or stretching.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching to sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling.*
7. Neck; *bending forward, twisting to one side, bending backward.*
8. Reaching; *at sides; trunk twisting and bending; reaching downward.*
9. Respiratory; *arm circling.*
10. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with circling outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *upward at half front; turning and floating downward.*

2. Poising; Swinging Free Leg Forward and Back with Heel of Strong Foot Raised.

Stand on left foot. Slowly raise heel; swing right foot forward and back during two counts; lower heel and transfer weight to right foot; raise heel and swing left, etc.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Rise! 2-3-4. Swing backward! Forward! Backward! one count for each movement. Right foot! 2-3-4, etc. The narrowed base makes it difficult to maintain equilibrium in this exercise, and requires a nicer coordination of muscles, and greater self-command.

LESSON-TALK.

Raise heel slowly and be carefully poised on ball and toes before beginning the leg swinging. Do not look at the other pupils, who may sway unsteadily; rather gaze at some fixed object, and hold the thought of stability.

Marching.

1. *Skip left—touch step right—alternate!*
2. *Skip left—back touch step right—alternate!*
3. *Skip left—double touch step right—alternate!*
4. *Skip left—cross touch step right—alternate!*

5. *Skip left—back cross touch step right—alternate!*
6. *Skip left—double cross touch step right—alternate!*

1. On *one,* skip forward on left foot and bring right toe up to left heel; *two,* skip again on left; *three,* touch right foot front; *four,* bring right to position; *one,* skip forward on right, etc.

2. Same, touching foot back.

3. Same, touching foot both front and back.

4. Same, touching one across the other.

5. Same, touching one across behind the other.

6. Same, touching foot across in front and behind.

LESSON VII.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing upward.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg forward and back with heel of strong foot raised.*
3. Leg; *knee bending and leg circling or stretching.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching to sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling.*
7. Neck; *bending forward, twisting to one side, bending backward.*
8. Reaching; *at sides; trunk twisting and bending; reaching downward.*
9. Respiratory; *arm stretching forward, outward, and downward.*
10. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with circling outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *upward at half front; turning and floating downward.*

9. Respiratory; Arm Stretching Forward, Outward, and Downward.

Inhale while bringing hands together and raising to chest, palms down. Hold breath and extend arms straight forward, fingers together, forefingers touching; carry them strongly out to sides; carry down to position, pushing with forearms. Exhale and repeat.

Time: Inhale! 2-3-4. Hold! 2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4. Exhale! 2-3-4, etc. This exercise is to establish the habit of deep slow breathing, which is customary with all strong animals and men. It forces the air into the apices of the lungs, the parts which are first affected in pulmonary consumption; and it is an excellent exercise for chest expansion.

LESSON-TALK.

Breathe through the nostrils, with mouth closed. Keep head erect, and hold some thought of buoyancy, as if swimming through ocean of air, and continually ascending.

Marching.

1. *Hop left—touch step right—alternate!*
2. *Hop left—back touch step right—alternate!*
3. *Hop left—double touch step right—alternate!*
4. *Hop left—cross touch step right—alternate!*
5. *Hop left—back cross touch step right—alternate!*
6. *Hop left—double cross touch step right—alternate!*

1. Hop twice on left foot; on *third* count, touch right foot front; on *fourth,* bring to position; hop twice on right foot, etc.

2. Same, touching foot back.

3. Same, touching foot front and back.

4. Same, touching one across the other.

5. Same, touching one across behind the other.

6. Same, touching one across in front and behind.

LESSON VIII.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing upward.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg forward and back with heel of strong foot raised.*
3. Leg; *knee bending and leg circling or stretching.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching to sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling.*
7. Neck; *bending forward, twisting to one side, bending backward.*
8. Reaching; *upward, outward at right side.*
9. Respiratory; *arm stretching forward, outward, and downward.*
10. Arm Swinging; *arm raising, with circling outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *upward at half front; turning and floating downward.*

8. Reaching; Upward, Outward at Right Side.

Stand on right foot. Carry left foot out to side as far as possible, toe touching floor;

raise right arm at side until upper arm touches head; push outward with palm until arm is halfway between head and shoulder level, fingers pointing directly upward; carry arm easily down to side at same time bringing left foot to position. Repeat with other foot and arm.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Arm! 2-3-4. Push! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. This exercise stretches muscles of arm, trunk, and hip, stimulates the circulation, incites the internal organs to more vigorous action, and develops reserve power.

LESSON-TALK.

In raising arm, let forearm lead; reflex action will cause the head to incline slightly toward it. Push outward with palm and upward with finger tips until the opposing foot is lifted from floor; head inclined away from arm. Float arm easily down to side.

Marching.

1. *Left foot—forward—place! change!*
2. *March two — cross touch — hop — left! (right!)*

1. Place left foot one foot's distance front of normal position; bring it back to position at once and place the right foot forward; change rapidly with a leap.

2. Starting with left foot advance two steps; on *three,* cross touch left foot in front of right; *four,* hop once on right foot, and start again with left foot. Same, starting with right foot.

LESSON IX.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing upward.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg forward and back with heel of strong foot raised.*
3. Leg; *knee bending and leg circling or stretching.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching at sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling.*
7. Neck; *bending forward, twisting to one side, bending backward.*
8. Reaching; *upward, outward at right side.*
9. Respiratory; *arm stretching forward, outward, and downward.*
10. ARM SWINGING; *twirling hands outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *upward at half front; turning and floating downward.*

10. ARM SWINGING; TWIRLING HANDS OUTWARD AND INWARD.

Stand firmly on both feet; twirl forearms around each other in front of chest, first with an outward, then with an inward movement. Let wrists and hands be passive.

For Time, Effect, and Lesson-talk, see Lesson I.

Marching.

1. *Skip left—touch right—cross step twirl—alternate!*
2. *Skip left—back touch right—cross step twirl—alternate!*
3. *Skip left—double touch right—cross step twirl—alternate!*
4. *Skip left—cross touch right—cross step twirl—alternate!*
5. *Skip left—back cross touch right—cross step twirl—alternate!*
6. *Skip left—double cross touch right—cross step twirl—alternate!*

1. *One* and *two,* skip with left foot; *three,* touch right foot front; *four,* bring back to position; *one,* step forward right; *two,* step left; *three,* cross right in front of left and immediately twirl around to left upon the balls of the feet; *four,* twirl front again. Skip forward again with right foot. Numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 differ only in kind of touch step.

LESSON X.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing upward.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg forward and back with heel of strong foot raised.*
3. Leg; *knee bending and leg circling or stretching.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching at sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling.*
7. Neck; *bending forward, twisting to one side, bending backward.*
8. Reaching; *upward, outward at right side.*
9. Respiratory; *arm stretching forward, outward, and downward.*
10. Arm Swinging; *twirling hands outward and inward.*
11. FLOATING; *at sides, touching fingers on shoulders.*

11. FLOATING; AT SIDES, TOUCHING FINGERS ON SHOULDERS.

Stand on right foot. Float right arm up at side to shoulder level; turn palms up; float upward and over, then bend at wrist and touch finger tips to shoulder; float forearm back to horizontal position; repeat three times; turn and float down to position. Repeat with left arm; both arms.

For Time, Effect, and Lesson-talk, see Lesson I.

Marching.

1. *Hop left—touch right—cross step twirl—alternate!*
2. *Hop left—back touch right—cross step twirl—alternate!*
3. *Hop left—double touch right—cross step twirl—alternate!*
4. *Hop left—cross touch right—cross step twirl—alternate!*
5. *Hop left—back cross touch right—cross step twirl—alternate!*
6. *Hop left—double cross touch right—cross step twirl—alternate!*

All are performed as in Lesson IX, with hopping twice instead of skipping.

ACTION POEMS.

[See Note to Teachers in Grades V and VI.]

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[By special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.]

I.

There lay upon the ocean's shore (1)
That once a tortoise served to cover (2)
A year and more, with rush and roar, (3)
The surf had rolled it over, (4)
Had played with it, and flung it by, (5)
As wind and weather might decide it, (6)
Then tossed it high, where sand-drifts dry (7)
Cheap burial might provide it. (8)

II.

It rested there to bleach or tan, (1)
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it; (9)
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it; (10)
And there the fisher-girl would stay, (1)
Conjecturing with her brother, (11)
How in their play the poor estray (12)
Might serve some use or other.

III.

So there it lay, through wet and dry, (1)
As empty as the last new sonnet, (13)
Till by and by came Mercury, (14)
And, having mused upon it, (15)
"Why here," cried he, "the thing of things, (1)
In shape, material, and dimension! (16)
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings, (17)
A wonderful invention!" (18)

IV.

So said, so done; the cords he strained, (19)
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered, (20)
The shell disdained a soul had gained, (21)
The lyre had been discovered. (22)
O empty world that round us lies, (23)
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken, (24)
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's (14)
In thee what songs should waken! (25)

(1) Point down to left, palm up. (2) Turn palm down and make slight sidewise motions with hand. (3) Raise both arms slightly in front and carry swiftly to left, and to right on "rush and roar." (4) Carry hands up and over like "surf." (5) Carry both to right, then to left. (6) Carry arms apart to mid half sides, palms up. (7) Carry both arms slightly upward to left. (8) Turn palms down and lower slightly on left side. (9) Turn palm down, lift to shoulder level and lower again; point upward right. (10) Slightly advance left foot, bend forward and slightly raise arms; on "spurned" make slight movement of arms toward left side. (11) Point right. (12) Rest left elbow upon right hand, and cheek upon left hand, as if thinking. (13) Raise right forearm to front mid line, palm up. (14) Point to right half side, palm down. (15) Droop head as if musing. (16) Turn palm down, then up, then show "dimension" with both hands. (17) Motion of stretching strings; then raise hands in surprise on "lo!"; lower to half sides mid line, palms up. (18) Raise forearms slightly and lower to same position. (19) Motions of stretching cords. (20) Motions of playing. (21) From 1st position turn palm up. (22) Raise forearm slightly and lower again. (23) Carry both arms from front mid line to sides, palms up. (24) Bring to front mid line; turn palms down and carry downward toward sides. (25) Both arms held at half sides, mid line, palms up.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

[By special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.]

In the market-place of Bruges stands the
belfry old and brown; (1)
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still
it watches o'er the town. (2)

As the summer morn was breaking, (3) on
that lofty tower I stood, (1)
And the world threw off the darkness, like
the weeds of widowhood. (4)

Thick with towns (5) and hamlets studded,
(6) and with streams and vapors gray,
(7)
Like a shield embossed with silver, (8)
round and vast the landscape lay. (9)

At my feet the city slumbered. (10) From
its chimneys here and there, (11)
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending,
(12) vanished, ghost-like, into air. (13)

Not a sound rose from the city (14) at that
early morning hour, (15)
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the
ancient tower. (16)

From their nests beneath the rafters (17)
sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world beneath me sleeping (18)
seemed more distant than the sky. (19)

Then most musical and solemn, bringing
back the olden times, (20)
With their strange unearthly changes rang
the melancholy chimes, (21)

Like the psalms from some old cloister,
when the nuns sing in the choir; (22)
And the great bell tolled among them, (23)
like the chanting of a friar. (24)

Visions of the days departed, shadowy
phantoms filled my brain; (25)
They who live in history only seemed to
walk the earth again; (26)

* * * * *

I beheld the pageants splendid (27) that
adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, (28) like queens attended,
(29) knights who bore the Fleece of
Gold. (30)

Lombard and Venetian merchants (31) with
deep laden argosies; (32)
Ministers from twenty nations; more than
royal pomp and ease. (33)

* * * * *

Then the sound of drums aroused me. (34)
The awakened city's roar (35)
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back
into their graves once more. (36)

Hours had passed away like minutes; (37)
and, before I was aware, (38)
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the
sun-illumined square. (39)

(1) Point upward right. (2) Raise arms at mid line front and carry out to sides. (3) Point straight forward. (4) Arms raised front above head and lowered to sides with gentle sweep. (5) Point forward with left hand, palm down. (6) Point to left. (7) Point with right hand. (8) Bring both hands forward, palms front. (9) Carry arms toward sides, turning palms down. (10) Point downward front with both hands. (11) Point forward and to side with left hand, palm down. (12) Upward movement in circles with left. (13) Higher movement to side. (14) Both arms raised slowly in front. (15) Lower to mid line at half sides, palms up. (16) Turn palms down and carry arms downward toward front. (17) Point downward left. (18) Both arms carried outward at mid line, palms front. (19) Carry both arms upward, pointing to sky. (20) Lift left forearm to mid front line and carry to half side, turning palm up. (21) Turn palm slowly down and lower slightly. (22) Lift right forearm at front mid line and carry out to half side, palm up. (23) Turn palm down. (24) Droop head. (25) Both hands lifted to sides of head. (26) Slowly lower arms to half sides mid line, palms down. (27) Carry extended left arm slowly from low front to half side, palm down. (28) Stand erect, tipping head proudly back. (29) Carry arms out to sides at mid line, palms up, and bend from hips. (30) Point to right, palm up. (31) Point forward with both hands, palms down. (32) Lower arms slightly. (33) Carry arms upward and over to sides, palms up. (34) Aroused manner, and motions of striking drum. (35) Turn palms front. (36) Turn palms down and carry arms toward sides. (37) Bring hands again to head. (38) Lower arms in front, palms front. (39) Point upward right, then down to square.

[*To be continued.*]

ENTERTAINMENTS

WANTED—A SERVANT.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

CLERK—Latest style shirt-waist, black skirt.
MRS. LEMOYNE—Very fashionably gowned.
ALICE—Gaudy-looking American girl.
DINORAH—Colored woman.
MARY ANN—Gayly dressed Irish girl.
GRETCHEN—Stupid-looking German girl, in old country clothes.
AGNES—Neat-looking, ladylike girl.
EXTRA SERVANTS—Black and white of all sorts.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT: Intelligence office, around sides of which are seated a number of servants; desk stage front R.; easy chair near stage front C.

SCENE: MRS. LEMOYNE seated in easy chair near stage front C, talking to girl who is standing. CLERK writes at desk and looks up occasionally at MRS. LEMOYNE. EXTRA SERVANTS talk among themselves, and occasionally move over to desk, and some pass out.

DIALOGUE.

MRS. LE MOYNE. You would like to get a place as cook, I understand.

ALICE. I'm not particular. I'd as soon be a chambermaid. If I could get a fine place—a place that suits me, and where I'd be treated like a lady, I might go out as cook.

MRS. LE M. Indeed! Really! I suppose you can furnish references.

ALICE. Oh, yes, certainly. The very best for I've worked for the very best families. I'm particular who I work for, very particular.

MRS. LE M. Indeed! I hope the company you keep is as good as the persons you worked for. Kindly tell me what you can do as cook?

ALICE. Well, there's one thing I *won't do*, and that is carry coal, that's the first; and I won't split kindlings, and that's number two, but I can cook. There's another thing I won't do—you don't keep a laundress—do you?

MRS. LE M. No, I do not.

ALICE. Well, I won't do any starched pieces, that's what I won't do. I'm an American girl, and I won't lower myself by doing such work. As to cooking, there's no one that can beat me. I can make bread, and cake, and pie, roast meat, equal to the best. In fact, I can do anything in the way of cooking.

MRS. LE M. In regard to carrying coal and splitting wood, my cook has always done that. Our family is so small that very little wood and coal are needed.

ALICE. It takes the same amount of coal and wood for a small family, as for a large one. My usual work is that of a chambermaid. I guess I'll stick to that. What wages do you pay?

MRS. LE M. Four and a-half a week. I prefer to pay my servants weekly.

ALICE. I guess you'll get no respectable girl for that amount. I've always had five and a-half a week, and Saturdays and Sundays off. What time do you give off?

MRS. LE M. I give half a day every other Thursday, and half a day every other Sunday, and that is all the time I give.

ALICE [*sneeringly*]. I wouldn't work for any one for less than my regular price, and two days off a week. I wouldn't have wasted my time talking to you, if I had thought you wouldn't give me my price. I don't think we suit. [*Walking grandly out.*] Good day.

CLERK [*calls*]. Dinorah!

[*A girl gets up from corner of room and comes forward.*]

MRS. LE M. [*to clerk*]. The impudence of American servants—what a contrast between these and the little French maids. Oh, dear, I wish I was back in dear old Paris.

DINORAH. Good day, missy. I heerd you wanted fur to git a cook. I'm thet, honey-chile. I used to cook fur ole Colonel Rastus fore de wah, and sense den I've lived with li'l missy 'til she died. I was her lady's maid, honey-chile, but [*boo! boo!*] she's daid—she's daid an' now I mus' fin' a place to work agin.

MRS. LE M. Can you cook good, Dinah? I think that's your name—

DINORAH. That's not my name, missy: it's Dinorah with an "h" at the end. Yes 'um, I kin cook ef de cookin' ain't too heavy.

I'm gittin' 'long in years, honey, an' don' want too much work to do.

MRS. LE M. But I must have a servant to do my work, and that is to cook, bake, wash, iron, and keep the kitchen in perfect order. Can you scrub and build fires?

DINORAH. I 'spects I kin scrub, but to build a fire is too much fer me. I guess I won't suit. I's so sorry. I wuz sartin sure you'd take me, missy. I's sorry, I is. Good day.

CLERK [*calls*]. Mary Ann!

[MARY ANN *comes forward.* MRS. LE MOYNE *looks wearied and disgusted.*]

MARY ANN [*making a deep, drop, curtesy.*] Good mornin', mum. Is it a cook ye're after wantin', mum?

MRS. LE M. [*sarcastically*]. Yes, it's a cook "I'm after wantin'!" Can you cook and can you give reference?

MARY ANN. I kin give ye riferinces from the bist families in the counthry, do ye mind, ma'am, the Vanderbilts, and the O'Flahertys, the McLains, and the O'Shaughnessys, and the loikes.

MRS. LE M. Indeed! they are high bloods.

MARY ANN. Oh, yis, ma'am, to be shure, and ithers too I've worked fer. Ere ye plain livers, ma'am?

MRS. LE M. We think so. We have only four courses for dinner, and the others accordingly.

MARY ANN. Four coorses fer dinner, indade! In troth, ye'll not suit me at all, at all. I've never worked in a place where they had liss than eight coorses fer dinner, an' I wouldn't demane meself by workin' fer sich as ye. Yez too common fer the loikes of me. [*Flits out of the room.*]

CLERK. Gretchen!

[*Gretchen comes forward.*]

MRS. LE M. [*to clerk, wringing her hands*]. Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do? I really feel as though I'm the one being hired, and if I don't get a girl, what will poor Charley do? He does enjoy housekeeping so much. Oh, dear! [*Angrily*] and I just hate it! The impudence of those people!

GRETCHEN. You vant ein serfant girl—I suits you—I cooks—Oh so fine—I do all that you wants—oh, so gut. Vill you tries me? I'm shust ofer von Sharmany these six monat letz—you try me—you like me—I'm good cook.

MRS. LE M. Oh, dear, no! go away, I can't understand you. I won't—[*gets up and goes to desk*]—I won't have a German girl. Haven't you any others? I'm awfully tired of all this.

CLERK [*calls*]. Agnes!

[*Agnes comes forward.*]

MRS. LE M. Oh, you're the first decent girl I've seen to-day. Do you go out as cook?

AGNES. I do not as a rule, but I'm thinking of doing so, as I can get more wages. What do you pay, and how big is your family, and what references can you give?

MRS. LE M. Oh, never mind the wages and the rest. Come along and we'll just catch the train. It's the 5.30 p. m. [*Girl holds back.*] Oh, do come. I like you, and I'm sure we'll get along—come—come—do come!

AGNES. I'll come if you pay the wages I want—twenty-five dollars a month, and the time off I want.

MRS. LE M. Oh, I will [*watches clock*], I will, do come [*they move toward the door*]. Oh, what will Charley say about the wages! Well, he won't say much. If he'd seen the ones I've seen to-day he'd think this girl a treasure. Oh, dear! let's hurry. [*To the* CLERK] I'll see you next week—good day. [*Rushes out of the door, girl following with bundle.*]

CURTAIN.

"Any new features at the musicale?" "Oh, yes; Mr. Brisque sang 'Old Kentucky Home' with a pistol obligato."

TOMMY—Pop, why do singers eat tar drops?
TOMMY'S POP—To give their voices a proper pitch, I suppose.

AUNT HANNAH—They say that Matilda sings like a lark.
UNCLE JASON—Not, I hope, like the lark that Stephen was on the other night.

MRS. HENPECKKE—Doctor, I need a tonic. I am all run down.
DOCTOR—Let me see your tongue.
MR. HENPECKKE (*sotto voce*)—He won't find much evidence of it there.

SMILES—I'm glad I wasn't Shakespeare.
GILES—Why are you?
SMILES—Because I should be dead now.
GILES—Yes, that's true—and Shakespeare would be forgotten.

The long, solemn gentleman with the piercing eyes tapped gently on the shoulder of the encore fiend in front of him.

"Allow me to present you," said he, handing the applauder a small paper package.

"What does this mean?" asked the recipient, wrathfully, as he opened the package and found about $2 in dimes and nickels.

"It means this," replied the solemn gentleman. "I have noticed your earnest efforts to have everything twice. Therefore, I have taken up this small collection in order that you may come to-morrow, instead of trying to get your two performances in one evening."

A GIPSY FANTASY.

By EMMA L. AMBLER.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES: Six young ladies in gipsy costume with tambourines.

MUSIC: Any good bright polka and gipsy rondo.

Enter from opposite sides, cautiously stealing in, crouching slightly, finger on lips, alert and listening. No. 1's on each side enter at the same time; run one measure and hold one measure, standing with weight on right foot advanced, body slightly bent, hands out at sides, head turned to left. Move forward on next measure as No. 2's join them from either side, and so on until all are on the stage, running at the same time, and holding in listening attitude every other measure. Continue until all have made circle of stage, crossing at front and back, and forming semicircle across back of stage, face to front in listening attitude, holding one measure, then changing as follows:

Startled: Weight left back, body drawn back, hands clasped at left side of neck. Hold one measure. Change to

Peering: Weight right oblique forward, right hand shading eyes; look intently to right oblique forward. Hold one measure, change to more intense attitude; every other one dropping on left knee shielding eyes as before; standing ones bend farther forward, bending right knee. Hold one measure; change to a still more intense attitude; those on knees throw weight to right knee, standing ones kneel as shown in Picture I. Hold one measure. Change to

Fright: All springing back on left knee, right foot ready to rise; body drawn back, hands clasped at left side of neck. Hold one measure. Change to

Rejection: Spring to feet, weight left oblique back, right arm extended right oblique forward, hand vertical; left hand with back against right cheek, looking disdainfully right oblique forward. Hold one measure. Change to

Defiance: Weight left oblique back; right hand clenched and brought to upper chest, elbow raised; look over elbow to right oblique forward; left hand clenched at side; body well drawn up; face strong and defiant. Hold one measure. Change to

Triumph: Weight left back, right foot crossed, toe pointing left oblique; right arm raised high over head, hand holding tambourine; face triumphant and laughing. Hold one measure. Change to dance with polka step, dancing about in circle, waving tambourine wildly above head, body swaying with music. Return to former position. Partners facing, shake tambourines, laughing at one another, one measure; turn from partner, looking back over shoulder, laughing, arms akimbo. Hold one measure. Repeat, partners taking hold of hands and holding tambourines high overhead, go forward to front of stage and back with polka step. When in place again, partners assume the following attitudes, holding each one measure:

Attitude I.—No. 1's accuse, and No. 2's assume laughing attitude as in Picture II. Change to

Attitude II.—No. 1's, turning from partners, fold arms and look back over right shoulder at partners disdainfully; while No. 2's, still kneeling, raise arms appealingly to partners. Change to

PICTURE I.

Attitude III. (Picture III.).—No. 2's offer hands to partners, who rise, and all dance forward and back.

Repeat attitudes.

All dance wildly about the stage in circle.

Attitude IV.—When back to place, No. 1's kneel on right knee, holding tambourine over head with left hand, right arm akimbo; No. 2's, facing partners, weight right oblique back, holding tambourine over head in left hand, right arm akimbo, bend forward looking into face of partner. Hold one measure. As No. 1's remain in kneeling attitude, partners dance, weaving in and out of line till reaching former position. Hold one measure. Partners change places and repeat, holding attitude at close as before. All dance wildly about stage again in circle, dropping on floor in lazy attitudes as in Picture IV. Sitting thus sing "Juanita" as solo and chorus, or as duet and chorus.

As the song ends music changes to a gipsy rondo. All spring to feet, dance wildly about stage twice in large circle with two-step, tambourines shaking over head, body swaying; on reaching back of stage partners take position shown in Picture V. and go forward in straight line across stage using the following step:

Touch right toe to right oblique forward, left oblique back, dropping in courtesy, right oblique forward again then left oblique forward (one measure). Repeat, toe touching and kick step until reaching front of stage. Change to two-step, circle up stage and repeat, going forward as before, breaking into the two-step and exit at left upper entrance.

PICTURE II.

PICTURE III.

PICTURE IV.

PICTURE V.

The Founders of the Volta Bureau.

AN INSTITUTION FOR THE INCREASE AND DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE RELATING TO THE DEAF.

Founded and Supported by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell and Professor Alexander Melville Bell.

FOR about a century only have congenitally deaf persons been deemed worthy of treatment usually accorded other members of the human family. When men became sufficiently humane to try to ameliorate the condition of the deaf, their organs of speech, supposed to be unable to form articulate language, were ignored, and sign-language and manual alphabet were invented. Using these the deaf could converse with one another, but not with others; their condition was but little improved; they remained banished to a deaf-and-dumb world.

VOLTA BUREAU—EXTERIOR.

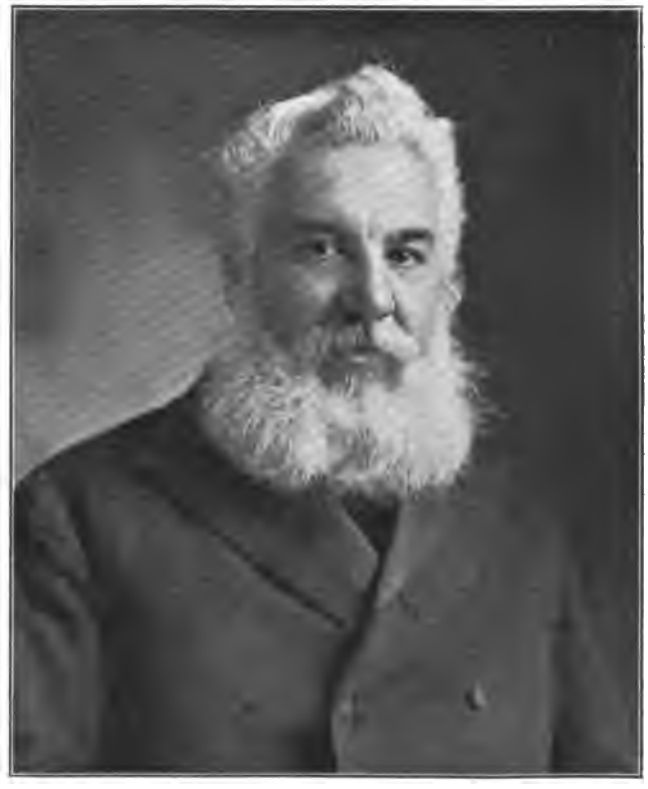
Physiologists were a long time realizing that a mute's speech organs are not at fault, that these will readily respond to speech-impulse if commanded by the brain; that deaf-mutes are mute solely because they can not hear; and that it is necessary for a person to hear sounds mentally if not physically before he can reproduce them—his brain must cognize and recognize them.

The ear as an important agent of mental and moral development has received too little attention. He who has never heard tones of love and of anger, of approval and of disapproval, of joy and of sorrow, of pleasure and of pain, is necessarily stunted and warped mentally and spiritually. The voice expresses spiritual, mental, and physical conditions. It is the index to the individual; it is the flower and the fruit of civilization. Just in proportion as a man fails to find oral expression, is his nature crippled, handicapped, stunted, and warped. He who attempts to break the bonds of enthralled speech comes into close contact with the soul; the veil that hides the secrets of life seems thinner as we approach the springs and centres of speech. The realm where factors of material voice meet and respond to factors of spiritual voice, is terra incognita; the science of voice-production has only begun to dawn; we grope, and only at rare intervals catch glimpses of light. Therefore he who even a little dispels the darkness that now envelops voice deserves recognition and thanks.

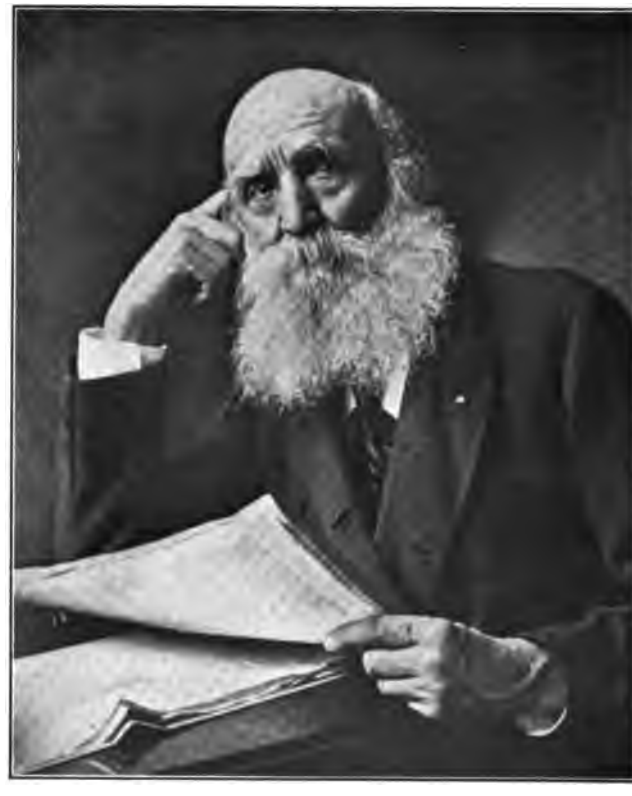
VOLTA BUREAU—MAIN HALL AND READING ROOM, WITH PORTRAITS OF EMINENT INSTRUCTORS OF THE DEAF.

VOLTA BUREAU—SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, SHOWING ENTRANCE TO FIREPROOF ROOMS.

ALEXANDER MELVILLE BELL.



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.



JOHN HITZ.

Among those who have greatly served language and oral expression are Alexander Melville Bell and Alexander Graham Bell, father and son. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell commands attention as inventor of the telephone, scientist, and philanthropist. It is chiefly in his capacity as benefactor of the deaf that we here consider him. He is founder of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf. His noble services promoted a system of public day schools with state aid, for the deaf in Wisconsin's incorporated cities and villages. This achievement is among the most important of the nineteenth century in behalf of the deaf.

When a young man, Alexander Graham Bell was sent by his father from Scotland to America to introduce the father's system of Visible Speech for instructing the deaf. Among young Bell's pupils was a deaf girl, who later, as the distinguished inventor's wife, accompanied Dr. Bell to Paris, when he went there to receive the Volta prize of 50,000 francs conferred by the French government in recognition of his discovery of the telephone. Those who met Mrs. Bell did not suspect her deafness, so perfect had been the result of her training under the Bell system.

Dr. Bell made the 50,000 franc Volta prize the nucleus for the endowment of an institution, established for the sole purpose of collection, increase and dissemination of knowledge relating to the deaf. This sum of 50,000 francs has been many times

multiplied by gifts from Dr. Bell and his father, Professor Alexander Melville Bell—founders and supporters of the institution, fitly named the Volta Bureau. Ground was broken May 1, 1894, in Washington, D. C., and a handsome building admirably suited to its purpose was completed almost exactly a year later. The building is located in West Washington, formerly known as Georgetown, on an elevation commanding a fine view of the city of Washington and a long stretch of the Potomac river. The roof garden, with its easy chairs and awnings, is an ideal place on a hot summer day for quiet study or for dreaming the time away. In fireproof apartments are kept valuable manuscripts, memoranda, genealogical charts, statistical tables, reference cards, books, and pamphlets.

The amount of printed material distributed gratuitously by the Bureau, either directly, or through the courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution, and that of the United States Bureau of Education, during three years, exceeded 15,000 publications of various sizes. An increasing number of superintendents and principals of schools now transmit regularly through the Bureau for distributing abroad their periodical reports, and foreign institutions are likewise doing so, notably, the National Institution of France, which also occasionally includes in its donations for exchange valuable duplicates of rare and interesting antiquarian publications relating to the cause which the Bureau has been established to promote. Expressions of appreciation are many from teachers, specialists, and others in all parts of the world, for helpful pedagogical aids which the Bureau has thus been enabled to supply.

The Bureau, in addition to previous valuable gifts of copyrights, plates, and reserve stock of printed matter, aggregating 10,522 numbers, is furthermore indebted to Prof. Alexander Melville Bell, for donation of 10,000 copies of his later works, including monographs, issued lately, and also a German and Italian edition of English Visible Speech in Twelve Lessons.

Three cases of census material obtained at the expense of this Bureau by Dr. E. A. Fay, appointed special agent by the United States government, to collect statistics relating to the deaf, have been deposited in its library vaults. These cards comprise a carefully prepared catalogue of upward of 40,000 deaf, in attendance, or who have attended various schools for the deaf in the United States. In connection with the statistics on marriages of the deaf, tabulated by Dr. Fay, for and on account of the Bureau, these cards constitute a priceless acquisition to the material it already possesses for scientific research.

This Bureau was ably represented at the Fourteenth Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, held at Flint, Michigan, July, 1895, and also the Fifth Summer Meeting of The American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, held at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, July, 1896, by Dr. Joseph C. Gordon, then of the Columbia Institution for the deaf. It was likewise represented at the meeting of the National Educational Association, held at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, July, 1897, where it presented international statistical reports made to the Bureau, from 543 schools for the deaf. These reports the Bureau received in response to circulars sent out in different languages, and they came to hand prepared in no less than ten lan-

guages, frequently containing elaborate historical data of rare value for preservation, and reference in the archives of the Bureau.

The Reading Room of the Bureau has been enriched with life size crayon portraits of prominent educators of the deaf, in various countries, including Heinicke, of Germany; the Abbe de l'Epée, of France; Tarra, of Italy; Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Great Britain, and Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, of America. Likewise, a bust in bronze of Prof. Robert C. Spencer, of the Wisconsin Phonological Institute, and the eminent philologist, Prof. Alexander Melville Bell. Its register of visitors includes the names of many distinguished scientists, specialists and instructors of the deaf.

It is impossible to speak of the work of the Bureau without an allusion to the energy and wide knowledge of its Superintendent, Hon. John Hitz. A native of Switzerland, he served at Washington as Consul-general of Switzerland, succeeding his father in 1864. He participated actively in various educational and philanthropic organizations, especially those dealing with the deaf. He was installed Superintendent of the Volta Bureau at its organization in 1890, and has pushed its interests with untiring executive ability ever since.

Professor Alexander Melville Bell, founder, with his son, of the Volta Bureau, is a Scotchman, son of an instructor of elocution. In 1842, when still a young man, he announced the formulation of a new theory of articulation and vocal expression. In 1868 Professor Bell delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston, Mass. Later he served on the board of instruction in the school of vocal physiology, established in Boston by his distinguished son, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. He is now permanently located in Washington, D. C., engaged in literary work, and constantly interested in the development of the Volta Bureau.

Professor Bell is justly designated the "Nestor of Elocution." His numerous publications treating of elocution, vocal physiology, and defects in speech, dating from 1845 to 1901; also on phonetics and visible speech, 1866 to 1898, and also on phonetic shorthand writing, 1852 to 1857, are accepted authorities on these subjects. In 1885 Professor Bell was elected a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and is an active member of the Modern Language Association, and of various scientific and educational organizations in the United States. He also holds a fellowship in the Educational Institute in Scotland, and in the Royal Scottish Society of Arts. Of his latest book ("Principles of Speech," fifth edition, published by the Volta Bureau, 1900), Professor Bell says: "I can not hope to see this edition exhausted like its predecessors. In one's 81st year the retrospect is so long that the prospective outlook must be relatively very short." Yet, in this, his 81st year, Professor Bell delivered, December 17, 1900, a lecture before Columbia University, New York, on his system of Visible Speech, the lecture being illustrated orally by both himself and his son, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell.

CURRENT THOUGHT

VOICE-CULTURE AND MUSIC.

SINGING-LESSONS WITH MARCHESI.

"I have four classes in all in my school, two of which may be described as preliminary classes. First in order comes the class for the 'training' of the voice, in which I am sole accompanist. The second is a preparatory class; from this students may pass into the opera or concert class. In the first named, the students' general musical education is particularly seen to. A knowledge of the intervals, singing at sight, beating time, etc., must be mastered; the beating of time generally comes hardest, and, to avoid its practice, students resort to a dozen expedients. To-day they regard it as beneath their dignity; to-morrow proclaim it injurious to the voice; on the morning following declare that it wearies their arms; but the task must be performed.

"When the attack of tone, the art of breathing, the connection and equalizing of the registers, with a clear vocalization on the vowel A are attained to, then, and only then, do I say to the young persons that await patiently—and mostly impatiently—their deliverance: 'Children, to-morrow will be a holiday; to-morrow you will begin to sing on words. Bring forth pencil and paper, and take down, each of you, the name of the piece you are to sing.'

"As I regard the Italian tongue, because of its vowels, as best fitted to the progressive education of the voice, and to the requirements of recitative, and of the art of interpretation, style and pronunciation, I usually commence with the old Italian masters, such as Carissimi, Scarlatti, Lotti, Pergolesi, Marcello, Jomelli, Paesiello, and, later on, of course, Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, without omitting Mozart. In the preparatory class, some of my vocalizzi may still be sung if necessary; never in the opera and concert classes. Besides the Italian masters, the German and French masters are studied in the preparatory class, and sung with the original text, as I require of my pupils a knowledge of three languages.

"I require also in the preparatory class that the pupils learn their arias and songs by heart, for improvement of memory. As to the accompaniment, I never permit that the melody be played to help the pupil; this vicious practice prevails particularly in Italy, and is very prejudicial to the pupil, who, deprived of a familiar accompanist, often goes astray. While making progress in this class, the young pupil may, while prosecuting her studies, attend the concert or operatic class.

"In the concert class the pupils sing German Lieder, French and Italian romances, arias from classic and modern operas, oratorios of Handel, Mendelssohn, etc., and duets by all the great composers, but preferably those by Rubinstein, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Gounod. Strange to say, I have to compel the pupils to study duets; they believe, and candidly admit, that studying them is sheer loss of time.

"I admit to the operatic class pupils that already understand how to sing, and have a thorough mastery of the mechanism of the voice and a knowledge of the languages. Here répertoire only is studied, and singers are made ready for foreign lands. The operas of Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Weber, Ambroise Thomas, Rossini, Verdi, Donizetti, Gounod, Delibes, Massenet, Saint-Saens, etc., and the younger composers, Humperdinck, Mascagni, Puccini, are taught, with all the works of the current répertoire. As for Wagner, I incline to have my pupils study Elsa in 'Lohengrin,' Eva in 'Die Meistersinger,' Elisabeth in 'Tannhauser,' and Senta in 'Der Fliegende Hollander,' as these roles are the least trying for young throats."—*Harper's Bazar.*

VOWELS NOT MADE BY LIPS.

"I believe all vowel sounds should be made entirely by positions of tongue and soft-palate, and by the use of resonating chambers and not by using the lips. Take simple vowels, *ah, a, e, o, oo* (*a, e, i, o, u,* in Italian), and sing them on any one note in the middle of the voice. As the voice steps from one note to another you may observe the tendency in *o* and *oo* to purse up the lips or to thrust them forward, as if to lengthen the speaking-tube. This is the very thing that must be avoided; for, somehow or other, this very movement seems to obstruct the easiest action of the voice and to hinder the free use of the upper resonating chambers.

"By a little practice this movement may be avoided, and the vowels will find their place in the resonators, to the great satisfaction of both singer and listener. This practice is invaluable for an accurate and certain location of the voice, for it seems to bring the resonators of the voice into play. In fact, it occurs as though the vowels sung in this way almost place the voice. The utmost value may be placed on this proposition that has been presented in regard to the vowels, for, when the vowels have thus found their nests, as it were, they all have that round resonant quality and velvety color that was the glory of the Italian singers.

"The experiments one tries are likely to be made in the middle of the voice, where all things are comparatively easy. When the same experiments are carried higher in the voice, the results are somewhat dif-

ferent. For example, the vowels *o* and *oo* become much more difficult at the top of the voice if the lips are thrust out to form them; and the vowel *e* is extremely difficult at the top of the voice unless the use of the upper resonators is obtained. When they are, it is, perhaps, the easiest of all vowels in the high notes.

"It may be urged that we have considered only the simpler vowel sounds. The proposition holds good just the same for all vowels; and, if the principle is faithfully applied, the many vowel sounds in the English language will not present the slightest terror to the student. One becomes about as easy as another to the native-born. And no doubt it would seem that we might carry the proposition and accurately describe the positions for each and every vowel.

"This is a vain delusion and a serious detriment to the singer. It is simply impossible to describe the positions of all the vowel colors in the English language in a way that would be of service to a singer. They must all be reduced to one principle, which, as I have already stated, is the greatest freedom of the tongue, soft-palate, and resonators. The vowels then seem to form themselves in a way that is delightfully sure. The accurate description of the vowel action seems to make them rigid and colorless.

"A wise European teacher puts it somewhat like this: Do not make the position and then try to make the vowel fit into it; on the contrary, *think* the vowel and let the breath, as it were, blow the position into place."—*Perley Dunn Aldrich in the "Etude."*

RICHARD WAGNER A TWOFOLD GENIUS.

"Richard Wagner was a double genius. Not only was he a musician of remarkable originality, but his literary work is of such a nature that he stands in the front rank of dramatic poets. To find similar instances of dual genius, we must traverse three or four centuries of time, till we meet with Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael, who were noted as architects as well as painters. So radical have been the reforms effected by Wagner in the treatment of the drama with music, and so stupendous the nature of his undertakings, that none but a mind of colossal proportions could cope with the complex problems. It was quite in the nature of things that his appearance should have occasioned an upheaval in the world of art, and that it should be divided into ardent devotees and fervid enemies.

"In reviewing the history of the fine arts we learn that the great masters have always builded upon the suggestions of their predecessors, profiting by their failures as well as by their successes. Wagner felt the full force of this obligation to his antecedents when he made the somewhat discouraging statement that 'no composer can be original at the outset, but must begin by imitating the works of others.'

"It is necessary in forming an opinion of a composer's claim to distinction to consider the period in which he was born and the environment in which he labored. Wagner belonged to that remarkable group of geniuses that appeared about the year 1810. This was the period of revolution. The wholesome influence of the Renaissance had in the course of time given place to mere superficialties. The love for classical art had been supplanted by a devotion to the artificial. The reverence for Greek proportion, symmetry and form had degenerated into the formalities of the Rococo style. Toward the end of the eighteenth century continental Europe was suffering from the miasmatic spiritual atmosphere bred by the swamps of indolence and immorality. The remedy required was a purifying whirlwind. It came in the form of the French revolution and the Napoleonic wars. Torn by tumultuous emotions, nature gave birth to great musicians to enable her to express her pangs and woes—Schubert born in 1797, Berlioz in 1803, Chopin and Liszt in 1809, Schumann in 1810, and Wagner who was born in 1813. When the poet-composer was but five months old his native city was the scene of one of Napoleon's fiercest battles."—*Edgar Stillman Kelley.*

ORATORY AND ELOCUTION.

PHYSICIANS AS PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

"It is asserted, and it would appear with truth, that physicians taken as a class do not compare favorably in the art of public speaking with those who follow some other vocations. This may be put down to a lack of training and of practice. Dr. William Whitford, official stenographer of the American Medical Association, in an article treating of the physician as a speaker, deals with the subject from all standpoints, but especially from that of the reporter. It is shown that the pitch, intensity, and amplitude of a speaker's voice have much to do with the work of the reporter, in that they will greatly expedite his work or render it extremely difficult. It is an irksome task for any reporter, no matter how acute his hearing, to follow a physician who has a low-pitched, thick voice, coupled with a mumbling mode of utterance. On the other hand, the physician who takes cognizance of acoustics and pitches his voice in a much higher key, if he articulates well, can be heard in the remotest nook or corner of a large convention hall without apparently unusual effort. A low-pitched voice, combined with rapidity and indistinctness of utterance, will worry most reporters. A physician with a tolerably high-pitched voice may be clear and distinct in utterance, yet excessively rapid in delivery. His clear-cut sentences may flow uninterruptedly at the rate of between 160 and 190 words per minute. Such a man can be reported with comparative ease.

"Perhaps the most interesting portion of Dr. Whitford's article is that in which physicians and lawyers are compared as

speakers. He says: 'I have had the pleasure of reporting the utterances of several eminent lawyers from time to time, and, to speak candidly, I must confess that they were not the superiors in any sense of many of the physicians whose impromptu speeches I have reported.' As striking examples of the extemporaneous type of speakers in the medical profession the following three are cited: Dr. Nicholas Senn is referred to as a fluent, forcible, and impressive speaker with an excellent command of language, who possesses a richness in his diction, a copiousness, ease, and variety in his expression, which are rarely surpassed by the best extemporaneous speakers. In debates he shows to best advantage when under heavy fire, and is a master of repartee. Dr. Charles A. Reed, of Cincinnati, is presented as a splendid specimen of the scholarly, well-read speaker, who is chiefly distinguished for his elegant diction and the ornateness of his phraseology, and Dr. Joseph M. Matthews, of Louisville, is given as a shining example of the easy, graceful, polished speaker, whose forte is simplicity of language.

"No one can deny these conclusions or refuse the due meed of praise to the above-named speakers, but it must also be borne in mind that while the West has every reason to be proud of her elegant medical sons, yet the East has at least no cause to be ashamed of the physicians within her borders who are gifted with considerable rhetorical powers. In the first place, however, it must be said that the character of the speech-making of doctors in the East and West differs in most instances in many important particulars. The speakers of the West, including the medical speakers, would appear to be greatly influenced by the size, width, and breadth of their country; the air of the illimitable prairies would seem to have permeated their systems and to have perhaps unconsciously imparted to their speech some of its breezy vastiness. On the other hand, the manner of public speaking in the East is founded more upon the British style, less copious and diffuse, more reserved than the oratory of the West, but quite as much to the point. Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas, Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, Dr. William H. Draper, of New York; Dr. Osler, of Baltimore; Dr. Weir Mitchell and Dr. Keen, of Philadelphia, are physicians who may be relied upon to uphold the honor of the United States as speakers of any company. Some may think that to say that public speaking in the East is founded upon the British style is not to pay public speaking in the East a distinguished compliment.

"We certainly do not intend to convey the impression that we think public speaking anywhere in the United States is slavishly modeled on British lines, for the American style of oratory is peculiarly its own and in many respects quite superior to that of any other country. There is generally in the speeches of a typical American speaker, be he doctor or otherwise, a fund of dry, caustic, but withal good-natured humor which is unattainable by the orator of Europe. However, the fact must be confessed with some degree of shame, that neither in this country nor in Europe are doctors in the front rank of public speakers. Some of the more prominent here have been mentioned. In Great Britain, perhaps, at the present time, Sir William McCormac is the best medical public speaker; in Germany Virchow and Von Bergmann stand at the head; in France Lannelongue leads, and in Italy Durante. The United States can lay claim to a medical man who, as an after-dinner speaker, was probably never surpassed, the inimitable Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Great Britain possessed in the late Sir James Paget an orator who could vie with the greatest that country ever produced."—*N. Y. "Medical Record."*

BISMARCK ON THE EVILS OF ORATORY.

After the deluge of campaign oratory to which the country has been subjected, many will be interested in reading what Bismarck had to say on the orator, and the degree of influence that should be allowed him in the affairs of a nation. A recent number of the Magdeburger *Zeitung* contains this opinion, as quoted in a lecture delivered before the Philological Society of that city. The lecturer asserted that Bismarck deemed oratory one of the greatest evils of political life; and in proof cited a speech made by the great chancellor in 1881. The following paragraphs are a part of the speech:

"To be a good speaker, one must not be without poetical aspiration, without a splendid gift of improvisation, such as we have seen in public performances in which music alternates with oratorical improvisation, in which a theme is given, on any object, even if unknown to the improvisator, but about which he makes a speech, sometimes of real brilliancy, such a speech as would have almost convinced me for the moment if I had not been undeceived by the particular local environment. I wish to indicate by what I say that the leading influence on large communities should be given to mere masters of eloquence with as much hesitation as to such improvisators —at least it should not be given with open eyes, and with still greater hesitation should a constituency enable speakers to become leaders of parties or members of a cabinet.

"I adduce this view to prove that eloquence is a gift that at the present day exercises an influence disproportionate to its value and is estimated beyond its real worth. A good speaker must be a poet, approximately, and may not, therefore, restrict himself to mathematical precision to the truth. He must know how to goad, incite; must be easily inflamed in order to be

able to inflame others; but I think that a good speaker could seldom be a good whist-player, seldom a good chess-player, more seldom a reliable statesman. The element of good nature must predominate in him, not that of sagacity, and I believe, indeed, that strictly in conformity with the physical constitution of man a good speaker and a cool judge may never be found united in the same person. I remind you of all the qualities of Mephisto, of the courage of the lion, of the speed of the stag, and you remember that all these were never found combined in one body; and so eloquence may be seen dangerously overshadowing intelligence, sufficing for the crowd without opinions; but a man of keen deliberation, capable of sure, exact consideration, the man to whom the conduct of large and important affairs is confided with satisfactory results, can hardly be what is called a good speaker. Whether one of the results of the present development of our civilization may be a remedy for this evil of eloquence, I do not know; but the fact that the evil is recognized is already a half remedy."—*Translation made for the "Literary Digest."*

SALVATION ARMY ORATORY.

"I think the best speech I ever heard for obedience to the rules of the art was an address of about ten minutes by a young Salvation Army officer on the streets of Chicago. I listened with amazement. He was perhaps twenty-three years of age, with delicate, clear-cut features, sensitive mouth, and marvelously intelligent eyes. I was just passing the group as he stepped into the circle that always surrounds these noisy but sincere enthusiasts. He took off his hat, and in a very low, perfectly natural and very sweet voice, speaking exactly as though he were having a conversation with his most confidential friend, he began: 'You will admit, my friends, that human happiness is the problem of human life.' And from this striking sentence he went on to another equally moving, showing, of course, that happiness could not be secured by traveling any of the usual roads, but only the straight and narrow path which the Master had marked out. It was as simple as it was sincere. And it was as conversational as it was quiet. Before he had finished, his audience had gathered into itself every pedestrian who passed during his discourse—business man, professional man, working man, or what not."—*Senator Albert J. Beveridge.*

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

THE VALUE OF DRILLS.

"The objections most frequently made against all drills used for educational gymnastics are: (1) that they are apt to be done without full volition, either because they come to be performed automatically, or because there is a constant effort to remember the order or to follow by watching the leader; (2) that they become most tedious to the pupil; (3) that accuracy of position is not obtained, and therefore their corrective value is small. These objections are valid, in most cases.

"Let us suppose the drills to be taught by a teacher of superior ability, who insists on accuracy of position and movement; that only two or three movements are given at a time, so that they may be done without a great effort of memory; and that the drill is given so infrequently that it does not become automatic with the pupils;—in short, that it is so managed that it loses most of the characteristics of a drill, and becomes merely a fixed series of movements, more or less complicated, not necessarily memorized, but given without definite commands for each movement. Then shall we still object to the drills, or shall we make a place for them occasionally in our day's order, supposing that we wish to teach 'on Swedish principles'? Will they not give a pleasing variety for classes in which the progression must be slow? Will they not, with the music which usually accompanies them, add interest to the lesson?

"There is something to be said in favor of many drills—to condemn them wholesale, for all purposes of physical training, would be foolish. If Indian clubs are to be used at all, some series of movements becomes a necessity. There is a pleasure, and, I believe, a psychological value, in smooth, rhythmical movements of a remembered series. Many series of Delsarte poses seem to aid in taking the angles out of the mind, as well as out of the physical movement. They give one a feeling of poise, of sustained self-control. The feather-movements give a peculiar sense of lightness, as if the dulness and heavy-heeled self-assertion of daily living were dropping away. Many of the best drills, whether with Indian clubs, dumb-bells, wands, or without any apparatus, require a large amount of coordination. There may be classes that need coordination more than they need the corrective and developing effect of exercise. In many classes of women the growth in muscular strength is so slow that progression is necessarily largely in the line of greater coordination. As long as the coordination of movement in the drill is not thoroughly acquired, the drill may be educational, as well as a means of general exercise.

"A drill properly taught, consisting of proper movements, whose effect is to give general exercise and to develop coordination, may be educational gymnastics; and, of course, it may also have the value of esthetic gymnastics, cultivating flexibility, control, grace of mind and body, and expressiveness.

"The teacher must secure the greatest benefit to his pupils in the shortest time. The average class consists mainly of round-shouldered individuals with drooping heads and flat chests,—persons who know very little about the proper use of any part of their bodies except their hands and faces. The lesson hour is usually short. Will the drills

do the utmost that can be done to correct and prevent these deformities of civilized life, which make formal gymnastics necessary? Will the most rapid progression which is safe be provided? Will the strongest volition be secured—a condition of the best growth? Or is there any compensation in place of the many advantages of doing work to commands?

"It may be urged that drills make a good showing at an exhibition; and that they give to the uninitiated on-looker something of the same pleasure that the evolutions of a military company can give. The public demand them. But the pupils are the first consideration. It may be that concessions are sometimes necessary to the public; but a tactful and interesting teacher can soon dictate to her public, and arouse enthusiasm for her own ideas.

"Let me emphasize what seems to me to be a fair opinion concerning the value of drills: that their place is especially in esthetic gymnastics; that they may be useful for gaining coordination and giving general exercise; that there are disadvantages in using them as educational gymnastics, for most classes; that for the hygienic, corrective, and educational effects most needed by the average class, they do not compare with gymnastics given to commands. It seems to me that, as they are used in many gymnasia, they tend to make gymnastics merely a means for recreation and general exercise, to relieve our teachers of the responsibility of original and intelligent work for their classes, and to deprive the pupils of the best possible development to be gained by systematic exercise."

M. P. Clough.

READERS AND SINGERS

Mrs. Eva Godley-Rolfe has issued an artistic and illustrated circular entitled "The Culture of the Physical."

Mrs. Evelyn Gurley Kane, touring Illinois and Iowa, recently gave a recital at the Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown.

Miss Marguerite Chapman-Curley makes a feature this year of "Enoch Arden" with musical accompaniment by Richard Strauss.

Among the successful pupils of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts is Miss Beatrice Dale, whose vocal work is especially to be commended.

Miss Mamie Harrison, Virginia, sang at Montgomery, Nov. 15, for the United Daughters of the Confederacy; also at Richmond for the Ladies' Matinee Musicales.

Mr. C. E. Lambertson, pupil of Miss Jennie Mannheimer, is reciting his own adaptation of "David Harum."

Mr. David M. Brewer, who writes en route, says that his fall season as impersonator and humorist has been very satisfactory through Missouri, Arkansas and Indian Territory.

The Manuscript Society of New York will give private concerts Jan. 15, Feb. 12, March 12, and April 15; public concerts Jan. 19 and April 25, at which a full orchestra will be employed.

The Centennial Anniversary of the day when John Marshall, of Virginia, took his seat as Chief Justice of the United States will be celebrated in various parts of the country Feb. 4, 1901.

Miss Helen Mabel Wood desires reading engagements in New York and vicinity on Friday and Saturday, at places that she can reach after 4 p. m. on Friday and return by 9 a. m. Monday.

Mr. Alfred Ayres delivered a lecture, "What Should One Do to Become an Intelligent Patron of the Drama," before the pupils of one of New York's most fashionable boarding schools, Nov. 15.

Miss Bertha Frances Wolfe, secretary of the Indiana State Association of Elocutionists, took part in a concert at Washington in December, reciting "Perdita," and "Mammy's Lil' Baby Boy."

Miss Pauline Sherwood Townsend, Virginia, took part in a faculty concert Oct. 22, reciting a scene from "King Henry VIII.," and "The Requital," "The Battle of Life" and "The Message."

Mr. Albert Gerard-Thiers gave, Dec. 11, at the home of Mrs. W. Rensselaer Lloyd, N. Y., his lecture, "The Technique of Musical Expression," illustrating by singing compositions of early and modern composers.

Mme. Luisa Cappiani read an essay on "Physiology and Psychology in Connection with Music and Especially with Singing," at the Phrenological Institute, Dec. 5. Vocal illustrations were made by Miss Maud Kennedy.

Miss Ethel R. Mason's Texas pupils gave a recital Dec. 21, some of the numbers being "The Bald-Headed Man," "Kiss Me, Mamma," "The Elf-Child," "The Minuet," and the pantomime "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Miss L. May Haughwout, principal of the Bard-Avon School, Md., reports a large and prosperous opening of her school, also much success with the musically accompanied recitations, "Country Sleighing," "Kitchen Clock," and "Jenny."

In sending newspaper clippings our subscribers will help us much by giving the name and date of the paper, and where it is published. Frequently a newspaper clipping is of little or no use to us because it lacks this information.

Mrs. Sterling Doak Rice gave a lecture on physical culture at Newark Normal School, Nov. 23; also a recital of miscellaneous readings at New York Y. M. C. A., Dec. 7, and also at Peddie Memorial church, Newark, Dec. 26.

At a recital, Dec. 4, Mrs. Belle Watson-Melville, Chicago, recited "Through the Flood," "Mrs. Ripley's Trip," "John Spicer's Lecture on Knives," "Sally Ann's Experience," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "The Message."

Miss Sophia Hildreth Schooler, who formerly had charge of the department of elocution and physical culture at South Kentucky College, is teaching and reading in Chicago this winter. She makes a specialty of child impersonations.

Miss Josephine Royer, Illinois, reports a successful recital in November, some of the numbers being the pantomime of "The Bridge," and recitations "Lucky Jim," "The Gray Sleeve," "Getting a New Organ," and "Making Butter."

The program of a December recital of the pupils of Mrs. Harriet Augusta Prunk included "Don't Tell," "The Minuet," "My Sister Has a Beau." The first recital in November included "The Light of the Ford" and "I am Guilty."

Miss Frances G. Rodgers, Texas, took part in Mary Nash College Teachers' Annual Recital, Oct. 16, reciting "Tommy," "The Message," a scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and took the part of Miss Newlywed in a pantomime, "Woman's Curiosity."

Mme. E. de Barrie Gill, the "singing reader," reports that she is booked fully up to May 4, and that she has been busy every night since Oct. 1. Two of her most successful pieces are "As the Moon Rose" and "Aunt Sarah on Bicycles."

Miss Eleanor H. Denig, director of Delsarte department in the Soper School of Oratory, publishes in the *Chicago Teacher* an able article, "The Language of the Expressive Agents." Miss Denig is a conspicuous figure in the elocutionary profession.

Miss Margaret A. Klein gave a Chaucer reading before the People's Institute, Cooper Union, N. Y., Dec. 2. That such a reading should interest a Cooper Union audience shows that good literature, ably interpreted, is appreciated by the general public.

The Smith-Premier Typewriting Co., Syracuse, N. Y., has issued a helpful and artistic booklet, "Higher Education in Typewriter Operators," which will be sent by them free on request. The booklet is of value to any one interested in typewriting machines.

Miss Margaret H. Spaulding, graduate of Miss Cora M. Wheeler, gave a pupils' recital at the Rochester Y. M. C. A., Nov. 27, some of the pieces being "Bobby Shaftoe," "When Jack Comes Late," "The Village Seamstress," and pantomime of "Evening."

Pupils of Miss Nettie K. Oppenheimer, Cincinnati, gave a recital Dec. 7, some of the pieces being "Romance of the Rose," "Huldy's Elocution," "Thy Bread on the Waters," "Ballad of the Oysterman," "Molly," "The Legend of Bregenz," "A Sad Mistake."

Miss Kittie Mathews, Arkansas, writes: "I have had five requests for my name on programs for the last three days. The reason my work takes so well is because my best selections are taken from WERNER'S MAGAZINE." Her portrait will soon appear in this magazine.

The 58th concert of the Missouri Valley College Music School, Mr. Edgar S. Place, director, was given Dec. 17, with compositions from Handel, Chaminade, Scarlatti, Schubert, Flotow, Nevin, Schumann, Miersch, Saint-Saens, Buck, Tosti, Shelley, and Hawley.

Miss Julia Megquier, Missouri, directed an Evening with James Whitcomb Riley, Oct 29, the Riley pieces being "The Tree-Toad," "An Old Sweetheart," "A Fishing Party," "A Dos't of the Blues," "Christmas Memories," "Days Long Ago," and "Wet Weather Talk."

Miss Perle Strickland, Mississippi, has in her school a little tot very clever at posing. There seems to be a feeling among some elocutionists that a child is injured by posing. We should be pleased to have our subscribers express their views on the subject for publication.

Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins's song "Mandalay" was sung by Mr. Perry Averill at a concert of the Women's Philharmonic Society, N. Y., Nov. 27. Miss Collins is not only a graduate of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts and a prominent public reader, but is one of the ablest of American composers.

The tenth volume of "The World's Best Orations," published by Ferd P. Kaiser, St. Louis, is issued, and illustrates especially the orations of Daniel Webster. This extensive work is sold by subscription only, and has for editor-in-chief Justice David J. Brewer, of the U. S. Supreme Court.

Miss Cara Louise Richardson, teacher of elocution at Rawlings Institute, recited Nov. 29: "Pictures of Memory," "Musical Courtship," "Making Him Feel at Home," "College Training," "Lorraine Lorree," "Little Minister," "Little Boy Blue," "Oh, Yeh, Yus," "Bugle Song," "Maid of the Mill."

Miss Mary Eleanore Shafer, Holbrook Normal College, during the carnival, Oct. 11, read "The Song of the Market-place" and "The Birds' Christmas Carol." At the "Book Social" for the library's benefit she recited "The Hungry Man Was Fed." "When Jack Comes Late" was another taking number on the program.

Mrs. Della Mayhew-Smith, who directed the production of "A Fighting Chance," at Brockton, in November, and who is a '91 graduate of Emerson College and a pupil of Mr. Leland T. Powers, has taught for several years at various educational institutions, and is now in her eighth year at Brockton Business College.

Mrs. Oscar Denton, author of "Mammy Crittie and Baby Suzon," has formed a dramatic club and is receiving complimentary notices from newspapers in various parts of the South. In answer to inquiries, we state that the music mentioned in the aforesaid rcitation is original with Mrs. Denton and is not yet published.

Mr. Charles T. Grilley has contributed to this magazine a taking recitation, "Ies' a Line to Riley," which will be published soon. Mr. Grilley prints on his circular a list of sixty-eight places where he has appeared not less than three times, having recited 135 times in Boston, and 59 times in New York City. There are over 75 other places where he has appeared twice.

Mr. W. W. Newcomer, principal Newcomer School of Expression, Ohio, announces that he will graduate five pupils this year. At an entertainment, Dec. 15, he recited "Palestine," "My Philosophy," "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," "Old-Fashioned Roses," "Connor," "Chariot Race," "Jinin' Farms," "Bear Story," "Sousa's Band," and "Mine Enemy."

Mme. Lotta Harkness, the English reader, recently come to this country, gave a recital at Pouch Gallery, Brooklyn, Dec. 6, her program being "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," "Hervé Riel," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "The Wife of Miletus," "Stage Struck," "The Bells," with musical accompaniment, and several selections from Shakespeare.

Mr. Frederick Abbott, writing from the Northwestern Territorial Normal School, says that "the spirit of art has taken hold of the students here, and the weekly programs given by them are increasing, both in interest and excellence." Mr. Abbott is a native of Canada and has had professional experience in all parts of his own country and also in various parts of this country.

The Southern Association of Elocutionists, Mr. Franklin A. Peake, chairman, was held at Atlanta, Dec. 27-28. There were three day sessions and two evening recitals. The advance program states that Miss Elizabeth Grimball is secretary, and that Mr. Francis J. Browne and Mrs. William C. Chilton took active part. There was held a "memorial hour" for the late Prof. Austin H. Merrill.

Mrs. Sylvia Wiliams-Hughes, Indiana, in reporting a recital Nov. 27, says: "You will notice that the greater number of pieces are from the literature that you publish. 'The Soul of the Violin,' with musical accompaniment, made a decided hit. 'When Pa Puts Up the Stove-Pipe,' rendered by a small boy, was well received. 'The Singing Baby,' given by a ten-year-old girl, made a deep impression."

The Toledo Conservatory of Music and Dramatic Art, elocution department under Mrs. Lucia Julian Martin, gave a recital Dec. 20, consisting of scenes from Shakespeare and Sheridan, also recitation "The Confessional," and pantomimes of "The Bells of Shandon" and "Sandalphon." There were faculty recitals Oct. 9 and Nov. 26, at the first of which Mrs. Martin recited "Mother and Poet," and "A Funny Story."

Miss Sarah McGee Isom has won her suit against the Rex Crude Oil Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Her claim was for nearly $100,000. She rented the property for tenement purposes, not knowing it had oil. The tenant, unknown to her, took out large quantities of oil. The amount of her damages will be computed on the quantity of oil thus taken, and the court declares her right to possession of the property.

Miss Jeannette Goodman gave her eighth entertainment and reception at the Lexington Opera House, New York, Dec. 28. Program: "The Golden Goose," "Garland Dance," "Palm Dance," "Jumping Jacks," scenes from "Richard Carvel," "Snobson's Stag Party," "Old Maids' Conference," and "A Trial Performance." In the last named the principal part was taken by Miss Goodman, who personally stage-directed this long and well-rendered program.

Mme. Clara Brinkerhoff, who had not sung in public for seven years, sang, upon invitation, for the Young People's Society of Emmanuel Baptist Church, New York, Dec. 4, receiving enthusiastic welcome and applause. Mme. Brinkerhoff is one of the foremost New York vocal teachers and has an unexcelled fund of reminiscences, she having heard or met personally all of the great singers for the last fifty years. She herself was a teacher when still in her teens.

Miss Mary S. Thompson has organized a Visible Speech Club, the purpose being "to establish an oral standard for language and to promote the attainment of euphonious, refined and correct English in speech and song. Faults of speech, whether of enunciation or pronunciation, can be corrected only through scientific means. In order to give an understanding of sounds in language, lectures will be given on Visible Speech in its various applications to language, dialects, etc. Visible Speech, as here considered, is *not* for the deaf."

Mr. J. Morgan Jones was the reciter at the semi-annual concert and reception of the Young Men's Mutual Association of Brooklyn, at the Long Island Business College, Dec. 5. His numbers were "The Honor of the Woods," "How the Refugees Were Saved," and a Dunbar character sketch. Mr. Jones has studied with Miss Minnie Swayze and with Mr. F Townsend Southwick, and is popular with Y. M. C. A.'s and other organizations for young men. He also recited "How the LaRue Stakes Were Lost" for the Young Men's Bible Class, St. George's Church, N. Y., Nov. 20.

Miss Schuster's School of Elocution and Dramatic Action has a class in "applied pantomime designed particularly for those having completed a course in the Delsarte theory of expression, as well as for beginners. The work and results are much the same as the 'life class' of an art school. The student's note-book and that greatest of all text-books, 'nature,' are used. As the sketch artist takes note-book with him and makes rough drafts of things he sees, or as the realistic fictionist observes and makes notes of conversations and manners, so the students of the life-class are required to observe, make note of and reproduce the actions, conversations, etc., of those about them, the object being to train pupils to observe the slightest detail of expression, either vocal or pantomimic, of those with whom they come in contact, and to be able to reproduce it."

Miss Lyle Garrard, member of the Cincinnati School of Expression Dramatic Club, took part in the play "In Honor Bound," Dec. 18. This was the third of a series of six entertainments given this season by the Club. Other plays are "Lady of Lyons," and "An Exciting Day." The third of a series of Students' Invitation Recitals, giving scenes from dramatized novels, took place Dec. 8, the program consisting of "Janice Meredith," "A Tale of Two Cities," "The Little Minister," "In the Palace of the King," "David Harum," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "An Oak in a Storm," and "My Lord in Livery."

Members of St. George's church, New York, have formed the St. George Dramatic and Literary Society with Dr. Rainsford, their rector, as honorary president. The object of the society is moral, social and intellectual development. The proceeds of entertainments will be given to deserving organizations. Dr. Rainsford says that dramatic art is instinctive in every one to a larger or smaller degree and that there is no reason that those who wish to develop this latent talent along sound and healthy lines should not be able to do so. The society is rehearsing a modern social play to be produced some time in January.

The *National Magazine* for November, under the title "Women Elocutionists," speaks of Miss Jennie Mannheimer, Miss Ida Benfey, Miss Mary A. Blood, Mrs. Ida Morey Riley, Mrs. Harriet Webb, Miss Marion Short, Mrs. Bertha Kuntz-Baker, Mrs. Evelyn VanDyke Landon, Miss Maud May Babcock, Miss Lily Hoffner Wood, Mrs. Genevieve Stebbins, Miss May Perin, Miss Beatrice Herford, Miss Mary French-Field, Miss Martha Hawling Bailey, Miss Cora M. Wheeler, Mrs. Evelyn Benedict Ayres, Mrs. Harriett Otis Dellenbaugh, Miss Leila O. Hume, Miss Alice May Youse, Miss Ina S. Brown, Miss Villa F. Page, and Mrs. Emily M. Bishop.

The second monthly recital of the Maryland School of Expression, Miss M. Elizabeth Millard, principal, took place Dec. 13, the program being: "General Lee at the Battle of the Wilderness," "Constantine and the Lion," "Andre and Hale," "The Bewitched Clock," "The Widow's Light," "The Battle of Ivry," "The Joshua of '76," "Nations and Humanity," "Mr. Pickwick's Proposal to Mrs. Bardwell," "Buzfuz's Address to the Jury," "Aunt Melisy's Opinion of Boys," "Friar Philip," "Our Wedding Day," "Number One," "Domestic Asides," "An Old Sweetheart," "Drafted," "Tit for Tat," "How Mrs. Mavor Won the Fight," "Judgment Day," "Uncle Pete at the Big House," "Mammy's Lullaby," "When the World Busts Through," and "Chris'mus Gif'."

Miss Minnie M. Williams, after an absence of three years of professional engagements abroad, begins, Jan. 2, a seven weeks' tour extending from Maine to Michigan. The Williams family is remarkable in that two brothers and one sister devote themselves wholly to Shakespearian recitals; and all of them, including a fourth member (Mrs. Hannibal A. Williams) have toured not only America, but also Great Britain and the British colonies, Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal A. Williams, when last heard from, being in Tasmania, whence they send unique and artistic announcements of Mr. Wiliams's recital, Oct. 27, of "King Henry IV." (part I.), and Mrs. Williams's recital, Oct. 29, of "As You Like It." In November we gave their picture as they were photographed in Invercargill.

The Kelso School of Musical and Dramatic Art, under the direction of Mr. Hugh A. Kelso, Jr., and Mrs. May Donnally Kelso, headquarters at Chicago, has established branches at Aurora, La Grange, Normal Park, and Joliet, Ill.; La Porte, Ind.; Wichita, and Newton, Kans.; and at Janesville, Wis. Mrs. Kelso writes: "You should be interested in the fact that much of Mr. Kelso's system is based on the Delsarte system. His students all take a course of six lessons with me preparatory to their work with him. Many are so interested when they see the beautiful harmony existing in the two methods, that they continue with me, not to become readers, but better pianists. We find the basic principles underlying expression in all arts identical, and have worked out our method with that idea."

Mrs. Harriet Augusta Prunk, Messrs. Max Leckner, Leslie E. Peck, Edward Nell, and Christian Oelschlagen, Indianapolis, have, so to speak, "pooled" their interests by organizing "The Students' Musical and Dramatic Club," for the purpose of affording their pupils semi-monthly recitals, making following announcement: "We recognize that by means of this association we can offer pupils a greater variety of educational advantages than is possible in the different departments dependent entirely on our individual resources. The wisdom of this move has been demonstrated by our experience, and we offer the benefits of this enterprise to our patrons."

Miss Kathryn Staley, Jessamine Female Institute, Ky., directed a chorus and glee concert, Nov. 27, singing "Tell Me of My Heart," by Sir Henry Bishop, and Solveg's song from "Peer Gynt Suite," by Grieg, and recited "The Recessional," "Little Cat," and "The Minuet." She differs from Miss Marie Collins (see this magazine for November, page 264) in her interpretation of "Peer Gynt." According to Miss Staley, "'Peer Gynt' is a drama in verse by Ibsen, to which Grieg, the chief living Norwegian composer, has written an orchestral suite. In a wild and chaotic career the hero, Peer, deserts and returns late in life to Solveg, his only worthy love. In this sixth number of the suite of nine parts, Solveg spins alone in her cottage door, and sings of her unfailing faith in Peer's return. The music admirably depicts her character; beautiful, tender, joyous, and full of hope."

At "An Hour with the Poet-Priest of the South," at St. Francis's Academy, Council Bluffs, following was the program:

Sketch: "Rev. Abram J. Ryan."
Medley of Southern Airs: Piano.
Reading: "The Master's Voice."
Stereopticon Views:
(a) "Christ upon the Waters."
(b) "Peace, Be Still."
Paper: "Patriotism of Father Ryan."
Recitation: "The Conquered Banner."
Vocal Club: "Ave Maria."
Reading: "The Eve of May."
Stereopticon Views: "The Madonnas of Famous Artists."
Tableaux: "The Children of Mary."
Paper: "Father Ryan's Poems."
Interpretation of "The Song of the Mystic."
Pantomime of "The Song of the Mystic."

Mr. Ad. M. Foerster, Pittsburg, gave a pupils' recital Dec. 5, with the following program:

Concerto, op. 11, Romanza.....*Chopin*
With second piano.
The Ocean
A Sleeping Child
Unfathomable Sea .....*Foerster*
Faith in Spring
Margaret at the Spinning Wheel .....*Schubert*
Serenade .....*Schubert-Liszt*
Serenade
Erl-King .....*Schubert*
Sonata, op. 4.....*Chopin*
Allegro Maestoso, Scherzando.
Larghetto, Presto.
On the Ocean
Sweetheart is There
Mother, O Sing me to Rest .....Franz
In Dreams I've Wept
Now Welcome my Wood

The American Academy of the Dramatic Arts affords its pupils ample opportunity for appearing in public on a regular stage, with all of the accessories needed for a complete performance. Already there have been several performances of the Academy Stock Co., composed of senior members of the Academy. Some of the plays are: "Silent System," "Sink or Swim," "During the Ball," "The Jealousy of Barbouille," and "A Silver Wedding." A novel feature is "The Children's Theatre," which began Dec. 20 and is continuing every afternoon. Plays for children are given by pupils of the Academy. Already "The Forest Ring," by William C. de Mille and Charles Barnard, and "The Clown and the Locket" have been given. The second regular matinee took place at the Empire Theatre, Dec. 11, when "A Maid of Leyden," by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and Percy Wallace Mackaye was played to the satisfaction of a large audience.

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2. "Sheridan's Ride." T. B. Read.
3. "King Robert of Sicily." Longfellow.
4. "Too Late for the Train."
5. "Gone With a Handsomer Man." Will Carlton.
6. "Lord of Burleigh." Tennyson.
7. "Old Days." Fred Emerson Brooks.
8. "Remainder of the Year." Fred Emerson Brooks.
9. "Archie Dean." Gail Hamilton.
10. "A Royal Princess." Rossetti.
11. "How He Saved St. Michael's."
12. "My Rival." Kipling.
13. "Absent-Minded Beggar." Kipling.
14. "Her Letter." Bret Harte.
15. "How Salvator Won." Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
16. "Tom's Little Star." Fanny Foster.
17. "Jimmy Brown's Prompt Obedience." W. L. Alden.
18. Forest Scene from "As You Like It." Shakespeare.
19. "Trial Scene of Queen Katherine." Shakespeare.
20. "Wooing of Henry V." Shakespeare.
21. "Sioux Chief's Daughter." Joaquin Miller.
22. "To-morrow at Ten." Nora Perry.
23. "How the Old Horse Won the Bet." O. W. Holmes.
24. "Cassius Against Cæsar." Shakespeare.
25. "Bald-Headed Man." Burdette.
26. "How Ruby Played."
27. "Molly." Anita M. Kellogg.
28. "How Tom Sawyer Got His Fence Whitewashed." Mark Twain.
29. "Budge's Version of the Flood." John Habberton.
30. "Miss Kate Pennoyer."
31. "Engineer's Story."
32. "Legend of Bregentz." Adelaide A. Procter.
33. "Barbara Frietchie." Whittier.
34. "So Was I." Smiley.
35. "The School-Ma'am's Courting." ("Corrected.") Florence E. Pratt.
36. "Bachelor's Farewell to His Coat." George A. Baker.
37. "The Bride." George A. Baker.
38. "Ship of Faith."

Lesson-talks written to order on any recitation for $5.00.

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Dr. Charles Henry Shepard.

THOSE interested in health and longevity will also be interested in the career and personality of a man who has made large contributions to the knowledge and experience now possessed by medical science. This man is Dr. Charles Henry Shepard, of Brooklyn, who was born Sept. 28, 1825, at Morrisburg, Canada, being the son of Timothy and Betsy (Vail) Shepard, and grandson of Timothy Shepard. He was educated at Ogdensburg, N. Y., and worked ten years, 1840-50, in a printing office. He studied medicine in 1853 under Dr. R. T. Trall, of the Water Cure School, New York City. In 1857 he attended the New York Medical College, having for a special preceptor, Dr. George H. Taylor, and was graduated in 1859. Dr. Shepard began the practice of medicine in New York City, remaining two years, then removed to Brooklyn, July, 1861. He established the first Turkish bath in America, at Columbia Heights, October 6, 1863. This bath is still in active operation. During the nearly forty years of its existence the record shows over 500,000 baths, and among that number over 5,000 rheumatic cases have been treated. All were benefited, and a large per cent. entirely relieved. In 1865 he traveled through Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, going as far as Constantinople, Turkey, to familiarize himself with the working of the Turkish bath in those countries. He has made it his lifework to demonstrate to his countrymen the advantages of the Turkish bath, and has written extensively upon this subject, including "Rheumatism and its Treatment by the Turkish Bath," "Children's Diseases," "Hydrophobia," "Insanity," "Inebriety," "Diet in Disease," "Public Turkish Baths Needed," etc.

DR. CHARLES HENRY SHEPARD.

Dr. Shepard is a member of the American Medical Association, of the American Public Health Association, of the Medical Society of the County of Kings. He also was a member of the New York Reform Club, of the Twilight Club of New York City, of the Brooklyn Institute, the Long Island Historical Society, and Vice-President of the Brooklyn Ethical Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Shepard is a very active man of long-lived ancestry. He has just passed his seventy-fifth birthday, and looks much younger than do most men at that age. This can be attributed to temperate habits, hygienic living, and active life. He is thin, spare, and somewhat muscular, and weighs only 120 pounds. He was at one time, in the earlier period of his history, a member of Fowler & Wells Co., the phrenological firm. His hair is still dark, though his whiskers are white. He has clean-cut features, aquiline nose, and a mouth that expresses kindly interest as well as decision of character.

New York School of Expression.

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NOTES OF THE WORK.

Miss Mary Adelaide Luckey ('99) gave a recital Dec. 4, in Plainfield, N. J., including scenes from "Twelfth Night," "Quo Vadis," and selections from Browning, closing with the "Nymph Drill," by Genevieve Stebbins. A local notice says:

"Her first presentation of the characters in the scene from Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' brought her into favor with the audience. A monologue, entitled 'A Musicale,' was one of the numbers on the program that pleased the audience and brought forth unstinted applause. Possibly Miss Luckey's best effort, however, and the one in which she displayed the greatest artistic effect, was in her portrayal of the arena scene from 'Quo Vadis,' in which she gave a truly artistic conception of that tragic scene."

Miss Luckey has been exceptionally fortunate for so young an artist, having over forty pupils in classes and in private, besides teaching in two schools. She writes: "The more I see of the work of other schools the greater my enthusiasm for the New York School of Expression."

Miss Mabel M. Gormley ('97), who, until recently was instructor of Elocution and Physical Culture in Hollins Institute, Hollins, Va., now writes that she is "testing the opportunities for work in Montana." During the present season she has given a number of recitals before the Teachers' Institutes of that State, at White Sulphur Springs, Livingston, Great Falls, and Virginia City; she has also given many recitals by request. Miss Gormley includes in her recent programs selections by Kipling, Browning, Lanier, Hale, and many others, which prove her versatility as a reader, also Esthetic Drills and Statue Poses, in which she has been most successful. The following program was recently given by Miss Gormley, under the auspices of the Teachers' Institute, at Livingston:

(a) "Song of the English"
(b) "Recessional"
(c) "Song of the Banjo" ..... *Kipling*
"Herve Riel" ..... *Browning*
"Up at a Villa, Down in the City" .... *Browning*
Instrumental Solo .....
Miss Jennie Elliott.
"The Man Without a Country" ..... *Hale*
"The School Ma'am's Courting" ..... *Pratt*
Pantomimes (in deaf sign language):
(a) "Comin' Thro' the Rye"
(b) "The Star Spangled Banner"

Part II.

Instrumental Solo .....
Vivienne Hunter.
Statue Impersonation—Niobe Group.
Vocal Solo .....
Miss Herzig.
Sleepwalking Scene, from "Macbeth" .. *Shakespeare*
Amazon Drill ..... *Stebbins*

A recital was given by the Alumnæ Association of the New York School of Expression, Dec. 8, in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, 318 West 57th Street, when the following program was most excellently rendered:

Song, "Summer" ..... *Chaminade*
Miss Helen Atwood.
Recitation ..... *Selected*
Miss Isabelle T. Smart.
Pantomime, "When the Tide Comes In" .....
Miss Irma V. Miller.
Scene from Henry VIII ..... *Shakespeare*
Miss Margaret Dills.
Monologue .....
Miss Mary Adelaide Luckey.
Recitation, "The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim Point" ..... *Mrs. Browning*
Miss Helen Atwood.
Pantomimic Drill, "The Nymph," *Genevieve Stebbins*
Miss Elizabeth Nelson.
Recitation, "Alex's Bear Story," *James Whitcomb Riley*
Miss Helen L. Hibler.
Scenes from "Esther" ..... *Racine*
Mrs. Charlotte Sully Presby.
Recitation, "The Cratchett's Christmas Dinner," *Charles Dickens*
Miss Helen Jean Reed
Statue Poses, "The Niobads" .....
Misses Atwood, Hibler, Miller, Nelson and Mrs. Presby.

Following the recital a reception was given to the pupils of the school and their friends.

Miss Constance Tinsley, one of our most versatile graduates, has perfected a method of teaching the principles of music and the technique of piano-forte playing under the name of "The Graphic Music System." Miss Tinsley has devised and patented a number of appliances, including a keyboard, notation board, signature table, various charts and diagrams, blackboards, writing tablets and games for children's classes, all of which are used in the system. Miss Tinsley's elocutionary studies included courses in a leading school in Boston, a year in a dramatic school in New York, and the teacher's course in the New York School of Expression. She proposes to continue her professional work in elocution, retaining, however, the general direction of her musical studios, which are located in Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Southwick's annual reading before the Y. M. C. A. West Side Branch, Monday, Dec. 10, included scenes from "Richard III.," and a selection from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, with miscellaneous numbers by Southey, Daudet, Hayden, Carruth, and others.

Mrs. A. B. Bunn Van Omer, Gettysburg, Pa. (Miss Harriet Morehouse, '95), writes: "While in West Virginia this summer I had the pleasure of giving work in physical culture to three large audiences of teachers, and at the close several told me they intended using the exercises in their schools."

IRISH DIALECT PIECES

Suitable for St. Patrick's Day

AND OTHER OCCASIONS

Annie O'Brien. Mary K. Dallas. WR21. Prose story of a man coming to a ship to meet his fiance and being told that she is dead, when a mistake has been made in the name, and she is alive and well.

Automatic Woman, An. Saidee V. Milne. WR15. Most humorous entertainment in prose. A man exhibits his twitching wife; and, when she dies, he makes an imitation woman. Full directions and music are given.

Old Ballad, An. S. Lover. WR14. Lanty Leary is willing to follow his sweetheart anywhere—except to the other world. Humorous.

Birth of St. Patrick. S. Lover. WMmar99. Short poem giving humorous account of contending factions deciding upon the seventeenth as the saint's birthday.

Cook, The. Pauline Phelps. (25c.) Humorous prose narrative of how a servant girl and a cat turn things topsy-turvy in a household.

Corpse's Husband, The. ("Elocutionary Studies," 35c.) Bridget attends a funeral, and before leaving becomes engaged to the widower. Humorous prose.

Courting of Dinah Shadd, The. Rudyard Kipling. WMapl99. Humorous prose account of how Mulvaney fought Dempsey, his rival, and thus won Annie Bragin.

Daniel O'Connell's Humor. WR7. Scene between him and Biddy Moriarty, a virago, whom he calls various geometrical names, which she interprets as grave insults. Very humorous prose.

Dawn on the Irish Coast. John Locke. WR3. Soliloquy of an Irish exile on his return. Charmingly told in verse.

Gold-Bug in a Silver Convention, A. WMapl99. Humorous prose encore.

Hoolahan on Education. WR3. Mr. Hoolahan, a member of the "Quarryman's Society," holds forth on the great value of "iddication." Humorous prose.

How Pat Went Courting. ("Elocutionary Studies," 35c.) Humorous prose account of how Pat Murky wins the consent of Nellie McCusker.

Irish Lover, The. WMmar93. Short humorous poem. A lover, told by a girl to raise a beard and get more money before proposing, returns with both, she pretending not to recognize him.

Katie and Me. E. V. Cooke. WR22. Humorous short poem, telling of the miseries of a man whose engagement is broken.

Katy's Letter. Lady Dufferin. WMsep99. Musical recitation. A girl's modesty keeps her from putting her lover's name on a letter; and, not getting an answer, thinks it is because he can not read or write. Music given.

Mickey Coaches His Father. E. Jarrold. WR12. Humorous prose account of a boy who prepares his father for civil service examination.

Little Ikey and the Porter. WMsep99. How Mike's sonorous voice causes little Ikey to ask useless questions. Humorous prose.

Mickey McDuff's Vision. (25c.) Prose report of the ludicrous muss Mickey gets temperance performers in by exhibiting him as a sample of the good work they are doing.

Miss Maloney Goes to the Dentist. WR21. Humorous prose account of how she has a tooth pulled.

Mrs. Magoogin on Spring Bonnets and Spring Poetry. ("Elocutionary Studies," 35c.) Prose humorous dialogue between two women, wherein they set forth their views on poetry and bonnets.

Mr. Dooley on Golf. F. P. Dunne. WMnov99. Humorous and satirical description of the game of golf.

Not Willin'. WR15. Short poem of how Biddy, on hearing the missis coming, hurries up Barney's kiss.

Only an Irish Washerwoman. Stanley Schell. WMsep98. Exceptionally fine humorous prose monologue for a woman, who, dressed as a washerwoman, comes into the parlor and at first makes believe she does not know what a piano is, but ends by playing finely.

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Irish Dialect Pieces Suitable for St. Patrick's Day—*Continued.*

Paddy Dunbar. Sir We-Alter Scott. WR13. Parody on Scott's "Young Lochinvar."

Paddy Moore. F. E. Brooks. WR16. Humorous poem telling of an Irishman, who, going to arrest a man for wife-beating, finds the culprit has hanged himself, and makes an address to the corpse.

Pat Magee. WR14. Short poem, telling of the rapidity Pat proposes and arranges for the wedding.

Pat's Confederate Pig. F. E. Brooks. WMoct1900. During the Civil war, a sentry fires on what he supposes is the enemy, but finds it is only a pig. Humorous poem.

Pat's Perplexity. WR3. On returning from a fishing excursion, Pat becomes hopelessly mixed up when trying to tell who his companions have been. Prose encore.

Suggested Essay on St. Patrick. WMmar99.

Sale of the Pig, The. Jessie F. O'Donnell. ("Elocutionary Studies," 35c.) Poem telling of the sorrow a man feels on being obliged to sell his pig to pay the doctor.

Will My Soul Pass Through Ireland? Dennis O'Sullivan. WR6. An Irishman, dying, prays that his soul may pass through his dear native land on its way to heaven. Poem.

Teddy O'Rourke. Malcolm Douglas. WR4. A street-gamin tells how his chum saves a little girl from drowning. Poem.

Thanksgiving Episode, A. Jessie F. Cline. WMnov96. Long, humorous prose reading, describing the tribulations of a young housekeeper when Biddie strikes Thanksgiving. The husband comes to the rescue by secretly raising the cook's wages.

That Fire at the Nolan's. WR21. Humorous prose description of the havoc wrought by a green servant girl, who, mistaking the reflection from a bon-fire for a fire in the house, breaks a lot of hand-grenades in her attempt to put out what she thinks is fire.

There's a Rogue in the Breast o' your Coat. Jennie E. T. Dowe. WMjuly92. A persistent lover succeeds after seven years' courtship. Dainty poem.

Little Honora Mullally. WMoct92. Short poem telling of the gratitude of a poor little girl, who, on Thanksgiving, gets the gizzard and neck of a hen and some potato skins.

Mickey's Proposal. Mrs. Findley Broaden. WMfeb93. A girl plays the coquette and, after teasing her lover, accepts him.

What Dooley Says. F. P. Dunne. WR21. Mr. Dooley gives his opinions on war. Humorous and satirical prose.

Recitations Suitable for Lent

AND OTHER OCCASIONS.

In Lent. Kate Masterson. WMfeb93. Poem telling how a young man's sweetheart used to dance and flirt, but now during Lent she is demure and daily goes to church, all of which makes her more attractive.

Saint and Sinner. WMmar92. Poem telling a lover's thoughts as he sees his sweetheart sitting demure in church, and of her thoughts, which are frivolous and humorous.

Lenten Sacrifice, A. WMmar92. Humorous, romantic poem telling of a girl being glad it is Lent because she is tired of social dissipations. She decides to give up her lover as a Lenten sacrifice. She speaks of her Easter clothes and exclaims: "These men—though they are fools, what should we do without them?"

Lent. WMjune90. Poem. She tells him Lent is no time for nonsense, and since he hasn't a cent, he stands no chance against the new rector's attractions. Her heart is "lent."

Lenten Prayer. Mrs. A. L. McGrew. WMmar94. Poem. Religious and worldly thoughts alternate as she sits in church, until the service is over, and she wonders what the text was!

It's Lent. WMfeb96. To his proposal she replies that she no longer is a coquette, and had he proposed earlier she might have accepted, but that now her heart is "lent."

New Lenten Catechism, A. WMfeb96. Humorous replies of a girl to profound questions propounded by a man.

True Lent, A. Robert Herrick. WMmar98. Short poem arguing that not merely to fast and to be sober-minded, but to give to hungry souls, is a true Lent.

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Recitations Suitable for Lent—*Continued.*

Lent. F. W. Lee. WMfeb98. Short poem telling that a woman will listen to love's call, no matter where or when it may be.

Lent, Essay on. WMmar99. Prose.

Because 'Twas Lent. Julia F. Brinckerhoff. WMmar99. Short poem. She dresses in penitential garb and keeps a mite-chest, but takes the contents to buy an Easter bonnet.

Suggestive Musical Programs. For each of the five Sundays in Lent. (15c. each.)

What He Would Give Up. WR3. Short child-dialect poem. A boy is willing to give up going to school as his Lenten sacrifice.

Pontius Pilate. Edwin Arnold. WR11. Long, classic poem. Pilate's wife tells him of her dreams concerning Jesus and of the portents following the Crucifixion.

Crucifixion, The. Lew Wallace. WR12. Long, dramatic prose description of the Crucifixion.

Sackcloth and Ashes. Henry Baldwin. ("Robert H. Hatch's Recitals," 30c.) Humorous prose society skit reporting a Lenten dialogue that takes place at Mrs. Washington Swagger's afternoon tea.

Suggestive Musical Program for Good Friday. (15c.)

Recitations for Easter

AND OTHER OCCASIONS.

Hiding Easter Eggs. Libbie C. Baer. WMmar92. Poem telling the fun a boy has, while visiting auntie, hiding eggs for Easter.

Eastertide Deliverance, An. M. H. Bulfinch. WMmar92. Pagan soldiers spend the night in reveling and boasting, while the Christians pray, and on the morrow rout the enemy by shouting "alleluia." Poem.

Salute of the Lilies. WMjuly95. Beautiful statue-posing by ten young ladies in Greek gowns, each girl holding a lily.

Crowning of Easter, The. Lucy H. Carpenter. (15c.) An entertainment with full music. The days observed by Christian churches convene to do homage to Easter. Requires five girls, but two boys added would be more effective.

What the Bells Say. Mary L. Gaddess. WMapl92. Poem introducing various bells. While they are rung behind the scenes suitable text is recited either by one or by eleven persons.

Easter Fantastics. Use "Revels of the Naiads." (25c.) Decorate hoops with white Easter lilies, real or paper ones.

Easter Drill. Use "Scarf Fantastics." (25c.) Make scarfs of smilax and Easter lilies.

Message of Easter, A. Marion R. Riche. WMmar94. Poem. Women having brought spice to Christ's tomb and finding it empty, are comforted by an angel telling them "the Lord is risen, go tell the glad tidings."

Prince Eric's Christ-Maid. Emma Dunning Banks. (15c.) With lesson-talk. Eric offers to wed her who sends the fairest Easter lilies. A plot of rivals results in Constance's supposed death; and she, covered with lilies and about to be buried, is restored to life. Poem.

Easter, "The Sunday of Joy." Prose essay. WMmar99.

Suggestive Easter Recitation Program. WMmar99.

Suggestive Easter Concert Program. WMapril1900.

Suggestive Easter Entertainment for Sunday Schools or Young People's Societies. WMapril1900.

Easter in a Hospital Bed. Nym Crinkle. (35c., in "Elocutionary Studies.") A most charming prose piece telling of death of a woman, who recalls her home, marriage, and hard lot. Opportunity for musical accompaniment.

Myrrh Bearers, The, Pantomimed. Poem by E. D. Mund, pantomime by Birdie Stanley. (25c.) Begins in gloom and despair, but ends in joy and hope through the Resurrection. An Easter anthem may be sung at the end with fine effect. For nine girls.

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Recitations for Easter—*Continued.*

Easter Flowers. WMmar96. Poem. Man, weary and melancholy, is comforted by glad tidings borne him by lily, passion-flower, violet, and jasmine.

Birth, Death and Resurrection of the Flowers. Mary Hebard. WMmar1900. Entertainment and tableaux for Easter.

Easter Tableaux. Stanley Schell. WMmar99. For 12 girls in white costume. In the movements the girls form the different letters of the word "Easter," each letter making a tableau. At final letter the whole word "Easter" appears over the posers.

In Paradise. WMmar99. Poem telling of Jesus, crucified, now drawing all men to Him in adoring faith and gladness to rest with Him in Paradise.

Mary's Story of the Crucifixion. Edwin Arnold. WR12. Suitable for Good Friday or for Easter.

Easter Sermon, An. WMmar98. Humorous poem telling of a woman's gladness because of the admiration her new bonnet and clothes will arouse when she goes to church.

Kitty's Easter Offering. Marion Dickinson. WMmar96. Violinist foregoes playing for a famous singer on Easter in order to play for a dying cripple.

Born, Crucified, Risen. Ida G. Rust. WMmar97. Poem telling of Mary and Joseph coming to Bethlehem and being compelled to sleep in the barn, where Christ was born; then of the Crucifixion and of the Resurrection.

Saved by an Easter Egg. WMmar97. Prose romantic story of a man, who, after several years of frivolous life, is reformed and brought back to his youthful sweetheart.

Old Bell-Ringer, The. WMmar99. Prose Russian tale of an old bell-ringer dying among the ropes in the belfry, whither he had gone to ring the bell on Easter eve.

Legend of the Lily. WMmar98. Imaginative poem of how God looks on the assembled host each carrying a flower, and of a child, sorrowing because he can find no flower, being permitted to return to earth, and there finds the fairest flower—the Easter lily.

Legend of the Lily, The. Annie Wall. WR6. An angel, weeping because he can not find on earth a flower white and pure enough to offer to his King, finds that lilies spring up where his tears fall.

Calpurnia. H. H. Boyesen. WR5. Most dramatic poem suitable for church entertainments. A maiden, whose parents have been cast to the lions in the arena, by her courage, trust and devotion, converts the Roman prætor.

Where the Lilies Bloom. H. L. Piner. (15c.) Pathetic blank verse temperance monologue for a man, although any one may give it. A man is restored to his wife by a song. Opportunity to sing, with guitar accompaniment. Music given.

Vision of Handel, The. P. L. Blatchford. Poem. The great composer prays for inspiration to finish the oratorio of "The Messiah," and is visited by an angel, who helps him to write "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and the "Hallelujah Chorus." A beautiful recitation with musical accompaniment from "The Messiah."

Last Night, The. Virna Woods. WR12. Poem. A condemned man, on the night before he was to be executed, has a vision of the Saviour's birth and Crucifixion, and, remembering the words, "To-day be thou with me in paradise," dies peacefully in his cell.

How the Gates Came Ajar. Helen I. Bostwick. Through a child-angel's pleading, Heaven's gates are set ajar so that the bereaved mother will be comforted.

Considering the Lilies. Humorous imitation of the way a fashionable church choir sings an anthem. Cute encore.

On Board the Victory. Ednah Robinson. WR22. Amid a ship-load of adventurers, gamblers, etc., who flaunt irreligious sentiments, a little girl, when asked for her belief, startles all by reciting the Apostolic creed. Prose.

Aunt Deborah Hears "The Messiah." WR25. Yankee dialect prose, telling the sensations an old countrywoman has on hearing "The Messiah" sung in the city. Suitable for religious and other occasions.

Flowers Sleep, The. Annie Moore. WR17. A Delsartian entertainment for any number of little folks. The poem, telling where flowers go in winter, and how they awake at Easter, may be recited or sung while the children pantomime it.

Easter Altar-Cloth, The. Julia H. Thayer. WMapl98. A nun spends her leisure for years working lovingly and faithfully on an altar cloth, but is often called away to perform some duty, until finally, on returning from hospital work, she finds her cloth has been completed by miracle.

Ivory Crucifix, The. G. W. Miles. WR6. A monk, having undertaken with holy purpose to carve a crucifix, is inspired by heavenly vision to make the work perfect.

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WERNERS MAGAZINE

From painting by Anton R. Mengs.

CUPID SHARPENING HIS ARROW.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY--TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
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WASHINGTON CELEBRATIONS

PART I.

A Book for Schools, Colleges, and for Home Reading and Entertainment.

35c. IN PAPER BINDING. 60c. IN CLOTH BINDING. POST-PAID.

DESCRIPTIVE CONTENTS.

Approach of the Presidency, The. George Washington. Prose. Letter to Henry Lee expressing reluctance to his being nominated for President of United States and his preference for home-life.

Battle of Trenton, The. Poetry. Story of American troops with Washington crossing Delaware, Christmas Night, '76, and defeating British and Hessians at Trenton.

Be Like George Washington. S. Jennie Smith. A song for young people. Words and music given.

Birthday Lesson, The. Mary L. Burdick. Poem. Some little girls dress like old-fashioned folks, then visit great-grandma, who smiles when each one tells her whom she represents. She then teaches them a lesson by saying that to represent such persons each of them should not only wear the clothes, but also the manners of those gracious dames.

Birthday of Washington Ever Honored, The. George Howland. Poetry. Praises Washington and tells how he stood unshaken amid the storm—the guardian of our land.

Burial of Washington, The. Prose. Full description of that event.

Commission as Commander-in-Chief. Prose. Copy of the original commission.

Elements in Washington's Greatness. R. J. White. Prose. Recitation for six pupils, each pupil mentioning certain of Washington's traits.

Epitaph on Washington, An. Poem. Giving an account of Washington's rank and place among the people of the world.

Father of our Land, The. C. T. Steele. Song—words and music—for Washington's birthday or any patriotic occasion.

Flag Song for Washington's Birthday. Annie E. Chase. Poem. Action Song introducing flags with movements.

George Washington. Poem. Historical recitation for five small boys, each boy holding a card bearing an important Washington date.

George Washington. Poem. Humorous poem about a boy who, like Washington, never told a lie—he was dumb!

George Washington. Phillis Wheatley, negro poetess. Poem. Descriptive of Revolutionary War and in praise of Washington.

George Washington. Poem. Six lines about Washington's monument.

George Washington's Life. Hale H. Richardson. Poem. Concert recitation suitable for six boys or girls. About Washington's childhood, boyhood, manhood, the soldier.

Great Immortal Washington, The. W. S. Hyde. Poem. Retrospective. Tells of the deeds of our forefathers with Washington as leader. Their spirits are with us still.

Great Experiment, A. George Washington. Prose. Letter sent Catharine Macaulay, thanking her for her congratulations on his being made President, also stating that home-life is preferable and that nothing short of absolute conviction of duty brings him into public life.

Hints for the Observing of Washington's Birthday. Prose. For various grades in school.

I'm the Little Red Stamp. S. W. Foss. Poem. Tells about the little red stamp with Washington's picture, and where it goes. May be recited by a large boy or girl with a large red stamp painted on manila paper.

I Would Tell. Poem. Recitation for five boys. Each one tells something about Washington. When he is a boy, when twenty-one, at Valley Forge, when the war is over, and when his life ends.

Just Like Washington. Stanley Schell. Poem. What a little boy would do in case of war. Whether war or peace, he would strive to be like Washington.

Life of George Washington, The. Stanley Schell. Exercise for twenty-seven children. Washington's life—important events from birth to death.

Like Washington. Clara J. Denton. Poem. Boy tells how they are gathered to celebrate the day, and that though he may never be as wise or as great as Washington, he may yet be as good—a true, honest man.

Literary Side of Washington. John de Morgan. Essay.

Little Hatchet, A. Poem, eight lines. Little boy says that whenever he hears about Washington he longs to be like him and the most like him—to have a little hatchet.

Little Hatchet; or, The Centennial Boy, The. R. J. Burdette. Prose. Five-year-old boy continually interrupts story and questions about George Washington. Very funny.

My Hatchet. Stanley Schell. Poem. Little boy makes a hatchet, decorates it, and puts it on a shelf to remind him of Washington and lead him to be like him.

Modern Washington, A. Joe Lincoln. Poem. Children's dialect. Humorous. Boy imitates Washington by telling the truth when asked about stealing jam. His father, however, punishes him.

Ode to Washington. B. B. Davis. Song or duet about Washington. Words and music.

Origin of the Celebration of Washington's Birthday. Prose. Brief note about the event.

Our Washington. Poem. Where the name of Washington is inscribed and what Washington did for us.

Edgar S. Werner Publishing & Supply Co., 43 East 19th Street, New York.
(INCORPORATED)

THE GREAT SPHINX.

The American negro confesses the savage Africa as his source, but let us remember Africa cradled more than savages. The Ethiopic tongue (Geez) was long a language of literary cultivation under Christian influence. The splendid qualities of the Egyptians ring down the centuries. Their tongue proves distant relationship to Semitic blood. To their great monument, the Sphinx, the Egyptians gave an Ethiopic cast of features, an outline almost reproduced in many finely characteristic negro faces of to-day.

MRS. MARY CHURCH TERRELL.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

HALLIE Q. BROWN.

HENRY T. BURLEIGH.

REPRESENTATIVE COLORED AMERICANS ACTIVE IN EXPRESSIONAL ART.

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Expressional Power of the Colored Race.

THE advancement of the negro politically, and his rapidly increasing dignity as a citizen, from both moral and educational standpoints, is no longer questioned. What is his position, what are his possibilities in the art-world? What is his share in that expression of the divine through the human which uplifts the human without regard to race or station, and which ennobles and beautifies life for us all?

If persecution or oppression develops and intensifies the expressional power of an individual or of a race, then among the negroes should be found evidences of the correctness of this theory. Do we find such? What has been their development? The factors active in that development lead us to expect great expressional power.

Pure negro blood hardly exists in America to-day. Savagery, simplicity, oneness with nature, pride, and free-wing imagination may be looked for as resulting from the trace of primitive negro blood that does remain. Centuries of slavery have engrafted submission and a tragic pathos, without a loss of childlike simplicity. There has been admixture of the very finest white blood this country boasts; there has been mingling of the copper strain of the American Indian. Other peoples have risen from slavery by force of inherent qualities. Not so the negro. Passive when brought from his native forests, passively the slave for over two centuries, safe from sword, pestilence, and famine, his house of bondage a school for childlike virtues, he has been steadily pushed toward better conditions, the habits, language, and religion of a civilized country imposed upon him; its education, and finally its citizenship made his. Thus emancipation found him a child.

The fourteen slaves brought into the South a few hundred years ago, in ignorance, weakness, and superstition, are now 8,000,000 free people, protected, encouraged, educated, hand,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

heart, and head; their attitude, at best, one of love and trust toward the white race; ours, at best, one of protection, ready to confide in, wishing to ennoble them, anxious to give greater responsibilities to them, so fast as they stand under those already shouldered.

Other races have risen by might of leaders from among themselves. Negro leaders are few. Mr. Frederick Douglass claims first attention. Born into slavery by a slave mother, his father a white man, the boy secretly taught himself to read and write; and, at last, escaping from bondage, fled to New York, where he married and supported himself. Like all genuine orators, his eloquence was stirred into being by his desire to bring great truths into the hearts of men. His first speech was in 1841 at an anti-slavery convention at Nantucket. Thereafter, as agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, he traveled and lectured four years throughout New England. In 1845 he published his autobiography, and later lectured throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. To English friends he owed his freedom. They, in 1846, contributed the necessary sum for the purchase of his legal manumission. Returning to America he published *Frederick Douglass's Paper,* and through it strenuously urged upon President Lincoln the employment of colored troops at the breaking out of the Civil war, being active in securing colored troops. *Frederick Douglass's Paper* pleaded also continuously for the emancipation of slaves.

After the abolition of slavery, Mr. Douglass gave up his paper and prepared himself for a lecture course. After a successful career as speaker in lyceums, he became editor of the *New National Era,* published at Washington, which, after he retired from its management, was carried on by his sons.

Mr. Douglass was distinguished by the consideration of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson in connection with questions affecting his race. President Grant sent him to Santo Domingo in official authority. President Hayes

created a sensation by making him U. S. Marshal of the District of Columbia. President Garfield made him recorder of deeds of the District of Columbia, and under President Harrison he was resident minister and Consul-general to Hayti. During his fifty and more years of public life, his influence was a powerful one for his race, and his death, in 1895, did not come until their cause was advanced many mighty strides.

To-day, Mr. Booker T. Washington is the negro's tower of strength. Born a slave in a one-room log-cabin in Virginia, not many years ago, he is now principal of the Normal and Industrial Institute for colored people at Tuskegee, Ala., an institution greater than any other one factor in the development of the negro toward honored citizenship. Harvard University has honored itself in conferring upon this black man an honorary degree of Master of Arts, in recognition of what his work has accomplished for education, good citizenship, and enlightenment. Hampton Institute, Richmond, Va., General Armstrong's school, awakened in Washington the resolve himself to found an institution to provide for others of his race what he had found at Hampton. Not as philanthropist, teacher, or organizer is it our province to consider this benefactor of a race, but as orator of splendid power, developing at the demand of great things to say and a mighty heart for saying them. Such an orator is Mr. Booker T. Washington. Under his spell great audiences have thrilled. His dignity and power have won respect and cooperation from distinguished men of all classes. Those who heard his great Atlanta speech some years ago, before men who once fought to keep his race in bondage, tingle today at the recollection. According to James Creelman, in the N. Y. *World,* no Gladstone could have pleaded a cause with more consummate power than did this negro. Men roared applause, women wept and waved their

HENRIETTA VINTON DAVIS.

MRS. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

MRS. FRANCES E. PRESTON.

EDNORAH NAHAR.

handkerchiefs, the black face never once lost its look of steadfastness. A great cause spoke through him, making him kingly.

Another leader of the race, whose highest power of oratory has developed in a desire to advance a cause, is Mrs. Mary Church Terrell of Washington, D. C. She has done much to advance the welfare of her race. In her own person and achievements she offers dignified proof of its possibilities in intellectuality, executive ability, and oratorical power. A graduate of Oberlin College, she later refused its registrarship because of her marriage to Mr. R. H. Terrell, a District of Columbia lawyer. She is active along many lines of effort for her race; is president of the National Association of Colored Women, and of the Bethel Literary and Historical Society, and an officer of the Colored Woman's League.

In behalf of these various organizations, Mrs. Terrell's powers as speaker have been developed. At a convention of the National Woman's Suffrage Association held lately in Washington, Mrs. Terrell, by her fine presence, magnetic eloquence, and heartfelt words, won distinction among that collection of notably trained speakers from all over the country. She is a regular lecturer for Chautauqua assemblies.

Associated with Mrs. Terrell in the National Association work is Mrs. Booker T. Washington, who was its first president, and who is now chairman of the Executive Committee. She was born in central Mississippi, attended the public schools, and was graduated from Fisk University in 1889. She came immediately to Tuskegee, and filled the position of lady principal for three years, marrying Mr. Booker T. Washington, president of the institution, in 1893. She is now Superintendent of Industries for girls at Tuskegee, and has organized a club for colored women. This work she carries on with great success. She visits clubs which are in active operation all over the South, and by her eloquence for higher womanhood among the colored race, she has brought about a marvelous change in the moral condition of the negro women in the South. She visits the large plantations and there organizes clubs, and talks to the women on practical

The Jubilee Singers
Being Alumni and Students singing for their Alma Mater.
Fisk University,
Nashville, Tenn.
Albert E. Greenlaw
George E. Martin
Saml. S. Caruthers
John W. Work
Mrs. John W. Work
Miss Edith M. Bowman
Miss Senetta V. Hayes
Miss Ida M. Nadier
Miss Mabel L. Grant
Calvert Bros & Taylor, Photo.

things, influencing them to better lives.

As speaker and lecturer, Mrs.

CARRIE WILLIAMS CLIFFORD.

Washington is at all times forcible; she has a commanding appearance and an expressive face, and is endowed with the power to convince and persuade her hearers. She is so versatile in manner and in the use of English that she holds and interests untutored as well as educated audiences.

Another active member of the Association, and a woman whose eloquence has enabled her to advance the cause of her race, is Mrs. Josephine W. Bruce. Born and educated in Philadelphia, she married the Hon. B. K. Bruce, U. S. Senator from Mississippi. After European travel, they settled at Washington, and Mrs. Bruce began to devote herself to the advancement of her race. Her lectures have commanded attention, and she has spoken before many distinguished audiences; her finest power resulting from sincerity and love of her cause, while scholarly attainments and gentle dignity of manner, the purity of her English and cultivated range of her voice, equip her thoroughly for her chosen work.

Mrs. Josephine St. Pierre Ruffin has for many years been active in public affairs, educational and philanthropic, for the advancement of her race. She is president of the Woman's Era Club, of Boston, the first club to be formed in this country for colored women, and is treasurer of the Association for the Promotion of Child-Training in the South. Her husband, Mr. George L Ruffin, was graduated from the Harvard Law School. In 1863 she attracted attention by reciting a wartime poem, heard then for the first time and later very popular, "The Black Regiment." She recited it when a set of colors was presented to a company of colored Massachusetts volunteers, creating an enthusiasm of patriotism.

If eloquence be counted one of humanity's noblest expressions of that instinct toward the divine which shapes itself in art, then we must name also Mrs. Victoria Mathews, president of the Afro-American Women's League, and a lecturer of sympathetic and powerful personality.

Mrs. Frances E. Preston belongs fitly to this group of women, whose best powers have been called into activity for the bettering of their people. Born a slave, she was graduated from the Detroit Training School of Elocution and English Literature, and

SIDNEY WOODWARD.

took a post-graduate course. After teaching three years, she traveled with the Donavan Jubilee Singers, later giv-

ing a course of recitals through Southern cities. She is now financial agent for A. M. E. mission work. She is deeply interested in the Eckstein Norton University, Kentucky, lecturing and reciting in its behalf. She was, for a time, head of the literary department in the Florida Baptist Academy, and professor of English literature in the State University, Louisville, Ky.

As lecturer and pulpit orator, the pastor of Augusta Street M. E. Church, Staunton, Va., the Rev. Chauncey I. Withrow, A.B., A.M., commands notice here. He was graduated with distinction from the classical course at Bennett College, Greensboro, N. C., and later from the Liberal Arts Course, taking his degree A.M. in 1897. He has lectured throughout the South before clubs, educational institutions, and conferences, in behalf of his race, and always with dignity and power.

The Rev. W. H. Brooks, D.D., is compared to Talmage and Beecher. He is a man of learning and easy command of eloquence.

REV. CHAUNCEY I. WITHROW.

Mr. W. H. Derrick is another well-known speaker, as is also Mr. Charles Anderson.

Mrs. Albreta Moore Smith, lecturer and writer, organizer of colored women's leagues, and vice-president of the

ALONZO MILTON SKRINE.

National Negro Business League, is an active power in Chicago, representing the intellectual and cultivated element among the colored women of that city.

Mr. Charles Winter Wood, of negro, French, and Spanish blood, now professor of English and elocution at Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, was, about ten years ago, a Chicago newsboy and bootblack, who entertained his patrons by reciting scenes from Shakespeare, and "Eugene Aram's Dream," giving imitations of Sir Henry Irving for interludes as he shined their shoes. Discovered as "Charley, a hopeless and almost homeless urchin," by Judge Jarvis Blume, he was brought to the notice of Mr. F. S. Hanson, a wealthy Chicagoan, who sent him to Beloit College, from which he was graduated in 1895. While in college he won nearly all the college oratorical contests. He represented Beloit in the Wisconsin State Oratorical Contest, March 15, 1895, winning the first prize. This made him his college's representative at the

Interstate Collegiate Oratorical Contest at Galesburg, Ill., May 3, 1895, where he took second prize, ten States

CHARLES WINTER WOOD.

and sixty colleges being represented. In 1895 he played the leading part in "Oedipus," given at one of the leading theaters of Chicago. He took a course at the Chicago Theological Seminary, becoming later, however, a prominent entertainer. Mr. Wood has not allowed his association with Tuskegee to divorce him from all platform activity, and still supports a prominent position among gifted elocutionists by frequent appearance before Southern audiences. Of Tuskegee, he says: "We teach the fundamental principles of elocution and public speaking. Pupils are apt in public speaking; they have good natural voices. We lay great stress on their English. We have sent out many good public speakers who are now doing good work in different parts of the South."

Mr. Wood is not yet thirty, of fine presence, strong personality, graceful, eloquent, excellent voice. His future is full of promise.

Miss Carrie Williams Clifford, native of Ohio and graduate of the Columbus public schools, studied elocution from pupils of Moses True Brown, and the Emerson College of Oratory, adding a course in English literature. She has had stage-experience, playing such parts as Juliet and Julie de Mauprat. Her platform repertory includes selections from Poe, Kipling, Riley, Tennyson, Dunbar, and from popular novels.

Miss Susie Lamb White, while a pupil of Prof. T. J. McAvoy, Indianapolis School of Elocution and Oratory, studied music under Prof. Paul Bar, and is among prominent entertainers of her race.

Miss Mary E. Harper, a thoroughly equipped elocutionist, has traveled through the South lecturing on the science of expression, exerting influence in a wide field ripe for art-impression. She has appeared before conventions, teachers' meetings, and many Southern colleges.

Mr. Richard B. Harrison, born in England, has appeared as entertainer before audiences in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, covering, it is said, more ground in his travels than has any other colored platform-artist. He makes a specialty of Dunbar's verses. Mrs. Harrison was the first colored woman ever graduated from

SUSIE LAMB WHITE.

the Chicago Musical College, and is an accomplished musician.

Many believe that the negro's best natural expression of his art-instinct

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is through music. Dr. Anton Dvorak declares:

"The future music of this country must be founded upon what are called the negro melodies. This must be the real foundation of any serious and original school of composition to be developed in the United States. These are the folk-songs of America, and your composers must turn to them. Beethoven's most charming scherzo is based upon what might be considered a skilfully-handled negro melody. In negro melodies is found all that is needed for a great and noble school of music. They are pathetic, tender, passionate, melancholy, solemn, religious, bold, merry, gay, or what you will. It is music that suits itself to any mood or any purpose. The negro in America utters a new note, full of sweetness, and as characteristic as any music of any country."

It is a pity that no musician of black skin has cared to work for the development of the characteristic negro musical expression.

The Fisk University Jubilee Singers have carried negro melody around the world, taking six and one-half years to do it. They have sung before the world's highest and the world's lowest. They have charmed Chinese, Japanese, Hindoos, aborigines of Australia, the Maories of New Zealand, Burmese, Dutch, Germans, French, Italians, British, as well as their own countrymen. They have sung Christian hymns in a Mohammedan temple! The staid old German *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, after a concert in the classically sacred Sing Akademie, prints the following:

"We went to the Sing Akademie with feelings different from those we usually have when we go to that temple of art, for our experience has led us to expect, when a charitable object is the motive of an entertainment, that charity is to be allowed to cover a multitude of sins; but before we heard two numbers, we could throw that aside and take our stand and criticise from the artistic standpoint. These songs are the only original music that America has produced. Here is music that strikes out a path for itself. How strange it is that these singers from America should come here to Germany where we have these centuries of culture, and teach us to demonstrate what we have been seeking for for many generations."

The Eckstein School at Cave

MME. PLATO,
as Carmen.

THEODORE PANKERY,
in "Carmen" Chorus.

EMMA DELYON.

Springs, Ky., has enlisted the interest of earnest workers besides Mrs. Preston. Miss Harriet A. Gibbs is founder and present manager of the Eckstein Norton Conservatory of Music. The daughter of a highly educated mother, and the Hon. Mifflin W. Gibbs, the first colored judge in the United States, she was graduated with honors from Oberlin College, taking the musical as well as the regular course. She was devoted to her studies in college, appearing at nearly all the college public rehearsals and recitals;

THEODORE DRURY,
as Don Jose in "Carmen."

THEODORE DRURY, as Don Jose, and MME. PLATO, as Carmen, in "Carmen."

MME. SISSERETTE JONES.
(" Black Patti.")

and, after graduating, gave a course of recitals through Kentucky, Mississippi, and Illinois, making her selections from Bach, Schumann, Wagner, Raff, Liszt, etc. Later, by personal effort, concerts and recitals, she made possible the beautiful conservatory building already referred to. She is an all-round artist, paints, is an accomplished needle-woman, and a fine cook, too. She is now at Washington, D. C., assistant musical director of public schools.

Mr. George T. Simpson is a tenor of note, especially effective in classic and religious selections. He appeared at one time in recitals with Miss Hallie Q. Brown, of whom mention is to be made later.

Mr. F. J. Loudin, reared on a farm, never attending a concert until eighteen years old, is the possessor of a voice ranging upward to F and G and downward to double B flat. He has been heard here and abroad, and has established an enviable reputation.

From Florida we hear of Mr. Rosamond J. Johnston, barytone and composer of operas. He is a successful vocal teacher, organist of one of the leading churches of Jacksonville, and

RICHARD B. HARRISON.

has had much press attention as the composer of the music in Miss May Irwin's successful play, " The Belle of Bridgeport."

Range of voice seems to be a feature of the negro singer's power. Mme. Desseria Plato passes with ease and sustained beauty of tone from G below the staff to E above high C. She is pictured here as Carmen, in which opera she appeared lately in New York. She has studied Marguerite in " Faust," her voice especially adapting itself to the rôle. Already her reputation is established as a lyric actress.

Mr. S. Volosko's barytone voice is from low E to A above the staff.

Mme. Sisserette Jones, native of Ohio, and known all over the world as " Black Patti," has a dramatic soprano voice of brilliant quality, and has made large sums of money. She is traveling with her own company.

Mr. R. Johnstone, a pupil of the New York German Conservatory, is a St. Louis barytone, whose range and quality of voice justify him in special preparation for opera.

Miss Georgia E. Fowler, some years ago one of the Fisk Jubilee Singers, has a light soprano voice of remarkable range and quality.

The barytone of Boston Cathedral choir is Mr. George Ruffin, who is also

an organist. His selections are made from the best composers.

Miss Corinne Marie Rovelto, of

MRS. ESTELLE PICKNEY CLOUGH.

Rhode Island, a young soprano, is still under training, promising a brilliant future.

Mr. H. T. Burleigh, barytone of St. George's choir, New York City, started as bank messenger at Erie, Pa., from which place patrons sent him to the National Conservatory of Music, New York. He worked in a store at the same time, and also perfected himself in German and Italian. His color was not allowed to count against him, and when St. George's needed a barytone, the beauty and range of his voice secured for him the engagement, one of the best paying held by any negro musician. He has composed several songs.

The renowned vested choir of St. Philip's P. E. Church, Chicago, has a colored member, Mr. Wm. B. Smith. He and his four children form a "Midget Quintet": Samuel, aged 14, tenor; Alexander, aged 12, barytone; Marion, aged 10, the soprano; and Mary, aged 8, the contralto. The quintet, with the father for basso, handle with ease difficult music.

Mr. Harry T. Pratt, teacher in the Baltimore public schools, where he was educated, is a violinist of reputation, and is also a graduate from the Maryland Institute School of Art and Design. While there, and since, his work has received much comment.

The Nassau Orchestral Club of Boston is commanding favorable attention by recitals of excellence, from compositions by Wagner, Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Verdi, and others. Several members of the club are students in the New England Conservatory of Music, and teachers of their several instruments. The first leader of the club was Frederick E. Lewis, a well-known colored musician.

Mr. Theodore Drury declares that the negro's salvation lies in the artistic side of his nature. Mr. Booker T. Washington believes in salvation offered by development of industrial qualities. In the nature of things, we are inclined toward Mr. Drury's view. He argues truthfully that it would be as absurd to make farmers of all negroes as it would be to make all of them musicians. He quotes Mrs. Estelle Pickney Clough, of Massachusetts, who has demonstrated ability as pianist and singer. She is a pupil of

MARGUERITA SCOTT.

Mr. Henshaw Dang, Mr. B. T. Hammond, and Miss Marie Peterson. Mrs. Clough uses her beautiful soprano

WILLIAM BARKER.

MME. E. WILLIAMS.

EDITH LEONARD.

"TE-WAN-KA."
(Mme. Kate A. Davis Patterson.)

MRS. G. W. ALLEN.

FLORA PEDRO.

MELVIN CHISUM.

GEORGIA FOWLER.

CORINNE MARIE ROVELTO.

HARRIET A. GIBBS.

MARIE JACKSON.

ARTHUR TALBOT,
as Othello.

SOME COLORED PLATFORM-ARTISTS.

voice in extensive repertoire selected from the best composers. She was last season on the program of the Worcester Musical Festival.

Last year Mr. Drury created a sensation in New York City by producing "Carmen," sung entirely by colored artists, at the Lexington Avenue Opera House. The cast was:

Carmen	Mme. Plato
Frasquita	Mrs. M. Randall
Mercedes	Miss C. Scott
Michaela	Miss E. Delyon
Don Jose	Mr. Theodore Drury
Zuniga	Mr. G. W. Taylor
Morales	Mr. Frederic Sheldon
Dancairo	Mr. Winfred Benidick
Remendado	Mr. G. Millbanks
Escamillo	Mr. Frederic Sheldon

Mme. Plato and Mr. Drury were highly praised by the local press, the entire cast receiving respectful attention.

Blind Tom must be accounted a prodigy rather than a musician. His knowledge of music seems instinctive, his execution dependent neither on intelligence nor instruction. Born a slave, he early displayed musical power, and was exhibited throughout the country several years. Large sums of money were made through him by his master, Perry N. Oliver. His capacity grasped the most difficult musical performances as easily as freakish exhibitions of extraordinary and various kinds. His playing was all by ear, and his power of imitation and sound-memory seems limitless. He has partially recovered his vision, but his mind remains childish. He is an old man now, gentle, happy, and well cared for. He has not been before the public for some years.

It is with regret we note the report recurring from different parts of the country, that in England and on the Continent, rather than here, does art receive recognition and encouragement without reference to the color of the human medium for its expression.

MARGARET TATE.
("The Baby Elocutionist.")

This fact is offered as the explanation of Madam Marie Seleka's continued absence abroad. A native of Ohio, she studied in Boston, later in Germany and London. She sings German and Italian. She has appeared before the Queen of England and crowned heads throughout Europe, her brilliant execution, the beauty and range of her voice, and its high cultivation ranking her there in prominence, which she fears might, because of her color, be denied her here.

Another musician who has lately tested the welcome of the old country to art, irrespective of color, is Mr. Sidney Woodward, who has just returned from a trip through England, Germany, and Russia, where the charm of his very fine lyric voice soon gained him distinguished recognition. He has been soloist in one of the richest churches of Boston, in which city he received his thorough musical training.

Mr. H. N. Jackson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is located in Sweden. Doubtless because of the rare accomplishment which enables him to sing in the Swedish language, his position as an artist in Sweden secures for him enviable social recognition, for which his education and general cultivation fit him.

One of our native colored musicians has, so far, found no need to seek recognition abroad. Miss Marguerita Scott sang in the best houses last season, appearing at Mrs. Wilbur Bloodgood's musicale. She was born in Virginia, and studied at the National Conservatory of Music under Herr Saenger and Professor Sapio. Her voice, which she uses with ease and grace, is a brilliant soprano. She is also a proficient pianist.

Among the few colored women who have distinguished themselves in oratorio work is Miss Rachel Walker, whose voice, a ringing soprano, is being heard this season in England.

We hear of Miss Neale Gertrude Hawkins singing in farce-opera in the Western states, and of Miss Flora Batson, who just returns from work with McAdoo's Australian Operatic Company. Mr. Gerard Miller also received recognition in Australia for his fine basso voice.

Like Miss Gibbs and Mrs. Preston, Miss M. Eulalia Reid devotes much effort to increase the opportunities offered the colored race for musical education. She possesses a voice of rare strength and beauty and is often heard in concert. Her chief interest, however, goes to the musical academy she has lately established at Baltimore.

Mr. S. Coleridge Taylor is the only colored musician who has accomplished ambitious work as composer. His cantata "Hiawatha" has lately been produced with fine success in England, its musical value forcing the critics' recognition. Mme. Albani was one of the notable cast of white singers. The cantata has this season been given by the Saint Cecilia Society in Boston.

Pressure of time and space forbids further mention of artists in this line. Enough has been said to show that music, as music, is being cultivated by many colored people, and that, in almost all cases, have resulted general cultivation, improvement of the individual, and a bettering of their position in all ways. We again express regret that, so far, the negro musician has not cared to develop a school of music founded on his own race-characteristic musical gift. We look with eagerness to the rise of a great negro composer, who shall place the characteristic negro melody where it belongs as a factor in the development of musical expression.

The negro's artistic instinct has, in several cases, taken histrionic direction and good work has been done on the stage.

Mr. Henri Strange studied at the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia. He has a large repertory of plays and has appeared as Shylock with full supporting cast. He has played Othello, Hamlet, Richard III., and in "The Bells," and other important rôles. He is also a reciter of much charm and has recognized position for platform-work, reading from Poe, Riley, Dunbar, and others.

Miss Flora Pedro, leading lady in Mr. Strange's company, is making a success as Portia to his Shylock. She has done much platform-work, making her selections chiefly from Shakespeare.

Mr. Melvin Chisum, another Othello, studied dramatic art in a New York City school, and has played many important parts besides Othello.

Miss Henrietta Vinton Davis, with her own company, played "East Lynne" and repertory last season. Before that, she, in collaboration with Mr. J. E. Bruce, wrote a play, "Our Old Kentucky Home," in which she appeared with her own company. She boasts white blood from the Carrolls of Carrollton. She began her career with the encouragement of Mr. Frederick Douglass. Bishops Turner and Arnett also interested themselves in her talent, and she was helped by Mark Twain, John Boyle O'Reilly, and many other distinguished judges of merit. She was educated in the Washington public schools, studying dramatic expression under Marguerite Saxton, the late Phillip Lawrence, and Rachel Noah, the Boston actress and teacher. Miss Davis has appeared in platform and stage-work throughout the country, filling an engagement at Chickering Hall, New York City, last season. No trace of negro accent mars her speech, though the characteristic melody of race tone is a chief charm. Her general cultivation and stage-presence add to the strong appeal she makes to any audience.

Mr. Charles Winter Wood, before he devoted his interest chiefly to work at Tuskegee, founded in Chicago a little literary society, the members of which, including Cora O. Brown, Fannie Hall, Frank B. Waring, and Lottie Meredith, presented Shakespearian plays with excellent notice.

Mme. Kate A. Davis Patterson, "Te-Wan-Ka" on her programs, is a highly successful platform and vaudeville entertainer, reading with special light and costume effects. She has traveled throughout the country, filling city engagements from a very large and varied repertory. She studied with Prof. S. S. Peabody of Princeton.

Notable work has lately been done by the Afro-American Greater New York Dramatic Company, under the management of A. B. Quetrell and Alonzo Skrine. Mr. Quetrell is a graduate of the Norfolk, Va., Mission College, and has had praise for his dramatic work with the company, which is now filling engagements throughout New York State. "Damon and Pythias," "Julius Cæsar," "Richard III.," and scenes from "Catiline" have been successfully presented. Mr. Skrine is attracting attention for literary, as well as for dramatic work.

WERNER'S MAGAZINE looks for the coming of a play written by a negro, which shall challenge attention for literary and dramatic qualities, and which shall draw its material from the tragedy, pathos, and humor of negro race-history. That such a play will find fitting presentation seems certain,

after, even, this hasty and incomplete consideration of negro stage people.

Platform-work has been, as outlined, successfully undertaken by many negro musicians with pronounced success. A number of no less brilliant artists are giving art-expression as readers.

Miss Hallie Q. Brown, with whom Mr. George P. Simpson has been associated in platform-work, has made a reputation here, and also abroad, under the patronage of Lady Somerset and Lady Rothschild, and other titled personages. A favorite selection of Miss Brown's, in which she has had much success, is "Zingarella, the Gipsy Flower Girl." She was born in Pennsylvania, and educated at Wilberforce College, Ohio, graduating with degree of B. S. Like others of her race already mentioned, Miss Brown found her first stimulus to art through her desire to further the opportunities of her people. After teaching several years, she undertook a lecture tour for her alma mater. Later, after further fitting herself by a course in elocution, she traveled again with ever-increasing success, raising money for Wilberforce Library Hall and other interests in behalf of her people. Her dramatic ability developed rapidly and her series of lectures was featured with illustration of recitals, character delineations, plantation songs, all of high dramatic quality. Programs including recitations and readings also were soon added. Miss Brown thus fills a remarkably wide field, ranking not only a foremost entertainer, but a lecturer and philanthropist of dignity, influence, and accomplishment, which places her among other benefactors of her race.

Mrs. George W. Allen was a pupil of the late Prof. John C. Zachos, at Cooper Institute, New York, and is entering a career as reader and reciter under good auspices. We expect to hear excellent report of her.

Miss Edith Leonard is another who has developed a natural expressional power for platform use. She has been on several programs of her school, St. Mark's Lyceum, and is beginning her professional career.

Mrs. Frances Joseph, of New York, is a reader of established reputation; Mme. Napoleon also, who makes a specialty of dialect and Dunbar's work.

Mr. William Barker, who has made a study of Othello, is now on a platform tour.

Mme. E. Williams, Albany, for some years identified with "East Lynne," has also an enviable reputation for platform ability.

Miss Marie Jackson, of Florida, is receiving praise for her arrangement of "Ben-Hur's Chariot Race," and other numbers of a varied repertoire.

Mr. Arthur Talbot, of Canada, has been doing excellent platform-work. His flexible voice is especially adapted to heavy rôles, and he is making a study of tragedy under Professor Lawrence, of New York.

It is notable that, as a rule, colored elocutionists and musicians devote their talents to the best material, a fact which speaks the artistic dignity of the race.

Miss Sadie A. Skinner, like so many others of her color, has always held to the finest literature in planning programs. She is a graduate of the Shortbridge High School, Ind., and studied elocution at the Indiana School of Elocution and Oratory.

Miss Ednorah Nahar is a gifted elocutionist of much personal charm and excellent reputation as an entertainer.

It is not to be regretted that the "infant phenomenon" has not devel-

oped often among colored artists, yet Miss Margaret Tate commands attention. She is now about twelve years old, and has been before the public since she was tiny enough to be called "The baby elocutionist." At five years old she began to study at the Grand Rapids School of Elocution, her abilities developing in normal correspondence to sturdy health and good physique. She has filled engagements in all the large cities and under the best patronage. The child demonstrates the characteristic versatility and pathetic power of her race, and shows really marked dramatic ability, together with well-developed intellectual force.

WERNER'S MAGAZINE watches her progress with interest. While mature negro artists now before the public have in many cases struggled from slave environment through the barriers of race-prejudice to achievement, the result of almost unaided and constantly discouraged efforts, this child may be taken as an example of the younger generation eager to express inspiration toward art, who, free from the struggles that retarded the development of the older artists, may be looked to to give expression to just that phase of characteristic power which should inhere in the race.

Must we believe that the negro finds stimulation for expressional power only as he becomes a medium for other people's thoughts, other people's music? Singers and readers there are many, and a few great orators—in music there is no great composer. Shall we find in literature a great writer?

One man only has lifted himself into public recognition. Paul Laurence Dunbar, son of a fugitive slave, a man who fought in the Civil war with the 55th Massachusetts. The boy Paul was educated in the public schools of Dayton, Ohio. After graduating, he supported his widowed mother, writing for the local press and for Eastern magazines, the editors of which did not guess his color. He issued his first book in 1892, but not until a kindly review by William Dean Howells of his second book called public attention to him, did anything like marked success come.

Since these early volumes Mr. Dunbar's pen has been busy with verse, novels, and short stories. It is to be regretted that he seems to be forcing his pen away from the characteristics of his race, and into a style that challenges comparison with other writers. As in the case of negro musicians, it seems a pity that some fine stirring of race pride does not dictate to a black man the splendid duty of voicing that which is the black man's very heart and soul and art, that so all art may be the gainer, and its expression the more complete.

Dunbar's negro dialect poems are most happy, his stories blending quaint negro philosophy, pathetic humor, and gentleness, in literary form giving us work no one else can do so well. Work he should be proud to make his own, indeed! He shows ability for strong characterization, and much poetic instinct. We watch his career with interest. The very qualities of responsiveness and sympathy which make a poet of him, may well expose him to dangers in the sudden recognition and general praise that have come to him. Mr. Dunbar is constantly in demand for the platform. Season before last he made a tour, under the management of Major Pond, through England, where his readings were a great novelty. Elsewhere in this issue we give a "Suggested Evening with Paul Laurence

Dunbar," and his poems, "When Malindy Sings," and "The Lawyers' Ways."

A woman whose interest and activity have covered a wide field is Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper. Born a slave, she had almost no education other than what she picked up from libraries in houses where she served. William Lloyd Garrison, to whom she submitted some early poems in manuscript, first gave her encouragement. She has since published several books, her story "Iola Leroy" reaching its third edition. As an anti-slavery lecturer she developed power of eloquence as have others already mentioned at whose lips the heart cried for expression. She has stood on the platform with great speakers of that time—Wendell Phillips, Frederick Douglass, William Lloyd Garrison, and others. Now, in her 74th year, she is still active in the lecture-field. Since its foundation she has been a member of the Association for the Advancement of Women, of which Julia Ward Howe has been president. Her name has been honorably included in every publication of late years dealing with the achievements of women of her race, and it is honorably included here. We have pleasure in publishing in the Recitation Department of this number her poem, "The Dying Bondman."

We hear of Mr. D. Macen Webster as handling an active pen as well as cultivating his power of eloquence.

Mrs. Lillian Thomas Fox, of platform experience, is now on the staff of the *Indianapolis News*, and publishing in various periodicals.

Mr. Edward E. Cooper is active manager of *The Colored American*, a newspaper published in Washington. He manages also the Colored American Publishing Co.

Mr. J. H. Murphy successfully handles the *Afro-American Ledger* in Baltimore. Mr. Walter W. Wallace is managing editor of the Colored Co-operative Publishing Co., Boston, whence issues the *Colored American Magazine*, an ably conducted, well-printed, and well-illustrated monthly.

WERNER'S MAGAZINE finds the case of Phillis Wheatley especially significant. She was born in Africa in the 18th century, brought to America, and sold in the Boston slave-market to one John Wheatley. No drop of white blood modified her quality. The girl at once developed remarkable aptness, learned to read and write in a very short time, and soon displayed a gift for metrical composition. She published various single poems, and in 1773, a volume of poetry on religious and moral subjects. Her gifts attracted the attention of many important people, and was variously estimated by them. One of her best known poems is "George Washington," reproduced by us in "Washington Day Book."

Our attention has been called constantly during the arranging of facts for this article to the negro blood of those two great writers, the older and younger Dumas, and we here make note of it. We have been bidden also to study the profile of the old Sphinx that rises above Africa's sand-desert, and to remember the trace of Ethiope-power in the facial outline of the old Egyptian races. These questions are of interest as bearing on the possible factors of temperament the negro of the coming day will bring to bear on the great world of art, and WERNER'S MAGAZINE would, if the limits of our subject permitted, gladly look further into these phases of the main question in hand.

We find ourselves unwilling to omit

entirely mention of Toussaint L'Ouverture, whom history classes with Washington, Bolivar, San Martin, and Lincoln. A full-blooded African, born a slave, he became liberator of Hayti. He was philosopher, great patriot, and splendid martyr to the treachery of Napoleon. We may make only brief mention of one whose career was not in art-expression, yet we believe that his qualities and the qualities of many others whom we can not mention here, are common to the race. Negroes are moving along all lines of activity, lifting not only eager working hands toward worthy and ever worthier citizenship, but in the splendid aristocracy of art, the Black Man, with golden voice, with stirring eloquence, with inspired pen, with eager instinct toward art-expression in every direction, claims place—and takes it.

It has been impossible to mention all the worthy in this paper. Yet a race that can boast no more than here made known need not fear its art-future. Let each work out his best—there is room and need for all.

We acknowledge gratefully the very general interest shown in our efforts to shape this article to completeness. To Mr. Theodore Drury we owe much. Mr. Booker T. Washington, Miss Henrietta Vinton Davis, Mr. Charles Winter Wood, and many others, have promptly responded to our call for help. We return thanks to all.

NEGRO is a name properly applied to the races inhabiting the African Continent, principally between latitude ten degrees north and twenty degrees south, and to their descendants in the old and new world. It does not technically include the Northern Africans (Berbers, Abyssinians, Egyptians, Nubians, etc.), nor the Hottentots in the south, although in popular language, especially in the older writings, the term comprises those dark-skinned nations not characterized by the crisp hair of the true negro. Negroes were nearly unknown to the Homeric Greeks. The Egyptians, however, about 2300 B. C., became acquainted with the negroes through conquest of their rulers, and represented them on their monuments as early as 1600 B. C. In the interior of Guinea many negro tribes have been reported by Paul du Chaillu and other modern travelers, fierce, fine-looking, ingenious and skilful in the working of iron. The figure, especially the torso, of the negro is often very fine, and has been taken by Chantrey and other sculptors for model. African negroes of to-day delight in sacred songs, festivals, dances, ceremonials. They believe generally in an after-life, and become ready converts to foreign religions. Fond of music, they have contrived many ingenious musical instruments. They are cheerful, and have keen sense of the ridiculous. They set little value on human life, but are naturally kind-hearted. The Ethiopic or Geez language was long a language of literary cultivation, under Christian civilization, and possesses a considerable body of literature. A phonetic peculiarity of some of the African dialects is their use of clicks, or sounds made with the tongue by suction, as consonants composing words. Negroes have less nervous sensibility than whites, and are not subject to nervous affections. They are comparatively insensible to pain, bearing severe surgical operations well. They flourish under the fiercest heats and unhealthy dampness of the tropics, notwithstanding the virulent epidemics of the country, where the white man soon dies; and the race does not diminish, like the aboriginal American, in contact with civilization.

Mme. Calvé and Her Achievements.

An Interview.

By MABEL WAGNALLS.

IT is remarkable how much foreign singers dislike the English language. They are quite too courteous to say so while here, but abroad they are almost unanimous in expressing this antipathy. They will converse fluently in French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and even Russian, but English, though it may be required, and reluctantly acquired, is always kept in the background.

Dear old Signor Errani, who lived in America twenty-five years and whose memory is sacred in the hearts of many pupils, used to sway off into French or Italian, if he found that you could understand so much as a shrug of the shoulder. He once tried to explain the absolute soullessness of our language compared to others.

"Take just the verb 'to love' in Italian, how beautiful it is, 'io t'amo!'" and he proclaimed it as in grand opera; "or in French," he continued, "'je t'aime!' how musical. But in English, how can one be thrilled with 'I *luf* you!'"

In all seriousness, however, and in spite of the fact that "I love you" may sound pleasant at times, we must concede that our language is not the best for singing. This probably explains why Mme. Calvé, after three seasons in the "États-Unis," still ignores English.

It was the evening after one of her great Carmen performances, when a knock at the prima donna's door elicited the Parisian response, "Entrez!" Mme. Calvé's salon was brilliantly lighted and richly furnished, but it seemed only a somber setting to the singer's radiant self. Not that she was gaudily gowned; on the contrary, her dress was simple, relieved only by a vest of rose velvet with gold buttons, but her personality, her smile, her animation, are a constant delight and surprise.

Mme. Calvé is thoroughly French, and thoroughly handsome, and appears even younger off the stage than on. She is tall, and of splendid figure, her complexion fresh and clear with an interesting tinge of olive, and her eyes are black as her hair, which was arranged very Pompadour. A lady and gentleman, spending the evening with her, were introduced as "Mme. et Mon. Salignac."

The Don José of the evening before! It seemed like a fifth act to Bizet's opera; Carmen had not died after all, and to atone for her past outrageous treatment, she has invited Don José to dine, and he brings his wife, whose first name I have no doubt is Michaela!

Mme. Calvé seated herself with a half-serious, half-amused expression, as though to recite a lesson, and announced that she was ready and willing to answer "toutes les questions que vous voulez." This seemed a golden opportunity to inquire how to sing.

It stands to reason that the most direct and easy method of learning this art is simply to ask one of the greatest singers of the day how she does it. Some one found out how to play the piano, by asking Rubinstein, who said, "All you have to do is to select the right keys, and strike them at the right time."

So, with this idea in view, Mme. Calvé was asked first of what she thinks when she steps before the public—her voice, her acting, or the music?

"I think of Carmen," she answered, "if that is the opera. I try to *be Carmen*—that is all." But then she added, "Unless, of course, I am not feeling well and fear my voice is not in good condition; then I think of my tones."

When asked if she practises her voice much during the day, Mme. Calvé shook her head.

"No, not now. You see, I must have mercy on my poor voice and save it for the evenings when I sing. Formerly, of course, I practised every day, but not more than an hour with full voice. Yes, an hour at one time, once a day, that is all. But I studied much besides. At first I wanted to be an actress, and for this purpose gave much time to dramatic art. It was my mother, a fine musician, who urged me to sing."

"What did you practise when you first began with the voice? Just single tones?"

Mme. Calvé looked thoughtful. She could hardly recall, until Mon. Salignac suggested: "It was rather intervals and arpeggios, n'est-ce pas?" Then the great Carmen quickly nodded.

"Yes, you are right; intervals at first, and not until later on, sustained tones. I do not consider single sustained tones good for the beginner."

In reply to a question about breathing, she answered: "Oh, yes, all singers must practise special exercises for the breath. With me it was not easy, as I did not naturally have a full breath; but with some it is no trouble. What else did I do? Well, I hardly remember. I never had any trouble with my throat nor my tongue—no, I never thought much of that."

She was then asked by way of suggestion: "Did you ever *hum* in your practice?"

Now her face lighted up. "Yes," she replied, all animation, "and do you know that is splendid! I do it a great deal even yet, especially for the high tones like this"—and there and then, without moving a muscle, like a conjurer materializing a flock of birds, she showered upon us a bevy of humming tones. They were soft, of course, but clear and perfect as though made with full voice, and you wanted to wrap each one in cotton and take it home. But—they were gone! and the singer went on speaking.

"With Mme. Marchesi I used to hum a great deal, and there was also another teacher in Paris—Professor Wartel, who, by the way, taught Mme. Nilsson, and he, too, had all his pupils sing with 'closed mouth.' Yes, it is an excellent practice, for it brings the tone forward right here," and she touched the bridge of her nose.

Mme. Calvé is so genial and vivacious in conversation that you are led to forget her position and wonderful attainments. But now and then it comes over you that this is the woman whose manifold art has astonished two continents, a singer who makes any rôle she undertakes so distinctly her own that other singers hardly dispute her right to monopolize it. Her Carmen is a creation. Ophelia, too, she has imbued with new interest.

"I love that rôle!" she remarked, as the subject came up; "the mad scene. Ah, it is superb!"

Her gesture somehow presented the picture of this "scène superbe;" the woodland setting, the wandering Ophelia singing in haphazard fashion snatches of old songs intermingled

with peals of mirthless laughter, followed by lapses of listening silence, until from out the stillness there softly soars the wooing song of the unseen water-nymphs.

Here, even in grand opera, occurs the *hum,* so extolled by Mme. Calvé, for behind the scenes the entire chorus are required to *hum* with "bouche fermée" that refrain which lures the unhappy Ophelia to her death. It is an effect faint and weird as the Undine's singing.

"Faust" is another opera Mme. Calvé has surprised us with, although it is a work that every musician of any description has performed in some way or other. The pianist flourishes with the waltz or a general fantasia of the opera on every and all occasions. The organist delights in the church-scene music, while the violinist rhapsodizes with the love duet or a potpourri of all the arias. Concert sopranos never cease to exploit the Jewel song, while the contralto's audience never tires of the famous Flower song. "O Sancta Medaglia" is dear to the heart of the barytone, and the tenor has a choice of beautiful solos from the first act to the last. Bass singers, too, can find nothing better as a medium for public favor than Mephisto's song to the "God of Gold." Even flute and clarinet soloists resort to "Faust," the Imperishable, when they want something sure to please; and last but not least—the cornet. Ask Mr. Levy what piece he has played most often, and I warrant you he will answer, "My 'Faust Fantaisie!'"

The opera singer who does not have in her scrap-book some account of her performance as Marguerite can hardly count herself a prima donna. No other opera is so essentially a piece of common property as is this Gounod's "Faust."

So much the more is Mme. Calvé's achievement to be wondered at. When asked how she ever thinks of such innovations as dropping her prayer-book in the first act, knotting her spinning-thread in the second, and especially that inspiration of inserting little ecstatic laughs in the Jewel song, she smiled prettily, and shrugged her shoulders.

"It just comes to me in the acting. I don't know how. But I never change the music."

She wished it impressed that, whatever her innovations, she maintains a reverence for all the composer's injunctions.

Some further conversation brought forth the fact that there is another Calvé in Paris; a café-chantant singer.

"I have noticed that her name sometimes passes for mine," the prima donna explained, "and this accounts for some strange reports that get circulated about me."

Whatever mistakes of this sort occur, there is, at any rate, no error in the reports of Mme. Calvé's great generosity, of the orphan school she supports at her home at Aveyron, France, nor of the devotion which amounts to worship bestowed upon her by all the peasants round about. Mme. Calvé does not impart such information, but all is well known in Paris.

She is more than a great artist, for she possesses the higher attributes of true greatness, and you feel in her presence the subtle influence of a large heart and a grand soul.

Art and Comedians.

By M. CONSTANT COQUELIN.

Specially Reported in French, and Translated by Thomas Rowbottom for Werner's Magazine.

[Lecture delivered at Columbia University, New York, December 24, 1900.]

NOTHING has yet been definitely settled in regard to this question of comedians. It is a subject of perpetual discussion. Certain classes of people, imbued with old-fashioned ideas, maintain that comedians occupy a position peculiar to themselves, both in art and society. These same good people hesitate to call us merely "parrots"—although that is sometimes what they think. I shall attempt to prove to you that the comedian is an artist, and, further, that his status in the domain both of art and society in general is the same as that of any other artist or citizen.

Art is art. And we understand by that, the picturing of nature in its various forms and moods, with a radiance which does not distort its proportions, but which gives to it its proper art-value, which sets off life in such a way that our mind is more readily and more deeply reached by the picture than by that which it is intended to portray. Does the comedian not produce such effect?

The materials of a poet's work are words; those of the sculptor, marble or bronze; those of the painter, his paints and his canvas; the musician, sound. The actor's material is himself.

You may think that the actor does not exercise any creative power, that he is not the author; but to that objection let me reply that the actor's art is creation, and that this creation is essential to the proper rendering of any rôle which he may be called upon to assume. If you doubt this, listen to what Victor Hugo says of Mademoiselle George, in "Marie Tudor": "Elle crée dans l'imagination du poète quelque chose qui étonne et ravit l'auteur lui-même." ["She created in the imagination of the poet, something which astonished and enraptured the author himself."] What higher compliment could be paid to the actor?

The actor creates even when he interprets the dream of a genius, such as a Racine, or a Hugo, or the characters of Shakespeare and Molière, these two being both dramatists and actors. There is always a certain gulf which when we read separates the type we dream of from the type in real life. That gulf is spanned by the talent of the actor.

How often do we come across chefs d'œuvre that we admire, but as we read them, it appears to us that their dramatic representation must be impossible—nay, positively wearisome, which, indeed, they would be if interpreted by ordinary players; but let a comedian of talent come along who takes hold of the part, gives it life and fire, and you see the chef d'œuvre, once forgotten by the stage, now makes money—and why? Because the actor has made it a success. Very frequently, in certain plays written by second or third-rate authors, the greatest latitude has been allowed the interpreters of the rôles. What remains to-day of all the pieces and plays of the Empire and the Restoration? Charles VI., and countless others that I could mention? Try to read them now to the end—it would be almost impossible. You know that Talma was sublime in

them, and you scratch your head and ask yourself: "How did he manage to make them interesting?" The explanation is very simple—he created; he put some "Talma" into them, and they were grand. You say, perhaps, "That is not art!" Well, if it is not art, then you will oblige me by telling me what it is.

The personage the actor is called upon to produce is not like the portrait wherein a painter reproduces the model under his eyes. The actor sometimes has to conjure up his personages, and oftener than not he has to take material from a mere sketch. Sometimes it is necessary to go out into the world, and by dint of observation and reflection conceive the figure he wishes to portray. Many great actors have created types which were never dreamed of in the brain of the author of the play.

Another argument which is employed against us is that "the actor does not create, because there remains nothing of creations after his death."

That is the great misfortune of our art; but even if absolutely true—which I do not concede—why should that prevent us from exercising our art? The situation is paradoxical. What remains of all the painters, sculptors, and musicians? The actor is not alone in that regard; time eats into everything. Take the case of Michael Angelo, and let us suppose that, by a stroke of the hammer, all his works were destroyed. Would you say that on that account Michael Angelo was not an artist—that he didn't create? The comedian's position is analogous—his statues fall with him. That is the misfortune of our age—not its condemnation—something to be regretted, that is all.

Now, what is the object the comedian must always have in view? It is the same as that of the woman—to please. But to every actor careful of his art, it is to please and gratify the noble and delicate instincts of the public; to charm by the image of what is beautiful, and to fascinate and delight by the representation of the real and the true.

What is the mission of the theater? It puts man face to face with himself; it outlines his future destiny; it preaches the highest form of moral lesson. The name of Corneille rises visibly before me as I think of the incalculable benefit his repertoire has been to France in moments of danger and trouble, imbued as his works are not only with national patriotism and dignity, but with the dignity of the theater. He points out our infirmities, neither making us laugh nor cry; but he teaches us to pardon each other and to minister to each other's happiness—in a word, he makes us more sociable and the world a more agreeable place to live in.

The question is often agitated as to whether the actor ought to enter into and feel the passion of the rôle he interprets, or whether he should remain master of himself in the most passionate movements; whether he should experience none of the sentiments that he expresses—in a word, that he should, or should not be moved himself.

I hold that this paradox is really the truth; and I am persuaded that an actor is only a great actor when in full control of himself, as it is absolutely impossible, in the very nature of things, for him personally to experience all the sentiments which he is required to express. And it is that which makes our trade an art. It is that same faculty that permits the actor to play with equal success Tartuffe or Macbeth; allows the comedian to assimilate to himself all human nature,

to work the springs of action in any direction he pleases, remaining himself perfectly distinct, just as the painter remains perfectly distinct from his canvas. It is within himself he finds the springs whereby he may set in motion all the activity of human sentiment. Upon these springs, he must be able to play at will. I do not say that all this is done without great artistic devotion, nor do I say that facility is even *assured by such devotion.* Success is purely an affair of individual temperament. The comedian must be a constant student of men and things. He must live in his rôle, yet not belong to it. It is that which enables the real actor to take up his rôle at any moment and impart to it without hesitation all the expression he desires. He can produce laughter or tears, without waiting until these sentiments have taken hold of himself. On one occasion, Talma, while playing Hamlet, was waiting his turn to appear on the stage; he was talking convivially with a friend. Presently the caller rushed up to him, and said: "Mr. Talma, it is soon going to be your turn." It was the ghost scene which was about to commence, and Talma still continued talking with his friend, with whom he shook hands and then went upon the stage with a cry that thrilled the house: "Fuis! Spectre épouvantable!" His friend left the theater startled, and the audience were spellbound at the cry.

Does such duality prevent the actor from being "natural"? Not at all.

Talma once told a story of how his father, on his deathbed, gave utterance to a cry, the sincerity and naturalness of which deeply impressed the artist—always looking for a new point—and that same cry came back to him later for use in his experience as an actor. This shows the real actor, noting all the emotions which come under his own immediate observation, and turning them to account later in his art. Our own personal experience thus is useful in securing success for a rôle.

The actor should not be moved. He has no need to be any more than a pianist should be in a state of frenzy while playing a march of Beethoven. The pianist simply opens his keyboard, and you are held in admiration at his playing. If he abandoned himself to some personal feeling, he would play all wrong. So it is with the actor who, if he in his own soul emulated the passions of his rôle, would soon be overcome; his voice would break down; you would hear him no more. Such a strain could not possibly last. I do not say that I deny the lightning strokes of genius, but I do think that genius shows itself by a complete control of its medium for expression.

Then comes the question very much discussed the present day as to "convention" at the theater. In contrast to that we have "realism" or "naturalism," as it is sometimes called. In my opinion, nothing is beautiful, nothing is grand outside of nature; but at this point I must again repeat that acting is an art, with its limitations, and nature can only be reproduced in the theater under such limitations and with such relief as art demands. I will say, further, nature, pure and simple, reproduced, produces but a mediocre effect at the theater. It is easy to understand the artifices of mise en scène and miraculous decorations and fine costumes, but you can not make that the magnet of the action at the theater. You are at the theater and not in the street. If you put on the stage something that takes place on the street *as it is,* you attempt something analogous to posing yourself as a statue many times larger than natural size.

Take, for instance, the voice. If I speak in the same tone of voice on the stage as I should in asking news of your health, in your parlor, I would not be understood. The distance of a few steps between us is very different from the conditions existing in a large auditorium, where every one has a right to hear. That is one of the conventions of a theater which have to be recognized. On the stage, it is necessary to produce the illusion of life, yet effects must be modified to suit the special resources of the stage. This illusion must be produced on the fifteen hundred or two thousand persons, which constitute the public. Again, you must take into consideration the intellectual state of this public.

We are harder to please to-day than formerly; the laws of art change; the rude manners of our ancestors would not be tolerated under present conditions. But if it happened to-morrow —as in 1830—that there was a general disturbance of theories and ideas among the people, and that the public became all excited and passionate over the march of current events, I should consider within the possibilities, a complete revolution in the theater of the same kind as many which have preceded our time. I speak, of course, from the standpoint of the comedian, and if I had to examine things higher, I would go back to the beautiful preface that Alexandre Dumas has put at the head of "L'Etrangère." It is my privilege to entirely share the views of this famous dramatist in the limitations art places on nature. If you make the spectator really forget that he is at the theater, he will not enjoy himself, and instead of being the spectator he will be the actor.

Again, the theater corrects manners and morals in its own way. The "loge grillée" (a theater box in front of which there is a drop lattice curtain, seen in most Paris theaters) is not a confessional. If it were, you would not find fifteen hundred people going there every night. Do you think people expect to find a theater a church?

I have tried to establish that the comedian exercises an art, which has its difficulties as well as its honors, and I now wish to conclude my remarks in an effort to establish the status of the comedian in society.

With the Greeks—the veritable progenitors of the theater—the comedian was well considered. In Greece, theatrical representations had a religious significance; they had their origin in the church; the friars established the French theater, and in that day to the actors on the stage were extended every conceivable consideration. From whence, then, comes the change of later time? Perhaps from the satires of which Gringoire made the mother church the object. All possibility of stage and church reconciliation during Molière's time became impossible, and one can not but discern a sentiment of Tartuffe in the antipathy which the church has always manifested toward us. Since the death of Molière, to whose body the church refused Christian burial, there has been some improvement in our relation. The church sometimes consents to bury us—perhaps with pleasure—but many traces of the excommunication formerly pronounced upon the stage still exist. The unworthiness which was so long considered a necessary characteristic of the comedian is still looked for and believed in by many people. The prejudice still continues, although modified by changes in habits of society, which has become more humane since the Revolution.

After all, it is but natural that such a fluctuating influence as the theater

should be regarded with anxiety and distrust by all those old-world bodies who are fearful of what human thought may evolve. I doubt even today—although one hundred years after its production—whether the supervisors of our morals can look with indulgence upon a performance of "Le Mariage de Figaro."

But it is strange that even with the liberal-minded, public prejudice has still such a sway. Actors are invited and received into people's houses, but the accepted impossibility of equality existing between the host and such guests still creates a perceptible restraint. Often we are flattered, sometimes adored—that is, the comédiennes—but only to a limited degree are social courtesies extended. There still survives that old relic of prejudice.

I will not dwell too long on the rights that the public imagine they have over us. I will say nothing about the hissing and the whistling which, although disagreeable, is the right of the public. Nor against the throwing of baked apples—a pastime rarely indulged in at the present day—nor against the exactions of the public, more despotic than Christians; but what does all that prove? It proves that the public, perhaps unwittingly, seeks to keep its comedians, but on condition that they be more or less the servants of its good pleasure. This attitude is more noticeable in the provinces, where the people to a large extent still continue the customs of the olden times, with attendant prejudices, and where also actors, sojourning but temporarily in one place, are unable to enter into relations whereby a little talent on the one side and an attempt at courtesy on the other, might lay the foundation of mutual friendship.

It is frequently said that Molière would not play in his own plays. Yet recall the fondness for our art which he so often expressed. When Boileau at one time urged him to leave the stage, he replied "How can you think of such a thing; it is an honor for me to remain." "Honor!" think of it; an "honor" for Molière. Such a word from such a source is well worth preserving.

Is it, then, because actors in playing expose themselves to marks of disapproval as well as to applause? But are they alone in this? A few moments ago I spoke of "baked apples." I have heard of many distinguished professors who have been the recipients of both baked and raw apples. Even sous were thrown at Renan. But are not orators pretty much in the same category as ourselves, and do they not employ practically the same method—not to say tricks—in which we indulge? Not only political orators, but the pulpit has its share of such adepts. Then, is the reproach that in order to fulfil his duties, the actor, although no longer wearing a mask, is by the necessity of his calling obliged to use paint and grease and to make a mask of his countenance? Why such a dislike of rouge and powder; do not ladies off the stage indulge in such trifles?

As a matter of fact, the real reasons urged against the admission of the actor to the status of ordinary men and women in society resolve themselves practically into one, which is: That there exists in that abdication of his personality which a comedian makes in order to assume other personalities, a species of abdication of his own dignity, a denial, so to speak, of his dignity as a man.

But what about the Talmas and the Lekains? Is it, then, because the actor enters into the very skin of one perhaps less worthy than himself that you re-

fuse to him that consideration which you voluntarily tender to another artist? Not at all; it is simply because the actor takes a rôle which is not himself. And in so doing, it would, in your eyes, appear that he ceased to be a man.

To this objection—the only one I think which calls for serious consideration—there are two answers I wish to make. The first, that it is false that such abdication of dignity is made; the second, that even if true, the comedian is not responsible for the necessity imposed by his art, and consequently should not suffer. Again, why should the actor be responsible for this abdication, which is a condition imposed upon him by his poet? And if lessening of his dignity there be, it is not he who should be blamed, but the exigency of the art which makes such abasement necessary, that is, to the stage in its entirety. Moreover, why not excommunicate the dramatic author or the impresario?

But I deny that there is abasement, as to the artist there are no abdications. It is undoubtedly true that the actor enters, so to speak, in another skin, and enters into his assumed character with all his heart, his talent and his courage, for on the night of a première, he is like a soldier going on to the field of battle. It is with his ego that he makes you shudder, weep, or smile—shudder most noble, tears most admirable, smile most human. The artist does not abdicate; he governs. To a certain extent he may subject himself, but he never resigns his own individuality entirely, consequently he maintains his dignity. He remains a man, and he is more—an artist.

I plead for my own house. But has not that been done centuries upon centuries, and could it be expected from me that I should seek to diminish the importance—I will even say the necessity, the dignity—of what some people call the arts of pleasing, and what many would like to call—the useless arts?

FREELY translated, Wagner declares man's nature to be twofold, the outer and the inner. To the former the faculty of vision makes appeal; to the latter the sense of hearing. By gesture, by expression, man is able to communicate to his fellows his inner emotions, and the eye besides gives him power to distinguish surrounding objects. But the inner man can find direct communication only through the medium of his voice. Quality of voice, tone, can express only general feelings, and these but vaguely; in speech alone is to be found the capacity for condensation which brings to the inner consciousness distinct and definite understanding. Speech of itself is unemotional, a diamond in a dark room; only by the flashing light of tone can its hidden beauties be brought to light, its full significance be revealed. It follows, therefore, that the chief varieties of human art are those which appeal to both sides of human nature, the outer and the inner, and such are dance, tone and poetry. The term dance is used by Wagner to include all beauty of gesture and pose.

A Century of American Drama.

By WILLIAM WINTER.

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century the American stage was an institution of but slight importance. It had existed, under many difficulties, for about fifty years. The principal theaters were situated in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, while minor theaters led a precarious life in Albany, Hartford, Providence, Washington, Williamsburgh, Annapolis, Baltimore, and Charleston. The dramatic field was narrow and the actors were few. The total population of the United States did not much exceed 4,000,000. The city of New York, as late as 1807, contained only about 80,000 inhabitants, while Boston contained about 36,000. The reigning theatrical potentates were Wignell, in Philadelphia; Hallam, in New York; and Powell, in Boston. Communication between the towns was maintained by means of stage coaches, and professional excursions were occasionally made by two or three stock companies. The starring system,—which is said to have been introduced by Fennell (1806),—had not then been established. The chief playhouse of New York was in John Street, and it was designated, simply, and, for those days, sufficiently,—as "The Theater." Hodgkinson, Cooper, Harwood, Holman, Bernard, Fennell, Jefferson (grandfather of the Jefferson of to-day), Warren, Twaits, Blisset, Wood, Mrs. Marshall,—whom General Washington had admired,—and Mrs. Merry (Anne Brunton), were among the conspicuous players of the time.

The average salary paid to actors, of every rank, was about twenty-five dollars a week. The plays customarily offered were such as had already been well received in England. The actors, on some occasions, would go from house to house, soliciting patronage and selling tickets to their performances. The press derived no material benefit from theatrical advertisement and gave but little attention to the theater,—its comments, in general, being perfunctory and ponderous. The social status of the actor was comparatively low. Barrooms were often associated with the theater, and not only then but for many years afterward, females engaged in vice as a vocation were allowed access to a certain part of it. Most things were provincial. The standard of taste, however, as to intellectual matters, was high. The audience, in general, was fastidious; the tragedies of Shakespeare and the comedies of Farquhar, Sheridan, Colman, and Goldsmith were popular, and the art of acting was earnestly practised and seriously viewed. Many of the actors of that period were men who had received a classical education. The dramatic tide, of course, flowed out of England, as it had done from the first.

It has long been customary to descant on "the public taste" as an inherent force, and to intimate that conditions ensue upon fluctuation in that faculty; but, as a matter of fact, "the public taste" is fortified and led by external influence. In theatrical history periods have always been dominated by exceptional and redoubtable individuals. In the sixteenth century Burbage, Lowin, and Tarleton appear to have set the fashion. In the seven-

teenth century Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle reigned supreme. In the eighteenth century Garrick, Barry, Wilks, Peg Woffington, and Mrs. Cibber overshadowed everybody else, and led the world captive. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, and when the scene had been newly set in America, Hodgkinson and Cooper were in the ascendant as tragic actors, and Jefferson, Bernard, and Warren as comedians. George Frederick Cooke and Mary Duff came in 1810, and Edmund Kean in 1820, and their influence upon our stage, preserved and transmitted through a long professional lineage, is still potential. The year 1832, so fatal to renowned persons, saw the death of Warren and Jefferson, and by that time Anne Brunton and almost all the shining dramatic lights of the period had been extinguished. Cooper had retired from the theater. Mary Duff was in her decadence. Cooke died in 1812; Kean in 1833. The American career of the elder Wallack began in 1818; that of the elder Booth in 1821; that of Edwin Forrest in 1826; and the second quarter of the century was illumined by those three actors,—each a chieftain in his peculiar domain, and each potent to diffuse the abiding force of a fascinating and irresistible example.

Wallack was the most accomplished and the most iridescent of comedians, in the higher walk—playing Don Felix, Benedick, Rover, Doricourt, and Massaroni as nobody else could ever play them. Junius Brutus Booth was the poetic insanity of dramatic genius incarnate. Forrest, with a spark of the divine fire, was the most splendid animal force that the stage has seen; he had all the vigor of Salvini, and a finer voice. Booth died in 1852; Wallack in 1864. Forrest, reaching his zenith and passing it, between 1836 and 1856, began then to decline, till, worn out with trouble, sorrow, and bitter mental conflict, he died, in 1872. Meantime Edwin Booth, born in 1833, had served a hard novitiate in California, and about 1857 his superb genius, intellectual and spiritual as well as humanly sympathetic and winning, burst like a diamond sunrise on the Eastern cities, and thereafter, for well nigh thirty years, and throughout a period remarkable for fecundity of dramatic enterprise, wealth of diversified contemporary ability, and splendor of dramatic achievement, he led the stage and was the standard of his time, in tragic art: and his time was adorned with such names as James E. Murdoch, E. S. Conner, Charles Kean, Charles Fechter, J. W. Wallack, Jr., Edwin Adams, C. W. Couldock, G. V. Brooke, James Stark, E. L. Davenport, Charles Mathews, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, William Creswick, Davison, Sonnenthal, Haase, Rossi, and Salvini, together with Charlotte Cushman, Ellen Tree, Emma Waller, Charlotte Crampton, Julia Dean, Matilda Heron, Fanny Janauschek, Sarah Bernhardt, Adelaide Neilson, Helena Modjeska, and Mary Anderson. Booth died in 1893, at the age of sixty—"and hath not left his peer." Among other actors, native and foreign, but mostly of the latter class, who deeply impressed the public mind in the course of their transit, and who largely contributed to the moulding of the stage and the establishment of popular views as to that institution, were Augustus A. Addams, who began his career in Boston in 1823, appeared in New York in 1830, and died in 1851—a man of extraordinary genius; Henry J. Finn, a great comedian, lost in the "Lexington," in Long Island Sound, in 1840; W. C. Macready, one of the greatest of actors, 1826; Mme.

Vestris, who first came in 1828, and who came again as the wife of Charles Mathews, in 1838; Tyrone Power, 1833; John Reeve, 1835; Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, 1836; Chippendale, 1836; and J. B. Buckstone, 1840. The first of the "society actresses"—a painful lot—was Mrs. Mowatt, 1845. Among the great singers of old days, who visited America, were Charles Incledon, 1817; the enchanting Malibran, 1825, and the incomparable Jenny Lind, 1850.

The plays produced during these successive periods, have been, in the main, such as leading actors deemed best adapted for their personal display. A hundred years ago the sentimental comedy still had its exponents and its admirers. Shakespeare has always held his place. The first regular dramatic performance given in America, —in a building in Nassau Street, New York, March 5, 1750,—was a performance of "Richard III.," as adapted by Cibber; and from that time onward the chronicles teem with mention of the best of all dramatic poets. Cooper, Cooke, Kean, Forrest, and indeed all the tragedians of the century, acted Shakespeare, though not to the exclusion of everything else. Forrest gained the bulk of his great fortune with "Metamora"—a play that he abhorred, but one that he had taught his public to like, and one in which he appeared to great advantage. Musical plays, such as "Guy Mannering," were much favored in the early part of the century, when such actors and singers as Mrs. Richardson (Elizabeth Jefferson), Charlotte Cushman, Peter Richings and Henry Placide, were extant to interpret them. Melodrama was very popular about the middle of the century; no such acting in this particular line is ever seen now as that of Charlotte Cushman in Nancy, J. W. Wallack, Jr., in Fagin, and Peter Richings or E. L. Davenport in Bill Sikes. The greatest dramatic genius of France, the incomparable Rachel, visited America in 1855, and cast upon many minds a magic spell, of which the glamour has not yet wholly faded. The decadent drama of France was first introduced on the American stage about the same time, in an English form, by Jean Davenport,—now Mrs. Lander,—who first in this country, 1852-1853, acted the part of Camille. Matilda Heron, a woman of astonishing genius, seized on that part in 1855-57, and, in the nimble phraseology of her Hibernian manager, "clutched the dramatic diadem at a bound."

All sorts of things have arrived since then (the mere mention of them would fill columns), and every species of influence has been liberated in the theater. The last quarter of the century presents much to be deplored, but much also to be admired and extolled. Joseph Jefferson, acting Rip Van Winkle, has diffused happiness all over the land, and at the same time has exemplified the perfection of the comedian's art. Lester Wallack (1820-1888), closing a career of exceptional and sustained brilliancy, has exploited the treasures of old English comedy, and has left precious memories that will long survive. Adelaide Neilson, that wonder of genius and beauty (early and most cruelly and sadly blotted out of life), has filled the stage with images of loveliness and pathos that can never be forgotten. The noble and stately Mary Anderson has splendidly exemplified some of the highest ideals of poetry, and therein has done much to endear the theater to the best minds of her time. Augustin Daly, making a superb battle for intellect, beauty, and refinement in the contemporary drama and in the conduct of the stage, and

raising the American theater to conspicuous dignity and renown, has blessed the age with many joys and dowered it with the glory of a shining example; his theater was started in 1869, and in 1899 he died. The fame of Ada Rehan as a Shakespearian actress has been firmly established and widely diffused. Richard Mansfield has won great distinction and favor. Minnie Maddern Fiske has deservedly gained an honorable and auspicious eminence. But the most potent influence of all, within the last twenty years,—affecting the stage in every department, and affecting society in every rank—has been that of the famous English actor Henry Irving, whose several visits to America since 1883, with that rare, imaginative, enchanting actress Ellen Terry, and with their London Lyceum company and theatrical productions, have exhibited dramatic art in surpassing excellence, and theatrical embellishment in unprecedented and unrivaled completeness and splendor. The Irving productions, in particular, have illustrated and enforced the wisdom of scrupulous attention to every detail, and Irving, like Booth, has devoted his life to great subjects, giving to the public not what they are supposed to want, but what they ought to have. In comedy the American stage has seen the best that could be shown, and the names of Charles and Fannie Kemble, John Barnes, W. R. Blake, W. F. Gates, Dion Boucicault, John Brougham, William E. Burton, James H. Hackett, John E. Owens, Charles Burke, John S. Clarke, John Gilbert, Charles F. Coghlan, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and that exquisite artist, John Hare, have been written on the age in letters of light.

As the century closes the field of the drama extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific and includes the vast population of 70,000,000. There are more than 3,500 theatrical towns in the United States, and more than 5,000 theaters, and there are at least 600 traveling companies in continual activity. At this moment,—much to the injury of the dramatic profession, and much to the discredit of most of its leaders,—the stage is girdled with the tentacles of an octopus, having its head in this capital and its limbs extended throughout the land. A Theatrical Trust has been formed, and under its sordid and ruthless tyranny, the theater has been turned into a sort of Department Store. The motive of this ring is mercenary, and the tone of it is vulgar. Such an influence must, in the nature of things, make everything that it touches commonplace and mean. One of the blessings most to be desired at the beginning of the new century, is the destruction of this syndicate of speculative corner-grocery traders in the arts, and thereupon the restoration of a fair competition in business. The stage can be preserved only by the preservation of its charm. To make it common is to insure its ruin. In the immediate dramatic prospect there is but little promise of fine achievement, but, in the domain of the stage, as in other domains, there are always salutary and noble forces working beneath the surface, and the hope should be encouraged that, in this, as in all realms of human activity, evil will ultimately be defeated, and good will conquer.—*N. Y. Tribune, Jan.* 6, 1901.

Graded Physical Exercises.

FOR USE IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

By Bertha Louise Colburn.

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ELEVENTH ARTICLE.

[The April, 1900, number of Werner's Magazine contained the introduction to this serial. The exercises have been arranged with special reference to the mental as well as the physical needs of school children. Six years in schools have demonstrated their value. They have also been used with benefit by older persons whose physical training has been neglected, and all who desire systematic exercise at home will find in them some complete set of exercises adapted to their needs. They are arranged in eight groups, one for each year in graded schools; each group consists of ten lessons, one for every four weeks. Additional lessons in marching, games, etc., are also given. Each lesson contains exercises for all parts of the body; but, as it is only from frequent repetition of a movement that benefit can be derived, only one or two new exercises are given in each lesson, and these are a natural outgrowth from the preceding ones. Thus, the eighth year exercises contain all the movements of the preceding grades.]

Grade VII.—Seventh Year in School—*Continued.*

[Teachers are referred to "Note to Teachers," page 264 of Werner's Magazine for May, 1900.]

ACTION POEMS.

A GREYPORT LEGEND, 1797.

By Bret Harte.

[By special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.]

I.

They ran through the streets of the seaport town, (1)
They peered from the decks of the ships where they lay (2)
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down (3)
Was never so cold or white as they. (4)
"Ho, Starbuck, and Pickhey, and Tenterden! (5)
Run for your shallops, gather your men, (5)
Scatter your boats on the lower bay." (6)

II.

Good cause for fear! in the thick mid-day (7)
The hulk that lay by the rotten pier, (8)
Filled with children in happy play, (9)
Parted its moorings and drifted clear. (10)
Drifted clear beyond reach or call,— (11)
Thirteen children there were in all,— (12)
All adrift in the lower bay! (13)

III.

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!
She will not float till the morning tide!" (14)
Said his wife, "My darling will hear *my* call, (15)
Whether in sea or heaven she bide." (16)
And she lifted a quavering voice and high, (17)
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side. (18)

IV.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew, (19)
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore; (20)
There was not a sound but the breath they drew, (21)
And the lap of water and creak of oar; (22)
And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone, (23)
But not from the lips that had gone before (24)

V.

They come no more. (25) But they tell the tale
That when fogs are thick on the harbor reef, (26)

The mackerel-fishers shorten sail, (27)
For the signal they know will bring relief,—
For the voices of children, still at play (28)
In phantom hulk that drifts away (29)
Through channels whose waters never fail. (30)

VI.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page, (31)
But still when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age, (32)
We hear from the misty, troubled shore, (33)
The voice of the children gone before, (34)
Drawing the soul to its anchorage. (35)

(1) Extend arms straight forward, palms down. (2) Lean forward and shade eyes as if peering through fog. (3) Lower arms gently from front head level. (4) Turn palms front at low line. (5) Right hand to mouth, without interfering with sound. (6) Extend arm toward right side, palm down. (7) Right forearm lowered from shoulder level to mid line, hand sidewise. (8) Extend arm front, palm down, pointing down to "hulk." (9) Turn palm up. (10) Slow sweep of arm to side. (11) Raise forearm to head level and lower again to former position. (12) Both arms extended at front mid line, palms up. (13) Sweep to right half side, palms down. (14) Swiftly raise extended right arm to shoulder level at half side, palm down. (15) Left hand on heart. (16) Point outward and upward with right hand. (17) Both hands to mouth as if calling. (18) Shudder. (19) Lower arms gently from high line to below shoulder level; close fists, bring elbows back, and tip trunk back as if rowing. (20) Extend left arm pointing to one, then right pointing to another; point up with right; ahead with left. (21) Lower arms and lean slightly forward listening. (22) Point downward right; give rowing motion. (23) Point out to left. (24) Point forward with right. (25) Hold arms out at mid line, palms up. (26) Raise arms to head level and lower slightly, palms down. (27) Motions of shortening sail. (28) Lean forward listening. (29) Point front, then drift to right, palm down. (30) Lower to low line, palm up. (31) Raise left forearm from front to half side, palm up. (32) Arms extended at low line, palms down. (33) Point front, palm down. (34) Turn palm up. (35) Raise left arm and carry both straight forward.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

By Alfred Tennyson.

I.

Half a league, half a league, (1)
Half a league onward, (2)
All in the valley of death (3)
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade! (4)
Charge for the guns!" he said: (5)
Into the valley of death (6)
Rode the six hundred.

II.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!" (4)
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew (6)
Some one had blundered!
Theirs not to make reply; (7)
Theirs not to reason why; (8)
Theirs but to do and die: (8)
Into the valley of Death (6)
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them, (9)
Cannon to left of them, (10)
Cannon in front of them (11)
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well; (12)
Into the jaws of Death, (13)
Into the mouth of Hell, (14)
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their sabers bare, (15)
Flashed as they turned in air, (15)
Sabring the gunners there, (16)
Charging an army, while (12)
All the world wondered! (17)
Plunged in the battery-smoke (12)
Right through the line they broke: (18)
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke, (19)
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back; but not—
Not the six hundred. (20)

V.

Cannon to right of them, (9)
Cannon to left of them, (10)
Cannon behind them (21)
  Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell, (22)
While horse and hero fell, (23)
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death (24)
Back from the mouth of Hell, (25)
All that was left of them—
  Left of six hundred. (26)

VI.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made! (27)
  All the world wondered. (28)
Honor the charge they made! (29)
Honor the Light Brigade—(29)
  Noble six hundred! (30)

All the sights and sounds of the battlefield must be held vividly in mind. Picture the heroic soldiers rushing on to their death.

(1) Raise right arm to mid line in front, palm down; move slightly to right. (2) Move farther to right. (3) Raise slightly and lower pointing to floor; hold during next line. (4) Raise right forearm to head level and bring quickly down to mid line, hand sidewise, in gesture of command. (5) Smaller movement in same manner. (6) Lean slightly forward and tell earnestly. (7) Raise left forearm to front mid line, palm up. (8) Raise right hand sidewise to shoulder level and lower again slowly. (9) Point right. (10) Point left. (11) Point front with both hands, palms down. (12) Extend arms straight front. (13) Lower slightly and turn palms up. (14) Raise forearms and lower again, hands sidewise. (15) Swift upward curve of right arm. (16) Carry right arm swiftly down. (17) Turn palms up and carry toward sides. (18) Slight upward and downward movement of forearm. (19) Draw arms back and transfer weight to backward foot, inclining trunk backward. (20) Raise left forearm and lower to mid line, palm up. (21) Carry arms slightly backward. (22) Raise right forearm and lower to front mid line, hand sidewise. (23) Raise and lower again. (24) Carry left arm backward. (25) Bring arm slowly forward again. (26) Raise forearm slightly and lower to mid line, palm up. (27) Raise extended arms in front to head level and lower to mid line, palms down. (28) Carry arms to sides, turning palms up. (29) Raise right arm above head and give circular sweep as in cheering. (30) Lower extended arm in front, palm up.

THE CHASE.

By Sir Walter Scott.

I.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill, (1)
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade; (2)
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head, (3)
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way, (4)
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn. (5)

II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall," (6)
The antlered monarch of the waste (7)
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste. (8)
But ere his fleet career he took,
The dewdrops from his flanks he shook; (9)
Like creasted leader proud and high
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky; (10)
A moment gazed adown the dale, (11)
A moment snuffed the tainted gale, (12)
A moment listened to the cry, (13)
That thickened as the chase drew nigh; (14)
Then, as the headmost foes appeared, (15)
With one brave bound the copse he cleared, (16)
And, stretching forward free and far, (17)
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var. (18)

III.

Yelled on the view the opening pack; (19)
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back; (20)
To many a mingled sound at once (21)
The awakened mountain gave response. (22)
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong, (23)
Clattered a hundred steeds along, (24)
Their peal the merry horns rung out, (25)
A hundred voices joined the shout; (26)
With hark and whoop and wild halloo, (27)
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew. (3)
Far from the tumult fled the roe, (28)
Close in her covert cowered the doe, (29)
The falcon, from her cairn on high, (3)

Cast on the rout a wondering eye, (30)
Till far beyond her piercing ken (28)
The hurricane had swept the glen. (31)
Faint, and more faint, its falling din (32)
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn, (33)
And silence settled, wide and still, (34)
On the lone wood and mighty hill. (35)

This selection is taken from the first canto of "The Lady of the Lake." Study meaning of unfamiliar words.

(1) Point to rill in front with left hand, palm down, waving hand slightly for moonlight on waves. (2) Point front with right hand. (3) Point upward at half side with right. (4) Point lower down mountain. (5) Point directly out to right side. (6) Excited manner and quick movement of right arm in front upward, then down to mid line. (7) Extend arm pointing front. (8) Lift both forearms quickly in front to shoulder level. (9) Shake hands slightly down at sides. (10) Toss head. (11) Look right side. (12) Lift chin. (13) Listen. (14) Point right. (15) Sweep right arm slightly front. (16) Bounding movement with both arms. (17) Carry extended arms toward left. (18) Lower right and point to distance with left. (19) Point right, palm down. (20) Point left, hold while pointing right, left again. (21) Hold arms at half sides and turn palms up. (22) Point higher right. (23) Point lower. (24) Carry extended arms from right side to left with undulating movement. (25) Hold horn to mouth. (26) Arms carried upward and outward from front to half side shoulder level. (27) Lower arms and hold an instant at sides, palms down, give quick upward movement, then wave right arm showing excitement. (28) Point to distant left, palm down. (29) Point downward in front with left. (30) Lower right to shoulder level and at same time raise left. (31) Sweep both arms from right side to left. (32) Hold hands palms down at sides, listening. (33) Point down left, up right and down right. (34) Lift both arms high and float slowly down to mid line. (35) Turn left, palm up, and look left, then look and point upward right.

THE PROSPEROUS VOYAGE.

By Johann von Goethe.

The fogs disappear, (1)
The heavens are bright, (2)
And Aeolus frees (3)
From their prison the winds. (4)
They whistle and roar, (5)
Alert is the sailor. (6)
Come, comrades, be quick! (7)
The billows divide,
The distance draws near; (8)
Land, land I descry. (9)

(1) Raise both hands front till they touch at head level, and carry outward to sides with palms front. (2) Raise, pointing to skies. (3) Point to distance at left half side. (4) Sweep both hands with palms down, across from left to right. (5) Extend arms to left, make circular movement and sweep across to right. (6) Stand in alert attitude. (7) Raise right arm at side and bring forearm quickly forward. (8) Point to distant front with left hand, palm down. (9) Bring left hand to forehead, shading eyes.

THE HURRICANE.

By William Cullen Bryant.

[By permission of D. Appleton & Co., publishers.]

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh, (1)
I know thy breath in the burning sky! (2)
And I wait with a thrill in every vein, (3)
For the coming of the hurricane! (3)

* * * * *

He is come! he is come! do ye not behold (4)
His ample robes on the wind unrolled? (5)
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!— (1)
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale; (6)
How his huge and writhing arms are bent (7)
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold at length, in their dark embrace, (8)
From mountain to mountain the visible space. (9)

Darker—still darker!—the whirlwinds bear (10)
The dust of the plains to the middle air; (11)
And hark to the crashing, long and loud, (12)
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud! (12)
You may trace its path by the flashes that start (13)
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below, (14)
And flood the skies with a lurid glow. (15)

What roar is that?—'tis the rain that breaks (16)
In torrents away from the airy lakes, (17)
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground, (18)
And shedding a nameless horror round. (19)
Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies, (20)
With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my eyes. (21)

I seek ye vainly, and see in your place (22)
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space, (23)
A whirling ocean that fills the wall (24)
Of the crystal heaven, and buries all. (25)
And I, cut off from the world, remain (26)
Alone with the terrible hurricane. (27)

(1) Raise arms high at half sides, palms up. (2) Drop right arm to side and turn left palm front, pointing up. (3) Hands clasped excitedly. (4) Unclasp hands, and hold down at sides, palms down, in eager attitude. (5) Raise arms high in front, palms facing, and give sweeping movement outward. (6) Waving motion. (7) Lower arms a little and bend elbows slightly; hold during next line. (8) Bring arms nearer to chest. (9) Point upward to left and right. (10) Look to left and right. (11) Make upward spirals with both hands. (12) Stand in listening attitude. (13) Point upward right and make zigzag lines in air. (14) Quick downward movement with right hand. (15) Raise both arms in front, and give outward sweeps with arms. (16) Point right. (17) Lower hand swiftly to mid line, palm down. (18) Downward movement with both arms from mid line. (19) Bring arms slightly upward and sweep outward. (20) Point to left, to right, and upward. (21) Point higher with right hand and bring both toward each other as if shutting out view. (22) Look earnestly around. (23) Sweeping movement with both arms from left to right. (24) Circular movement with both arms high. (25) Point upward with both hands; turn palms down and sweep arms downward. (26) Point to self with both hands; carry arms to sides, palms front. (27) Lower arms and hold at half sides, palms up.

GAMES.

PAPER TAG.

Put slips of paper containing numbers in an open box in the center of the yard. Let one child who is chosen by lot for catcher stand beside it with closed eyes until he counts twenty aloud. The other children meanwhile hide themselves. The child by the box opens his eyes and starts to find the hidden ones. They try to steal up to the box, and take a slip of paper without being caught by him. Only one paper can be taken at a time, and a child who has twice taken a slip can not be tagged. The game ends when all are caught or have two slips of paper. The one first caught becomes catcher next time.

STRONG PULL.

The players choose sides and stand on two lines facing each other. The men in each company stand a pace apart and each man is opposite the space between two of the enemy. Both companies advance and fall into center line, each man standing between two of his foes and taking the hand of each. Thus the men of one company alternate with those of the other, each company still facing the enemy's starting point. All pull, each company striving to pull the enemy back to the enemy's starting point. The company which succeeds wins the game. Should the line break, the company which pulls the most men wins. Girls should not join with the boys in this game, unless equally matched in strength.

WEAVING.

The players stand in two lines facing each other. The two at the heads of the line advance toward each other, clasp right hands and walk around once in a circle; then instead of returning to place, the one from the right hand line crosses to the left, clasps right hand with the child at the head, and circles about with her. The child from the left hand line meanwhile has circled with the head child of the right line. Both children circle with each other in the center again, and then with the second child in each line. Continue circling with each other and the succeeding children, until they reach the foot. If the lines are long, when the two who started the weaving are half way down, the next two at the head may start.

PIG WALL BALL.

The ball used in this game is a big soft one, like a basket ball. The players stand in two lines facing each other, at right angles to a wall. The leader stands between the lines on the side opposite the wall. He starts the game by giving the ball a light toss down

the center. Each side rushes forward and the one who first seizes the ball throws it toward the wall; if he hits it within the limits his side scores one; if he misses, it loses one; all return to places and the leader tosses the ball again. The score may be any number previously agreed upon. The side which gains the highest score in a given time wins.

SNATCH BEAN BAG.

The players stand in two opposite lines within easy distance and toss a bean bag back and forth, beginning at one end, and ending at the other. The snatcher, who is chosen from each side in turn, stands between the lines and tries to snatch the bag when tossed by the enemy's line. Each time he succeeds one is scored for his side; if he fails to catch it at all during its passage down the lines, his side loses five.

The first player on the other side takes his place as snatcher, and so the game continues. The winning side is the one which has the highest score at the end of a given time.

Grade VIII.—Eighth Year in School.

LESSON I.

Prepare to stand! Stand! Space!

1. POSITION EXERCISE; *arm stretching and pushing downward at back.*
2. POISING; *swinging free leg in circle; poising, rising and holding on strong foot.*
3. Leg; *knee bending and leg circling, or stretching.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching at sides.*
5. CHEST; *expanding and contracting; lifting and sinking.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling.*
7. Neck; *bending forward; twisting to one side; bending backward.*
8. Reaching; *upward, outward at right side.*
9. Respiratory; *arm stretching forward, outward and downward.*
10. Arm Swinging; *twirling hands outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *at sides, touching fingers on shoulders; upward at half front, turning and floating downward.*

1. POSITION EXERCISE; ARM STRETCHING AND PUSHING DOWNWARD AT BACK.

Raise arms at sides, palms down, till they reach shoulder level; without stopping turn palms front, and continue reaching upward till arms are straight above head; carry with same stretching movement downward and slightly outward in front until down at an angle of thirty degrees with body; continue pushing backward to an angle of thirty degrees; turn arms and raise to shoulder level with palms up; interlock fingers behind head without touching it; turn palms upward and raise above head until arms are fully extended; unclasp hands and reach outward, downward, and backward till arms are at an angle of thirty degrees behind body; push downward with palms during four counts; unclasp fingers, and float arms down to position at sides.

Time: Up! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Push! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. This exercise lifts all the organs of body to proper attitude, broadens chest and corrects drooping shoulders, this improving both health and appearance.

LESSON-TALK.

Stand with weight of body directly over balls of feet. Do not allow hips to come forward during last movement of pushing backward. Hold some thought of dignity and self-respect.

2. POISING; SWINGING FREE LEG IN CIRCLE; POISING, RISING, AND HOLDING ON STRONG FOOT.

Stand on left foot and swing right leg around left in a circle. Begin by swinging front and across left, then around to right and back of left, keeping toe pointed to floor; end movement with right leg behind and slightly touching left, toe raised from floor. Poise forward upon left foot as far as possible without raising heel from floor or losing the perpendicular; return weight to ball of foot; poise backward upon heel; return to ball; rise slowly upon ball and toes; hold position during four counts; lower heel to floor; rise again; hold; lower. Place right foot on floor; transfer weight easily to it and repeat, swinging left and poising on right.

Time: Left! 2-3-4. Swing! 2-3-4. Poise forward! 2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. Back!

2-3-4. Position! 2-3-4. Rise! 2-3-4. Hold! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4, etc. This exercise strengthens leg and ankle muscles, cultivates the muscular sense, strengthens the nerve centers, and gives self-command and ease of manner.

LESSON-TALK.

The trunk must not move during the swinging of the leg. During forward and backward poising the most noticeable movement is at ankles although the body is kept perpendicular by a complex movement of many muscles.

3. LEG; KNEE BENDING AND LEG CIRCLING OR STRETCHING.

Standing on left foot carry right around with a circular movement until directly behind and a foot or more in distance from left foot; immediately change weight to right foot and bend right knee, straightening left in a deep courtesy; rise, carrying weight forward to left foot; bring right to position; transfer weight easily to right foot and repeat.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Right foot! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Right! 2-3-4. This exercise for girls uses muscles of thigh and leg, with those of lower back which assist in holding the trunk erect; it gives free action at the hip joints, and an ease of movement which improves the gait.

Or: Standing on left foot bend knee and at same time extend right foot in direction to which it points, and touch toe lightly to floor. Return to position and repeat. Transfer weight to right foot and extend left in same manner.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. This exercise for boys is somewhat more difficult since the whole weight of the body is raised and lowered by calf and thigh muscles.

LESSON-TALK.

Transfer weight slowly from forward to backward foot; incline trunk forward and keep left knee straight while bending right; glide smoothly to forward foot. Keep the trunk erect and square to front while bending left knee and extending right foot.

4. ARM AND HAND; PUSHING FORWARD WITH CLASPED HANDS AND ARMS STRETCHING AT SIDES.

Raise arms and interlock fingers in front of chest; turn palms front and push forward as far as possible, keeping head erect; unclasp hands and carry horizontally to sides with strong stretching movement; turn arms and float to chest; repeat three times.

Time: Arms! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. Sides 2-3-4. Chest! 2-3-4. The muscles of fingers, arms, and shoulders are strongly exercised, the chest is expanded, and the carriage of the head improved.

LESSON-TALK.

The beneficial effect of this exercise is weakened by any bending forward of head or chest. Push backward slightly with head while pushing forward with hands. Hold in mind the thought of controlled force.

5. CHEST; EXPANDING AND CONTRACTING; LIFTING AND SINKING.

Stand on both feet. Place thick of hands on floating ribs with fingers pointing straight forward. Draw sides as near together as possible; expand waist sending sides as far apart as possible. Repeat three times. Place tips of fingers on upper chest and lower it as much as possible; lift it directly upward toward chin. Repeat three times.

Time: Contract! 2-3-4. Expand! 2-3-4. Contract! 2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, etc. Sink! 2-3-4, 1-2-3-4. Raise! 2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, etc. This is an excellent exercise for chest expansion, and correction of head carriage; it strengthens the internal organs, especially the stomach, and improves digestion.

LESSON-TALK.

The hands do not assist except as a guide to the mind. Keep the fingers extended; as the sides contract they will touch, then overlap. As the chest is lowered the elbows will naturally rise; as chest rises they will sink. Do not call attention to breathing unless the pupil holds his breath; he ought naturally to inhale as he expands, and exhale as he contracts.

6. TRUNK; BENDING AND CIRCLING.

Stand firmly on both feet. Place hands on hips, thumbs pointing forward, fingers together and pointing straight downward at sides. Bend upper part of chest toward front, letting head droop forward; circle trunk to right; back, left, and front, bending along the line of the ninth rib; repeat, circling from left to right; lift trunk to erect position, raising head last, and letting hands slide easily down to sides.

Time: Trunk! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Right! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Left! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4, etc. The abdominal and back muscles and the diaphragm are strongly used in this exercise, but its most important effect is that resulting from the alternate pressure and relaxation of the vital organs, which strengthens them and stimulates to more vigorous action.

LESSON-TALK.

It is not possible to bend over far if the exercise is correctly taken. Let there be no bending at the hips; keep them firm and a little in front of their usual position. The trunk must be square to front and neck relaxed, so that head may follow movements of trunk. Keep in mind the thought of the immovability of lower part of body and flexibility of trunk.

7. NECK; BENDING FORWARD; TWISTING TO ONE SIDE; BENDING BACKWARD.

Bend neck forward till chin touches chest; twist to right until chin rests on right shoulder; tip back of head down on left shoulder until face is parallel with ceiling; raise the head bringing chin down upon right shoulder again, and turn front. Repeat to left.

Time: Neck! 2-3-4. Right! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Raise! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. This exercise gives fullness and roundness to the muscles of neck, improves carriage of head, counteracting tendency to throw out chin, and regulates supply of blood going to brain.

LESSON-TALK.

Do not twist the shoulders while twisting neck. Keep chin close to neck while turning front. Insist upon loose collars and explain how freedom of movement is necessary for development.

8. REACHING; UPWARD, OUTWARD AT RIGHT SIDE.

Stand on right foot. Carry left foot out to side as far as possible, toe touching floor; raise right arm at side until upper arm touches head; push outward with palm until arm is half way between head and shoulder level, fingers pointing directly upward; carry arm easily down to side at same time bringing left foot to position. Repeat with other foot and arm.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Arm! 2-3-4. Push! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. This exercise stretches muscles of arm, trunk, and hip, stimulates circulation, incites the internal organs to more vigorous action, and develops reserve power.

LESSON-TALK.

In raising arm, let forearm lead; reflex action will cause the head to incline slightly toward it; push outward with palm and upward with fingertips until the opposing foot is lifted from floor. Float arm easily down to side. Think of reaching upward till the whole body seems lifted, although the strong foot remains on floor.

9. RESPIRATORY; ARM STRETCHING FORWARD, OUTWARD, AND DOWNWARD.

Inhale while bringing hands together and raising to chest, palms down. Hold breath and extend arms straight forward, fingers together, forefingers touching; carry them strongly out to sides; carry down to position pushing with forearms. Exhale and repeat. Sometimes exhale while pushing downward.

Time: Inhale! 2-3-4. Hold! 2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4. Exhale! 2-3-4, etc. This exercise is to establish the habit of deep slow breathing which is customary with all strong animals and men. It forces the air into the apices of the lungs, the parts which are first affected in pulmonary consumption, and is an excellent exercise for chest expansion.

LESSON-TALK.

Breathe through the nostrils, with mouth closed. Keep head erect, and hold some thought of buoyancy, as if swimming through ocean of air and continually ascending.

10. ARM SWINGING; TWIRLING HANDS OUTWARD AND INWARD.

Stand firmly on both feet; twirl forearms around each other in front of chest, first with an outward, then with an inward movement. Let wrists and hands be passive.

Time: Raise arms at command, Arms horizontal! at, Swing! shake forearms rapidly and carry upward. The music should change to something quick and running, like a galop, although the swinging is much faster than the counts. This exercise strengthens arms, gives flexibility to wrists, and relieves tension of finger muscles, but its chief value lies in the development of power of self-command, and the consequent dignity which it adds to the appearance.

LESSON-TALK.

Swing forearms as vigorously as possible without moving hand or chest. Hold in mind thoughts of strength, dignity, and control.

11. FLOATING; AT SIDES, TOUCHING FINGERS ON SHOULDERS; UPWARD AT HALF FRONT, TURNING AND FLOATING DOWNWARD.

Stand on right foot. Float right arm up at side to shoulder level; turn palm up, float forearm upward and over, then bend at wrist and touch finger tips to shoulder; float forearm back to horizontal position; repeat three times; turn and float down to position. Repeat with left arm; both arms.

Stand on right foot. Float right arm with forearm leading, wrist and hand passive, up half way between front and side until above head level; turn palm upward, fingers pointing upward and outward at half side; hold position three counts, letting head incline toward arm and looking upward in direction indicated by hand; turn palm down and float arm to position; repeat. Transfer weight easily to left foot and float left arm. Stand on both feet and float both arms, looking upward front while holding arms at high position.

Time: Float to slow waltz music without counting aloud. The practice of the floating exercises removes tension of muscles by obtaining control of nerve force, thus preventing useless expenditure, and avoiding needless fatigue. Beauty of expression of arms is acquired, and repose of manner cultivated.

LESSON-TALK.

Stand in a buoyant, expectant attitude, an reflex action will cause a slight movement of head in opposition to that of arm. All the movements are continuous, and the forearm always leads while wrist and hand remain passive. Hold thought of continuity and ease of movement.

Marching.

1. WITH ONE STEP—*Forward—jump!*
2. TOUCH STEP—*alternate—salutation!*
3. BACK TOUCH STEP—*alternate—salutation.*

1. This is done in five counts. On *one,* place the left foot forward; on *two,* jump, swinging the right leg forward; on *three,* land on toes with knees bent; on *four,* straighten knees; on *five,* lower heels.

2. On *one,* step left; *two,* touch right front and extend arms, palms up, at mid line, half way between front and sides, inclining trunk forward in the attitude of salutation; *three,* lower arms and step forward right; *four,* touch left, extending arms again.

3. Same, touching foot behind.

LESSON II.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg in circle; poising, rising and holding on strong foot.*
3. Leg; *knee bending and leg circling, or stretching.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching at sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting; lifting and sinking.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling.*
7. Neck; *bending forward; twisting to one side; bending backward.*
8. REACHING; *upward and backward.*
9. Respiratory; *arm stretching forward, outward and downward.*
10. Arm Swinging; *twirling hands outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *at sides, touching fingers on shoulders; upward at half front, turning and floating downward.*

8. REACHING; UPWARD AND BACKWARD.

Stand on right foot. Extend left leg as far as possible in the direction to which it points, and touch toe to floor. Raise right arm in front and carry it over backward till it forms a straight line with the extended leg; turn palm upward and push up with it as strongly as possible. Float arm down to side, at same time bringing left foot to position. Repeat with other foot and arm.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Arm! 2-3-4. Push! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. The general effect of this exercise is the same as in the sideward reaching.

LESSON-TALK.

Raise the arm with forearm leading, hand relaxed. Reach upward and backward until opposing leg is lifted from floor in front. Keep body well poised on ball of foot and do not allow trunk to incline backward while reaching.

Marching.

1. LEFT KNEE—*upward—bend! Change! Quick! Halt!*

2. CROSS TOUCH STEP—*alternate—salutation!*
3. BACK CROSS TOUCH STEP—*alternate—salutation!*

1. Raise left thigh until it is horizontal, with leg perpendicular, toe pointing down; lower left foot to floor and transfer weight to it; raise right knee. Upon command, Quick! change rapidly with a little leap. After command, Halt! the leg is lifted and replaced once before the movement is stopped.

2. On *one*, step left; *two*, touch right foot across in front of left, extending both arms as in salutation; *three*, drop arms and step forward with right foot; *four*, cross touch left foot and extend arms.

3. Same, with cross touch behind.

LESSON III.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg in circle; poising, rising and holding on strong foot.*
3. Leg; *knee bending and leg circling, or stretching.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching at sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting; lifting and sinking.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling, with hands clasped behind head.*
7. Neck; *bending forward; twisting to one side; bending backward.*
8. Reaching; *upward and backward.*
9. Respiratory; *arm stretching forward, outward and downward.*
10. Arm Swinging; *twirling hands outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *at sides, touching fingers on shoulders; upward at half front, turning and floating downward.*

6. TRUNK; BENDING AND CIRCLING, WITH HANDS CLASPED BEHIND HEAD.

Stand firmly on both feet. Turn palms forward, raise arms, and clasp hands behind head, interlocking fingers. Bend upper part of chest toward front, and circle trunk as in Lesson I. Keep the elbows in a straight line.

The raised arms increase the difficulty of the movement, giving stronger work to the muscles.

For Effect and Lesson-Talk see Lesson I.

Marching.

1. MARK TIME—*march! Left (right) face and—Halt!*
2. MARK TIME—*march! Left (right) about face and—Halt!*
3. MARK TIME—*march! Left (right) half face and—Halt!*
4. FORWARD—*march! Left (right) face and —Halt!*
5. FORWARD—*march! Left (right) about face and—Halt!*
6. FORWARD—*march! Left (right) half face and—Halt!*
7. STRIDE TWIRL—*left! (right!)*

1. The first command is given and the marking time commenced before the second command is given; the word, Halt! is uttered as left foot touches floor; the right marks time once more, after which one quarter turn to left is quickly made upon ball of right foot; the left foot, raised to mark time is brought to position.

The command in right facing is given as right foot touches floor, and the turn is made upon left.

2 and 3. About and half facings are executed in same way with one-half and one-eighth turns.

4, 5, and 6. Performed in same manner as in marching in place.

7. Starting with left foot take three steps, on fourth count make a whole turn to the right on ball of left foot, and swinging right leg around to right, place right foot beside left.

Same, starting with right and turning to left. Combine this with marching, as marching to end of aisle, twirling and returning to place.

LESSON IV.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg in circle; poising, rising and holding on strong foot.*
3. Foot and Leg; *foot circling.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching at sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting; lifting and sinking.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling, with hands clasped behind head.*
7. Neck; *bending forward; twisting to one side; bending backward.*

8. Reaching; *upward and backward.*
9. Respiratory; *arm stretching forward, outward and downward.*
10. Arm Swinging; *twirling hands outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *at sides, touching fingers to shoulders with opposite movements.*

3. Foot and Leg; Foot Circling.

Place hands on hips, thumbs forward, fingers together and pointing straight downward at sides. Advance right foot and lift slightly from floor; move foot around in ankle joint in as large a circle as possible, circling toward right. Repeat three times. Circle left foot.

Time: Right foot! 2-3-4. Circle! 2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, etc. This exercise strengthens muscles that move foot, and give freedom at ankle joint.

LESSON-TALK.

Stand firmly poised on strong foot, and allow no movement of head or trunk. Think of stability and freedom of movement.

11. Floating; at Sides, Touching Fingers to Shoulders with Opposite Movements.

Float both arms up at sides, touching fingers to shoulders as in Lesson I. Hold right arm up until left floats down to horizontal, then move both with opposite movements. At end of exercise hold left arm horizontal until right arm reaches same plane, then float both down to sides.

For Time, Effect, and Lesson-Talk see Lesson I.

Marching.

1. Backward—*march! Left (right) face and—Halt!*
2. Backward—*march! Left (right) about face and—Halt!*
3. Backward—*march! Left (right) half face and—Halt!*
4. Sideward—*march! Left (right) face and—Halt!*
5. Sideward—*march! Left (right) about face and—Halt!*
6. Sideward—*march! Left (right) half face and—Halt!*
7. Touch Step and Bend Knee—*alternate!*
8. Back Touch Step and Bend Knee—*alternate!*

1. The second command is given during the backward march, the executive, Halt! being uttered as left foot touches floor; the right takes one step backward and then the quarter turn is made upon the ball; the left foot which has been raised is brought to position beside right.

For right facing the command is given on right foot and turn made upon ball of left.

2 and 3. Executed in same way with one-half and one-eighth turns.

4. Command is given as left foot touches floor; right foot takes one more step, then one quarter turn is made upon ball while left foot, which has been raised from floor is brought up to position.

For right facing the command is given as right foot touches floor and turn is made on left.

5 and 6. Same with half and eighth turns.

7. On *one,* step forward with left foot; *two,* touch right foot forward and bend left knee; *three,* step forward right; *four,* touch left and bend right knee.

8. Same, touching foot behind.

LESSON V.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *leg circling, with rising on toes and lowering heels.*
3. Foot and Leg; *foot circling.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching at sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting; lifting and sinking.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling, with hands clasped behind head.*
7. Neck; *bending forward; twisting to one side; bending backward.*
8. Reaching; *upward and backward.*
9. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward front, hands clasping behind head; arms stretching downward at sides.*
10. Arm Swinging; *twirling hands outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *at sides, touching fingers to shoulders with opposite movements.*

2. Poising; Leg Circling, with Rising on Toes and Lowering Heels.

Rise on toes of left foot while swinging right leg around left in first part of circle described in Lesson I. Lower heels while completing circle. Repeat three times. Stand on right foot and repeat on left.

Time: Left! 2-3-4. Rise! (or Swing!) 2. Down! 4. The effect of exercise is described in Lesson I.

9. Respiratory; Arms Stretching Upward Front, Hands Clasping Behind Head; Arms Stretching Downward at Sides.

Stand on both feet. Bring hands together and raise extended arms in front keeping forefingers side by side until at head level; clasp hands behind head, interlocking fingers; unclasp hands, turning palms toward sides, and carry arms outward at sides and downward to position pushing strongly with forearms. Inhale during upward stretching; hold breath with hands clasped behind head; exhale during remainder of exercise; repeat.

Time: Inhale! 2-3-4. Hold! 2-3-4, 1-2-3-4. The effect of this exercise is described in Lesson I.

LESSON-TALK.

Hold head erect and breathe through nostrils. Stretch arms strongly as possible. Hold thoughts of strength and expansion.

Marching.

1. *With one step turning to right (left)—jump!*
2. *Cross touch step and bend knees—alternate.*
3. *Back cross touch step and bend knees—alternate!*

1. Done in five counts. On *one,* place left foot forward; on *two,* jump, swinging the right leg forward and making a quarter turn to right while in the air; on *three,* land on toes with knees bent; on *four,* straighten knees; on *five,* lower heels. Same making quarter turn to left.

2 and 3. Same as in Lesson IV, with crossing foot front and back.

LESSON VI.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *leg circling, with rising on toes and lowering heels.*
3. Foot and Leg; *foot circling.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching at sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting; lifting and sinking.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling, with hands clasped behind head.*
7. Neck; *bending forward; twisting to one side; bending backward.*
8. Reaching; *upward and forward.*
9. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward front, hands clasping behind head; arms stretching downward at sides.*
10. Arm Swinging; *twirling hands outward and inward.*
11. Floating; *at sides, touching fingers to shoulders with opposite movements.*

8. Reaching; Upward and Forward.

Stand on left foot. Put right foot forward as in a long step and transfer weight to it, leaving left foot behind with toe upon floor. Raise right arm, forearm leading, half way between front and side until it forms an angle of forty-five degrees with head; raise hand and reach as far as possible, pushing forward with palm; float arm down to side; transfer weight back to left foot; to right foot and repeat exercise with left foot and arm.

Time: Left foot! 2-3-4. Right foot! 2-3-4. Forward! 2-3-4. Arm! 2-3-4. Reach! 2-3-4. Down! 2-3-4. Left foot! 2-3-4. Glide right! 2-3-4, etc. For Effect and Lesson-Talk see Lesson I.

Marching.

1. *Touch step and bend knee—alternate—salutation!*
2. *Back touch step and bend knee—alternate—hands on hips.*
3. *Cross touch step and bend knee—alternate—hands on hips.*
4. *Back cross touch step and bend knee—alternate—hands on hips.*
5. *March—courtesy—left! (right!)*

1. On *one,* step forward with left foot; *two,* touch right foot forward and bend left knee, extending both arms as in salutation; *three,* step forward; *four,* touch left and bend right knee, raising arms in salutation.

2. Same, touching foot behind.

3. Same, with cross touch and hands on hips on second and fourth counts.

4. Same, with back touch.

5. Starting with left foot, advance three counts; on fourth count transfer weight backward upon right foot; on *one,* swing left leg with a circular movement to left of, and one foot behind the right; *two,* transfer weight to left and bend knee; *three,* straighten knee; *four,* transfer weight to right foot which is forward, ready to start forward again with left foot.

Same, starting with right foot.

LESSON VII.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg in circle while standing on toes.*
3. Foot and Leg; *foot circling.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching at sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting; lifting and sinking.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling, with hands clasped behind head.*
7. Neck; *bending forward; twisting to one side; bending backward.*
8. Reaching; *upward and forward.*
9. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward front, hands clasping behind head; arms stretching downward at sides.*
10. Arm Swinging; *twirling outward and carrying upward and downward.*
11. Floating; *at sides, touching fingers to shoulders with opposite movements.*

2. POISING; SWINGING FREE LEG IN CIRCLE WHILE STANDING ON TOES.

Rise on toes of left foot; hold while swinging right leg around in circle as described in Lesson I.

10. ARM SWINGING; TWIRLING OUTWARD AND CARRYING UPWARD AND DOWNWARD.

Twirl forearms around each other with outward movement as in Lesson I, and at same time raise arms till they are directly over head; continue twirling while lowering arms; return to position.

Marching.

1. *With three steps—forward—jump!*
2. *Touch step and rise on toes—alternate!*
3. *Back touch step and rise on toes—alternate!*
4. *Cross touch step and rise on toes—alternate!*
5. *Back cross touch step and rise on toes—alternate!*
6. *March—courtesy with salutation—left (right!)*

1. Take three steps and jump, as in Lesson I.

2. On *one,* step forward with left foot; *two,* touch right foot forward and rise on toes of left foot; *three,* step forward right; *four,* touch left and rise on right.

3, 4, and 5. Performed in same manner with different touches.

6. Same as in Lesson VI, raising arms in salutation as left leg is swung around behind right.

LESSON VIII.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg in circle while standing on toes.*
3. Foot and Leg; *foot circling.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching at sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting; lifting and sinking.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling, with hands clasped behind head.*
7. Neck; *bending forward; twisting to one side; bending backward; twisting.*
8. Reaching; *upward and forward.*
9. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward front, hands clasping behind head; arms stretching downward at sides.*
10. Arm Swinging; *twirling outward and carrying upward and downward.*
11. Floating; *at sides, touching fingers to shoulders with opposite movements.*

7. NECK; BENDING FORWARD; TWISTING TO ONE SIDE; BENDING BACKWARD; TWISTING.

Bend neck forward till chin touches chest; twist to right until chin rests on right shoulder; tip back of head down on left shoulder till face is parallel with ceiling; without lifting head from shoulder twist neck toward back; raise head bringing chin down upon right shoulder and turn front. Repeat to left.

Time: Neck! 2-3-4. Right! 2-3-4. Back! 2-3-4. Twist! 2-3-4. Up! 2-3-4. Front! 2-3-4. The effect is the same as described in Lesson I. The last twisting movement which is necessarily slight, affects muscles in back of neck which are seldom used, freeing circulation and relieving brain.

Marching.

1. *With three steps—turning to right (left)—jump!*
2. *Touch step and rise on toes—alternate—salutation!*
3. *Back touch step and rise on toes—alternate—salutation!*
4. *Cross touch step and rise on toes—alternate—salutation!*
5. *Back cross touch step and rise on toes—alternate—salutation!*

1. Take three steps and jump, making a quarter turn to right or left while in the air.

2, 3, 4, and 5. Same as in Lesson VII, extending arms in salutation on second and fourth counts, and lowering on first and third.

LESSON IX.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg in circle while standing on toes.*
3. Foot and Leg; *foot circling.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching at sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting; lifting and sinking.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling, with hands clasped behind head.*
7. Neck; *bending forward; twisting to one side; bending backward; twisting.*
8. Reaching; *upward and forward.*
9. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward front, hands clasping behind head; arms stretching downward at sides.*
10. ARM SWINGING; *twirling outward and carrying upward and downward.*
11. Floating; *up to head at half side; down.*

11. FLOATING; UP TO HEAD AT HALF SIDE; DOWN.

Stand on right foot. Turn palm front and float up to head until lower part touches right of forehead; turning palm down, float arm downward to side. Repeat. Transfer weight easily to left and repeat with left arm. Stand on both feet and float both arms.

Time: Effect and Lesson-Talk are described in Lesson I.

Marching.

1. *Skip left—touch and cross touch right—alternate!*
2. *Skip left—back touch and back cross touch right—alternate!*
3. *Hop left—touch and cross touch right—alternate!*
4. *Hop left—back touch and back cross touch right—alternate!*
5. *Stride twirl sidewise—one half turn!*

1. *One* and *two,* skip with left; *three,* touch right; *four,* cross touch right; *one* and *two,* skip right; *three,* touch left; *four,* cross touch left.

2. Same, with back touch and back cross touch.

3 and 4. Hop twice instead of skipping.

5. On *one,* step sidewise left; *two,* turn "about" on ball of left and swinging right leg forward and around left, lock heels; *three,* step sidewise right; *four,* turn "about" on ball of right, and swinging left leg around right, lock heels.

LESSON X.

1. Position Exercise; *arm stretching and pushing downward at back.*
2. Poising; *swinging free leg in circle while standing on toes.*
3. Foot and Leg; *foot circling.*
4. Arm and Hand; *pushing forward with clasped hands, and arm stretching at sides.*
5. Chest; *expanding and contracting; lifting and sinking.*
6. Trunk; *bending and circling with hands clasped behind head.*
7. Neck; *bending forward; twisting to one side; bending backward; twisting.*
8. Reaching; *upward and forward.*
9. Respiratory; *arms stretching upward front, hands clasping behind head; arms stretching downward at sides.*
10. ARM SWINGING; *twirling inward and carrying upward and downward.*
11. Floating; *up to head at half side; down.*

10. ARM SWINGING; TWIRLING INWARD AND CARRYING UPWARD AND DOWNWARD.

Twirl arms as in Lesson VII, with inward instead of outward movement.

Marching.

1. *Skip left—touch right—alternate—stride twirl!*
2. *Skip sidewise four—alternate—stride twirl sidewise!*

1. *One* and *two,* skip with left foot; *three,* touch right forward; *four,* replace right; *one* and *two,* skip right; *three,* touch left; *four,* replace left; *one,* step sidewise left; *two,* make one half turn on ball of left foot, and swinging right leg around to left place heels together; *three,* step sidewise right; *four,* turn to right on ball of right and swinging left leg around right place heels together.

2. Skip sidewise left four counts; right, four counts; then stridewhirl sidewise four counts. Long aisles are needed for this exercise.

[*To be continued.*]

RECITATION AND DECLAMATION

THIS DEPARTMENT PRESENTS	THIS MONTH.
Dramatic Selections	"Cleopatra."
	"The Deliverance of the Princess Osra."
Seasonable Selections	"An Easter Song."
	"Easter Eggs."
	"Spring Magic."
	"An Easter Custom."
	"Good Friday."
Humorous Selection	"The Church Social."
Pathetic Selection	"One Touch of Nature."
Dialect Selections (Negro)	"The Lawyers' Ways."
(Negro)	"When Malindy Sings."
(Old Farmer)	"Jes' a Line to Riley."
Patriotic Selection (Philippine War)	"Lawton's Last Battle."
Slavery Selection	"The Dying Bondman."
Encore	"At the Picnic."
Declamation (Grant's Birthday)	"Ulysses S. Grant."
Suggested Program (See also "Entertainments.")	"Evening with Paul Laurence Dunbar."

I.

CLEOPATRA.

By EDITH C. TYLER.

[Poem is founded on H. Rider Haggard's novel, "Cleopatra." Cleopatra's star was setting; her life of selfishness and guilt nearly spent; her lovers gone; her triumphs over; Mark Antony, the one man whom she had loved, conquered and dead. Octavius Cæsar was coming to take her a prisoner to Rome. Rather than endure this, she decides to die. Harmachis, a former lover, whom she had cruelly wronged, and whom she thinks dead, is with her, disguised as a magician; he had prepared the poison she is to take. He had vowed vengeance, and declared the curse would fall. He tells the story.]

THE sun, a golden ball of fire, had sunk
Behind the mighty pyramids, and now
A red gold haze, with everchanging hues,
Showed where the royal light had lately been.
Within an ancient sepulchre of stone, where slept
The uncounted kings of Egypt's royal line, and in
A chamber, high above the gaping crowd,
Upon a golden bed, a queen reclined;
A queen, the last of all her famous line,
Whose wondrous beauty, drew the eyes of man,
The fascinating chantress of the Nile.
And near her two loved maids, and I,
Harmachis; Harmachis whom she'd wrong'd ten years before,
And in whose heart burned longing for revenge insatiable.
She knew me not, for I was changed and bore
Another name; to her I only was a man
Of wondrous learning, that was all;
And 'twas my hand which had prepared the draught
Which now would rob her of her life. The craft
That I had used in mixing up this drink,
Was wonderful; the liquid clear and white,
Would snap the cord of life without a pain;
'Twould lull to everlasting sleep the one
Who dared to drink of it. The hour was near,
When she should taste thereof. The queen had so resolved.
"My Charmion, sing, O sing to me, the last
Of many songs, from those sweet lips of thine,
To soothe my troubled brain, before I die."
Thus spoke the queen, and Charmion sang low and sweet:

"'Tears for my lady dead,
Heliodore.
Salt tears and strange to shed
Over and o'er.

"Mother of blade and grass
Earth in thy breast,
Lull her, that gentlest was
Gently to rest.'"

Then Cleopatra took the crystal cup,
And, gazing in the potion, said to me, "O thou

Most learned one, how know I that this will,
Without a struggle, take me to my love?
O Antony!" Then forward Iras stepped.
A maid, "My queen, I go, to show the way."
She drank, and with that draught her spirit passed; no pain, no strife, life faded like a dream!
Again I took the cup, and mixed the fatal draught
With water pure. The queen this act saw not;
She raised the cup, she touched it to her lips,
And then she thrust it down. "I will not drink!
Cast life and love and all sweet pleasure by?
No, never! I'll to this Cæsar, charm him to
My feet as I have done all others of his sex."
And then she smiled triumphantly; but I replied,
"'Twill not be so: he is of different mould;
He will resist thy wiles, he'll drag thee through
The streets of Rome; that head of queenly dignity
And grace shall be laid low; that matchless form
Of thine, with chains shall be held down, and thou,
O Egypt, shall be mocked." At this her wrath
Was roused, "Nay, I shall die!" she clutched the cup,
And calling, "Go breath, come death, and take me to
My Antony!" She drank, but no death came.
Then, casting over her my mystic charm, she knew
Me. Awful moment when the truth was known,
As "O Harmachis! Could I live for one
Short hour and I would make thee suffer, too."
The dying queen enjoined. And then I cried,
"Osiris! loosen now Amenti's bonds
And send forth those whom Cleopatra killed."
Then all around rose shadowy forms, and, lo,
From every corner peered a pair of eyes;
And there was Sepa, torn his flesh with hooks,
Gazing at her with fearful, piercing eyes.
Arsinoe, lovely maiden, shrinking from
The knife. The forms of lovers she had mocked
And slain; the dying groans of slaves in torture
By her power, filled all the air. "O Cleopatra, die,
And die in peace if that thou canst." She saw
And heard, and shrieked and fell; then died with these
Words on her lips: "My Antony, ah come, and take me now!"
'Twas thus a queen of wondrous beauty died;
Without a friend; in agony of mind.
"Ah, Egypt, Cleopatra, love!" I cried,
"I love thee now, and yet thou'st ever spurned me,
Those eyes as changing as the troubled seas,
Are closed at last forever; never more
Will they enchant: thy voice, as sweet and clear
As trickling water, now is hushed. O why,
My queen, wert thou so cruel? Where art thou now?
O Isis, take her to thy arms." The curse had fallen!
No more then could I bear; I turned and fled.

II.

THE DELIVERANCE OF THE PRINCESS OSRA.

By Anthony Hope.

(Adapted by Sara Greenleaf Frost.)

RUDOLF III, king of Ruritania, was especially fond of throwing the dice, and Count Nicholas, of Festenburg, often spurred the king to rash ventures. One night the throws had all gone against the king and for Nicholas. At length, the king drained his glass, crying: "I am weary of the game. Let us end it. What is my debt?"

The count showed his tablets.

"I can not pay it," said Rudolf. "I would play you again to double the debt or wipe it out, but I have nothing to stake."

"The amount is no more than half the value of your majesty's castle and demesne of Zenda."

"Zenda. I will not risk Zenda. I should not seem king without it."

"As you will, sire. The debt stands?" He looked full and keenly into the king's

eyes, asking, without words, "How will you pay it?" and adding without words, "Paid it must be." And the king read the unspoken words in the eyes of Count Nicholas.

"The devil spurs and I gallop," said the king at last. "Come, my lord, a quick ending to it. One throw and I am a free man, or you are master of my castle."

The king threw. His throw was a six and a five, and a sudden gleam of hope lit up his eyes. With a bow Count Nicholas raised his hand and threw. The dice rolled on the table. The king sank back, for Count Nicholas had thrown sixes, and thereby won the castle of Zenda. He rose from his chair, buckled on his sword, and taking his hat in his hand, stood looking down on the king with a malicious smile, and said:

"Have I your majesty's leave to withdraw? I would be at my castle of Zenda tonight."

King Rudolf took a sheet of paper and wrote an order that the castle and all that was in it should be surrendered to Count Nicholas of Festenburg on his demand, and gave the paper to the count, who, with all his retinue, hurried on to Zenda.

Now, King Rudolf, in his chagrin and dismay, had forgotten to warn the count that his sister, Princess Osra, was residing at the castle of Zenda with two of her ladies, a few servants, and not more than half a dozen guards; and when Count Nicholas came she asked:

"What is this, my lord?"

"It is the fortune of the dice, madam."

His eyes were fixed on her, and it seemed to him that she was more beautiful than he had ever felt her to be before. For several moments she stood rigid and motionless.

"My lord," she said, "the king has lost the castle of Zenda. It was scarcely the king's alone to lose. Have I no title in it?"

"It was the king's, madam, and now it is mine."

"Have you a mind to venture it again, my lord?"

"Only against a great stake."

"A stake, my lord, that many gentlemen have thought above a castle."

"Name this great stake, madam."

"It is myself, my lord."

"Yourself?"

"Aye, to be lord of the castle of Zenda is much. Is it not more to be husband to the king's sister?"

"It is more when the king's sister is the Princess Osra."

With face pale as death she drew a small table between them and cried: "Throw then, my lord; we know the stakes."

"If you win, Zenda is yours, and if I win, you are mine."

"Yes, I and Zenda also. Throw, my lord."

"How often?"

"Thrice, my lord. Throw first."

The count rattled the box; the throw was seven. Osra looked keenly and defiantly in his eyes and threw.

"Fortune is with you," said he. "Five and four make nine." Again he threw. "Ah, it is but five."

"It is enough, my lord," said Osra. She had thrown a three and a one. The count's eyes gleamed; he sprang toward her and was about to seize the box. But he checked himself suddenly and bowed, saying: "Throw first this time, I pray you, madam." Osra made her third cast. When she lifted the box, the face of the dice showed seven. Then a sudden faintness and sickness seized on her; she could not meet his glance; nor could she bear to see the dice fall. She turned away her head. As she stood thus, with averted face, she started to see her own face in the mirror, pallid and ghastly. Yet she uttered no sound. The dice rattled in the box. They rattled on the table; there was a pause. Then Nicholas cried:

"Eight, eight, eight!"

The Princess Osra faced round on him like lightning. Her eyes flashed and her lips curled as she cried: "Foul play!" For as she had watched her own pale face in the mirror she had seen him for an instant glare at the dice he had thrown, then his fingers had deftly touched one of the dice, and turned it. All this she had seen before he had cried "eight.' He caught her by the arm.

"Where are you going?"

"To tell all the world that Zenda is ours again and in every city in the kingdom to publish Count Nicholas of Festenburg a common cheat and rogue, who should be whipped at the cart's tail through the streets of Streslau. I saw you in the mirror, my lord; I saw you in the mirror."

An instant he held her where she was. Then dragged her with him toward a couch. Seizing up a coverlet he flung it around her and drew it close over her face. She could not cry out nor move. He swung her over

his shoulder, and opening the door of the room, dashed down the stairs, rushed at a run through the hall and out under the portcullis and across the bridge. There at the end of the bridge a lackey held his horse. He leaped upon it, still holding Osra, and cried aloud: "My men, follow me! To Festenburg!"

And all his men ran out, and jumping on their horses, they soon came to Festenburg. In they all crowded, close on one another's heels, and the bridge was drawn up. Count Nicholas ran on till he reached the stairs; he climbed them, and entering a small room in the gate tower looking over the moat, he laid the princess on a couch and standing over her, he smote one hand upon the other and swore loudly: "Now, as God lives, Zenda I will have, and her I will have; and it shall be her husband whom she must, if she will, proclaim a cheat in Streslau."

He lifted the coverlet from her face. But she did not stir, nor speak, nor open her eyes, for she had fallen into a swoon as they rode, and did not know what had befallen her. And it was just then on midnight.

Now it chanced that the Bishop of Modenstein was lying that night at the inn of Streslau. Suddenly, he was awakened by his host, who told him that a servant had come from the castle of Zenda and declared that Count Nicholas of Festenburg had come to the castle that evening, had spoken with the Princess Osra, and now had carried her off to Festenburg, alive or dead, none knew.

The Bishop of Modenstein sat up in his bed, roared at the inn-keeper: "Are there no men who can fight in the town, fool?"

"None, my lord, that can fight against the count."

"Saddle my horse," said the bishop, "and be quick." He leaped out of bed with sparkling eyes, for the bishop was a young man and a noble of the house of Hentzau. So he dressed himself and in ten minutes was on his horse and galloping through the streets of the town, toward the castle of Festenburg, with his sword by his side and a brace of pistols in the holsters of his saddle. On the stroke of half-past twelve he came to the bridge of the castle moat and the bridge was up. But the bishop shouted and the watchman came out and stood in the gateway across the moat. "Let down the bridge!" cried the bishop. "I am Frederick of Hentzau, Bishop of Modenstein. My pistol is straight at your head, and I charge you obey."

So the watchman let down the bridge, and the bishop, leaping from his horse, ran with his drawn sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. In the hall he found a great company of Count Nicholas's men drinking. They tried to stop him, but he strode on and swiftly mounted the stair. At this moment in the room of the gate tower there had fallen a moment of dead silence. Count Nicholas had raised the princess, set her on a couch, and waited till her faintness and fright were gone. Then he had come near, and in brief, harsh tones, told her his mind:

"I shall not be called a cheating gamester, madam. What is your choice? It stands between death and silence; and no man but your husband will dare to trust your silence."

"You do not dare to kill me," she said.

"Madam, I dare do nothing else."

"I will not be silent," cried Osra, springing to her feet, "and, rather than be your wife, I will die a thousand times."

She stood motionless, and he began to come near her, his drawn sword in his hand.

Having come near enough to strike her, he paused and gazed into her eyes. She answered him with a smile. There was for an instant utter stillness in the room, and in that instant the Bishop of Modenstein set his foot on the stair and came running up. The count dropped his sword on the floor and sprang at the princess. A shriek rang out, but he pressed his hand on her mouth, seized her in his arms, and carried her swiftly across the room to a door in the wall. He pulled the door open and flung her down upon the stone floor of a little chamber. She fell with a moan of pain. Unheeding, he turned on his heel and shut the door, and as he turned he heard a man throw himself against the door of the room. Twice the man hurled himself with all his force against it. At last it strained and gave way, and the Bishop of Modenstein burst into the room.

"My lord, where is the princess?"

"And who are you?"

"When we were boys together you knew Frederick of Hentzau. Do you not know the Bishop of Modenstein?"

"Bishop! This is no place for bishops. Get back to your prayers, my lord."

"It wants some time yet before matins. My lord, where is the princess?"

"What do you want with her?"

"I am here to escort her wherever it may be her pleasure to go. Where is she?"

"I do not know."

"My lord, you lie!"

At this instant the Princess Osra, who had been half stunned by the violence with which Count Nicholas had thrown her on the floor, came to her full senses, and hearing the bishop's voice, she cried out: "Save me! Save me!" and trembling came forth.

"You are safe, madam," said the Bishop. "Let us go outside, my lord. We may disturb the princess."

But the count made at the bishop, crying: "You first, then her. I'll be rid of the pair of you."

The bishop faced him, standing between Princess Osra and his assault. She shrank back, sheltering herself behind the heavy door. But the bishop looked very happy, and setting his hat on his head with a jaunty air, he stood on guard, and met the count's impetuous onset.

Neither flinching nor giving back, the bishop pressed on and on, not violently attacking, never resting, and turning every thrust with a wrist of iron; and still he drove Count Nicholas back and back. Now, behind the count was a low window, which chanced to be open, and beneath the window was a fall of fifty feet into the moat below.

"Will you yield yourself, my lord?" cried the bishop, lowering his point for an instant. In that short moment the count thrust and wounded the bishop; then drawing back his sword, he flung it like a javelin at the princess, who stood breathless by the door, watching the fight. By an ace it missed her head and quivered deep set in the wood, pinning a tress of her hair to the door.

When the bishop saw this, hesitation and mercy passed out of his heart. He drove his sword into the count's body, and the count, staggering backward, fell wounded to death through the open window, into the moat. Then the bishop, dropping his sword, ran across to the princess. He drew the count's sword, which was wet with his own blood, out of the door, releasing the princess's hair. Seeing that she was very faint, "Courage, madam," he said softly; "all danger is past. The villain is dead, and you are with the most devoted of your servants." Then he conducted her down the stair, set her upon his own horse, and took her back to Zenda in safety.

In the evening of that day, the king, having heard of the crime of Count Nicholas, came in furious haste with a troop of horse from Streslau; and when he heard how the Princess Osra had played at dice with the count, and staking herself against the castle of Zenda, had won it back, he was ashamed and swore an oath that he would play at dice no more, which oath he faithfully observed.

III.

AN EASTER CUSTOM.

By Callie L. Bonney.

MET her Easter morning
In the old cathedral aisle,
And, early at the service,
She gave me bow and smile.

The sexton old had vanished,
The organist asleep:
I asked if ancient customs
It were not well to keep.

"Oh, yes!" she gravely answered;
"To which do you refer?"
"'T one the Greeks now practice:
'Tis pleasing, I aver."

"Oh! something quaint and olden!
And could we do it here?"
Slyly I glanced about us,
And saw no one was near.

"I think we might," I answered;
For how could I resist? . . . .
I wonder if the preacher
Knew some one had been kissed!

IV.

EASTER EGGS.

By Harriet B. Sterling.

I'VE hunted all around about
Among the garden rows;
I've looked in every corner
But what do you suppose?
Though I've asked everybody,
Not anybody knows
In what part of the garden
The Easter egg plant grows.

Little hen, speckled hen,
Eastertide has come again;
Do me a favor, now I beg,
Lay me a pretty Easter egg.

The little white rabbits, so they say,
Lay bright colored eggs on Easter day;
Green and purple and red and blue,
I've seen the eggs, so I know 'tis true!

V.

THE LAWYERS' WAYS.

By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

[Reprinted, by permission, from "Lyrics of Lowly Life," by Paul Laurence Dunbar; Copyright, 1896, by Dodd, Mead and Company.]

I 'VE been list'nin' to them lawyers
In the courthouse up the street,
An' I've come to the conclusion
That I'm most completely beat;
Fust, one fellow riz to argy,
An' he boldy waded in
As he dressed the tremblin' pris'ner
In a coat o' deep-dyed sin.

Why, he painted him all over
In a hue of blackest crime,
An' he smeared his reputation
With the thickest kind o' grime,
Tell I found myself a-wonderin'
In a misty way an' dim
How the Lord had come to fashion
Sich an awful man as him.

Then the other lawyer started,
An', with brimmin', tearful eyes,
Said his client was a martyr
That was brought to sacrifice;
An' he gave to that same pris'ner
Every blessed human grace,
Tell I saw the light o' virtue
Fairly shinin' in his face!

Then I own 'at I was puzzled
How sich things could rightly be;
An' this aggravatin' question
Seems to keep a-puzzlin' me;
So, will some one please inform me,
An' the mystery unroll—
How an angel and a devil
Can persess the self-same soul?

VI.

WHEN MALINDY SINGS.

By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

[Reprinted, by permission, from "Lyrics of Lowly Life," by Paul Laurence Dunbar; Copyright, 1896, by Dodd, Mead and Company.]

G 'WAY, an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy—
Put dat music book away;
What's de use to keep on tryin'?
Ef you practice twell you're gray
You cain't sta't no notes a-flyin'
Lak de ones dat rants an' rings
From de kitchen to de big woods
When Malindy sings!

You ain't got de natchel o'gans
Fu' to make de soun' come right;
You ain't got de tu'ns an' twistin's
Fu' to make it sweet an' light;
Tell you one thing now, Miss Lucy,
An' I'm tellin' you fu' true,
When it comes to raal right singin',
'Tain no easy thing to do!

Easy 'nough fu' folks to hollah,
Lookin' at de lines an' dots,
When dey ain't one kin sence it,
An' de chune comes in in spots!
But fu' raal melojous music,
Dat jes strikes yo' h'a't an' clings,
Jes you stan' an' list'n wi' me
When Malindy sings!

Ain't you never hyeard Malindy?
Bless yo' soul, take up de cross!
Look hyeah, honey, ain't you jokin'?
Well, you don' know what you los';
Y'ought to hyeah dat gal a-warblin,'
Robins, la'ks an' all dem things,
Heish dey mouffs an' hides dey faces
When Malindy sings!

Fiddlin' man jest stop his fiddlin',
Lay his fiddle on de she'f;
Mockin'-bird quit tryin' to whistle,
'Cause he jes so shamed hisse'f!
Folks a-playin' on de banjo
Draps dey fingers on de strings—
Bless yo' soul—fu'gits to move 'em,
When Malindy sings!

She jes spreads her mouf an' hollahs
"Come to Jesus" twell you hyeah
Sinnahs' tremblin' steps an' voices
Timid-like a-drawin' neah;
Den she tu'uns to "Rock of Ages,"
Simply to de cross she clings,
An' you fin' yo' teahs a-drappin'
When Malindy sings!

Who dat says dat humble praises
Wid de Master nevah counts?
Heish yo' mouf, I heah dat music,
Ez hit rises up an' mounts—
Floatin' by de hills an' valleys,
Way above dis buryin' sod,
Ez hit makes its way to glory
To de very gates of God!
Oh, hit's sweetah dan de music
Of de edicated band;
An' hit's dearah dan de battle's
Song o' triumph in de lan';
It seems holier dan evenin'
When de solemn chu'ch-bell rings,
Ez I sit an' ca'mly listen
When Malindy sings!

Towsah, stop dat barkin', hyeah me!
  Mandy, mak dat chile keep still;
Don't you hyeah de echoes callin'
  F'om de valley to de hill?
Let me listen; I can hyeah it
  Th'oo de bresh of angels' wings,
Sof' an' sweet, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,"
  Ez Malindy sings!

VII.

SUGGESTED EVENING WITH PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

[These selections (all in "Lyrics of Lowly Life"—$1.25) afford abundant material from which to make up a program. A little realism may be introduced by using a real cornstalk fiddle when reciting "The Cornstalk Fiddle." Special costumes may be worn in reciting some of the poems. Print on your programs the portrait and a brief sketch of Mr. Dunbar.]

1. Essay on Life of Dunbar.
2. "Accountability."
3. "Frederick Douglass."
4. "The Old Apple-Tree."
5. "An Ante-bellum Sermon."
6. "The Cornstalk Fiddle."
7. "A Banjo Song."
8. "The Lawyers' Ways."
9. "Ione" (cut and arrange).
10. "Deacon Jones's Grievance."
11. "Beyond the Years."
12. "After the Visit."
13. "The Spellin' Bee."
14. "After While."
15. "The Old Tunes."
16. "When the Cawn Pone's Hot."
17. "A Coquette Conquered."
18. "The Delinquent."
19. "When Malindy Sings."
20. "The Party."

VIII.

SPRING MAGIC.

THE merry brook its song is singing,
  Freed from the yoke of winter's chain,
The drowsy slumbers from them flinging,
  Sweet flowers bud and bloom again.

The deer flits thro' the forest shadows,
  On the blue lake the swan doth float,
The peaceful flock now seeks the meadows,
  Swiftly the fisher speeds his boat.

IX.

LAWTON'S LAST BATTLE.

By Minna Irving.

(*San Mateo, December* 19, 1899.)

UP the Mariquina valley
  In sheets of pouring rain,
Through rows of sodden rice-fields
  And miles of trampled cane,
Knee-deep in mud and water,
  Against a storm of lead,
The Yankee troops went riding,
  With Lawton at the head.

He laughed at death or danger,
  The bravest of the brave,
As he faced the flaming trenches,
  But a bullet dug his grave.
His fearless eyes were covered,
  His steed before him led,
When the shallow stream was forded
  With Lawton at the head.

His sword was sheathed beside him,
  The blood was on his breast,
The general who never rested
  Lay in eternal rest.
But his guns played Yankee Doodle,
  The valley grass was red,
San Mateo was entered
  With Lawton at the head.

She mourns him in Manila,
  And sighs at every breath,
The widow of the soldier
  Who died a soldier's death.
Long she may weep and listen
  To hear the horses' tread,
Or see the plumes of yellow,
  With Lawton at the head.

He musters with the heroes
  Whose names are ever green,
Gridley and Nichol, captains,
  And Anthony, marine;
Columbia's guard immortal,
  Made up of gallant dead,
That marches on in glory,
  With Lawton at the head.

X.

GOOD FRIDAY.

By Charles Hanson Towne.

THIS is the day He died for me
  'Mid Calvary's awful twilight dim;
And I, for whom such love could be,
  I will not even live for Him.

XI.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

By Charles Francis Saunders.

A SHABBY, solitary railway station, eighteen feet square, in the New Jersey "barrens." Outside—a wilderness of scrub oaks and pines, and sand, sand, sand, into which the chill, autumnal rain, after flinging itself defiantly against the window panes and board sides of the poor little house, sinks sullenly.

Indoors, the two or three passengers, who are waiting for the Philadelphia express, drowsily extract what comfort they can from the struggling fire that languishes amid last winter's cinders in the rickety stove, and idly watch the blank-faced, small-eyed station-master prepare his reports upon the deal table which is at once desk, ticket-office and telegraph counter.

The silence is broken by sound of footsteps on the platform, and the door opens violently, letting in a gust of raw air and rain and a man. Water rolls from the brim of his hat, and he is very wet.

He goes to the station-master. The latter pores with small eyes over the printed list of telegraph stations that lies on the table.

"No, I don't see," he says at last, "any office there. I might ask the operator at Whiting's about it, if the wire was working, but it isn't." Then, after a moment of reflection: "You might leave the message, and I'll get it as far as Whiting's for you, anyhow, as soon as I can get the operator up."

The wet man speaks so low that he can scarcely be heard out in the room.

The station-master begins to write from the other's dictation. Suddenly he looks up.

"Who, did you say?" he asks.

The wet man clears his throat. He can be heard plainly now, though his voice is unsteady:

"Mother died—this morning—Buried—ten o'clock—Tuesday."

The station-master carefully writes down the words—his small eyes very close to the paper. "Buried—ten—o'clock — Tuesday," he repeats, slowly and gravely, without raising his head. "Now," he adds, "I'll try to get that off as soon as the express has gone. Twenty-five cents."

The wet man laid down a coin and silently walked out into the storm, shutting the door behind him.

What has happened so suddenly to the atmosphere in the lonely little station in the wilderness? Only this—a wave of human sympathy has passed through it; and all beneath its roof know that they are brothers, and brothers to the man who, in the gloom of the gathering night and under the dripping pines, is making his solitary way back to the home where his dead is lying.

XII.

THE DYING BONDMAN.

By Frances E. W. Harper.

LIFE was trembling, faintly trembling
On the bondman's latest breath,
And he felt the chilling pressure
Of the cold, hard hand of Death.

He had been an Afric chieftain,
Worn his manhood as a crown;
But upon the field of battle
Had been fiercely stricken down.

He had longed to gain his freedom,
Waited, watched and hoped in vain,
Till his life was slowly ebbing—
Almost broken was his chain.

By his bedside stood the master,
Gazing on the dying one,
Knowing by the dull gray shadows
That life's sands were almost run.

"Master," said the dying bondman,
"Home and friends I soon shall see;
But before I reach my country,
Master, write that I am free;

"For the spirits of my fathers
Would shrink back from me in pride,
If I told them at our greeting
I a slave had lived and died;—

"Give to me the precious token,
That my kindred dead may see—
Master! write it, write it quickly!
Master! write that I am free!"

At his earnest plea the master
Wrote for him the glad release,
O'er his wan and wasted features
Flitted one sweet smile of peace.

Eagerly he grasped the writing;
"I am free!" at last he said.
Backward fell upon the pillow,
He was free among the dead.

XIII.

JES' A LINE TO RILEY.

By Charles T. Grilley.

I'M jest a plain old farmer, an' my occupashun's such
'T I never went to college, an' I dunno overmuch
Abeout the frills an' furbelows of higher eddicashun;
But readin' books for years has been my princ'pal recreashun.

Take winter evenin's, when outside the ground is white with snow,
I sit in my old rockin-chair, by the fireside's ruddy glow,
And foller hist'ry's onward march, from the earliest days of men
Down to the time when incubators did duty fer the hen.

Then I hev my nights when poetry seems to soothe my tired old head,
An' it brings a peaceful feelin' when I go upstairs to bed.
I like the jingle of the rhymes, they lull me off tu rest;
An' that James Whitcomb Riley is the one that suits me best.

There's somethin' so blame satisfyin' beout Riley's homely verse,
It's like a draught from some cold spring, when you're burning up with thirst.
The feller seems to know jes' how to sorter aidge his way
Right plumb into your confidence, an' then he's there to stay.

If any man can read that one abeout "Old Man an' Jim"
Without reachin' fer his handkercher, an' a-tremblin' in his chin;
If it didn't 'fect him that way, an' he was anywheres near by,
You bet I'd buy a watchdog, an' hev my hens roost high.

Then "The Goblins 'll Git Ye." That's so creepy, I'll be blessed,
The chills went up my ol' spine bone, an' I yelled like all possessed.
I had a feelin' like it once, an' it made my blood congeal;
'Twas when wadin' barefoot in the pond, an' I stepped upon an eel.

Take "Griggsby's Station," "Tradin' Joe," an' "That Ol' Sweetheart o' Mine,"
"'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset," an' that one, "In Swimmin'-Time."
That last was so blame natural I started then an' there
To peel my clothes off. Yes, I did! An' dive right off the chair.

Lucindy grabbed me jes' in time, or I'd surely broke my neck.
You see when once he gits ye they ain't no power can check
The flights yer imaginashun takes; it carries you everywheres.
You can see the hold it got on me, makin' springboards out o' chairs.

I'm gettin' toward threescore an' ten, an' I hain't got long to stay;
But while I'm spared my eyesight I will pass the time away
A-readin' Riley. Bless him! An' God grant him many years
Of health, an' wealth, an' happiness, with nary cause fer tears.

XIV.

AN EASTER SONG.

THE mists of Easter morning
Roll slowly o'er the hills,
The joy of Easter morning
The heart of nature thrills.

The songs of birds are calling
Good people from repose,
To sing of that first Easter,
When Christ the Lord arose.

Upon a thousand altars
Are flowers of richest bloom,
Proclaiming with sweet voices
How Jesus left the tomb.

Nor shall our lips be silent
By Joseph's empty grave;
Wake, heart, and sing his praises
Who came the world to save.

He lives! No grave could hold Him,
He broke death's cruel bands,
And now He reigns triumphant,
The glory of all lands.

And North and South in anthems,
And East and West in song,
Through all this happy Eastertide
His praises shall prolong.

XV.

THE CHURCH SOCIAL.

By Zenas Dane.

OF all wildly exhilarating forms of enjoyment, the church social is most fascinating. It is positively beatific in its influence. Every face wears such an expression of supreme happiness. And best of all, it is innocent enjoyment. There is nothing sinfully theatrical about it.

The minister is the central figure at all church socials. He feels it his duty to have a smile and a word for each individual present. The smile is a fixture on his face all evening as he goes tripping jauntily from room to room, delivering himself of edifying remarks:

"Ah, Sister Blank, so glad to see you! Brother Blank here? Yes? I must look him up. Ah, Brother Simpson, glad to see you! Pleasant little affair, isn't it?"

"Aw-aw-ye-e-s," says Simpson, with a mighty yawn, having been rudely aroused from a pleasant nap by his wife, who has wheedled him into coming to what the wretch calls "one of those idiotic church things."

"Ah, Sister Crane, *you* here? But we can always depend on your coming. And here is Sister Bloom. How do you do, Sister Bloom? I was sure you'd be here. Brother Bloom here? Ah, here he comes. Glad to see you, Brother Bloom. Delightful little affair, isn't it? Ah, Brother Baxter, ever so glad to see you. Sister Baxter came, didn't she?"

"Oh, yes; we're all here."

"Ah, that's right. Always glad to see the little folks. This your little girl? Can't you kiss me, little Birdie? Lovely child, Brother Baxter. What *would* our homes be without these little blossoms in them? Well, well, here is Grandma Dean. *So* glad to see *her* out. How remarkably well you're looking. Is your rheumatism troubling you much this winter? No? I'm glad of that. Bless my soul if here ain't Sister Peters! How *do* you do?"

"Real well, thank you."

"That's right. Saw you at church Sabbath."

"Oh, yes; and it was *such* a privilege to hear your beautiful sermon; it really—"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Lastly; it was *such* a *beautiful*—"

"I *cried* over it."

"So beautiful and yet so practical."

"We all enjoyed it."

"Charming!"

"It was really *beautiful*."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Lastly, it *really*—"

"I'm glad you liked it," says the pastor, able at last to make himself heard above the babel of delicate flattery. He vanishes airily in the direction of a weary-looking group of spinsters sitting in a stiff row on a sofa.

"Ah, ladies, enjoying yourselves, I see. That's right; that's right. That's what we're here for. Having a nice time, Miss Shanks?"

"*De*lightful!" cries Miss Shanks, to whom not a soul has spoken since her arrival. "I always *do* enjoy our socials."

"Ah, glad of it. They are happy little gatherings, and I think it does us all good to meet in this way often. How happy our dear little people are out in the other room!"

The "dear little people," happy after the manner of hyenas and cats, are yelling and racing all over the house, to everybody's infinite discomfort.

"I don't see what on earth any one wants to bring a tribe of young ones to a church social for," says Mrs. Bloom behind her fan to Mrs. Blank. "If I was managing this affair, I'd send about twenty-nine youngsters home in ten seconds."

Behind other fans other persons are saying:

"Awful bore, isn't it?"

"I'm not coming to another one soon."

"Mercy on us, Miss Roarer is going to sing!"

"And Mr. Spouter is going to read 'The Creeds of the Bells.'"

"We shall all *die!*"

"Hear those brats out in the refreshment room."

"See old Mrs. Dean stretched out on the sofa, fast asleep."

"Deacon Goode has been fairly snoring all evening."

"Look at Mr. Lastly. He looks utterly tired out."

"Oh, now they're going home."

"Good!"

"Such a *delightful* time!"

"We really must have another one right away!"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Such a grand success!"

XVI.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

[Ulysses S. Grant, born April 27, 1822.]

IT was a picturesque moment in the history of Rome when, the battle of Cannæ being lost and the Roman army almost annihilated—while Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, was measuring by bushels the gold rings of the slain Roman knights—the whole people of the city went out to greet with honor their defeated general Terentius Varro, and to bear him a vote of thanks from the senate for "not having despaired of the republic."

The vast obsequies celebrated all over the land to-day are not in honor of a defeated general, but of a victorious one; yet the ground of gratitude is the same as in that Roman pageant. Our civil war, like that between Rome and Carthage, begun in defeat, was transformed into victory, because he whom we celebrate did not despair of the republic. From the time when his successes at Fort Donelson and Vicksburg first turned the tide of adversity, until the day when he received Lee's surrender, to him we looked. Generalship is undoubtedly a special gift—a man is born to it, and his success in one direction does not prove him equally strong in all. In many ways General Grant does not rank with the greatest sons of men. He was wanting in many gifts and tastes which raise men; he did not greatly care for poetry, philosophy, music, painting, sculpture, natural science. The one art for which he had genius must be fleeting and perishable, compared to these; for the human race must in its progress outgrow war. but a remarkable personal quality never can be ignored; and such personal quality Grant had.

He was great through the mere scale of his work. His number of troops, the vast area of his operations, surpassed what the world had before seen. When he took 15,000 prisoners at Fort Donelson, the capture was three times as large as when Burgoyne surrendered, in the only American battle thought important enough to be mentioned by Sir Edward Creasy in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." When, on July 4, 1863, he took Vicksburg, he received what was then claimed to be the greatest capture of men and armament since the invention of gunpowder, and perhaps since the beginning of recorded history. He captured 15 generals, 31,600 soldiers and 172 cannon. Victories less than this made Julius Cæsar dictator for ten years, and his statue was carried in processions with those of the immortal gods. Cæsar at Pharsalia took but 24,000 prisoners; Napoleon at Ulm, 23,000; Hannibal at Cannæ, but 20,000. Neither of these three great commanders ever directed the movements of a million men. An estimate of numbers, therefore, is the first measure of Grant's fame.

He surpassed his predecessors also in the dignity of that object for which he fought. Cæsar, Cromwell and Napoleon are usually counted the three great generals of the world. Two of these fought wars of mere conquest, and the contests of the third were marred by a gloomy fanaticism, cruelty and selfishness. General Grant fought to restore a nation, that nation being the hope of the world. And he restored it. Cæsar died by violence; Napoleon died defeated; Cromwell's work crumbled to pieces when his hand was cold. Grant's career triumphed in its ending; is at its height to-day. It was finely said by a Massachusetts statesman that we did not fight to bring our opponents to our feet, but only to our side. Grant brought his opponents literally to his side, when they acted as pall-bearers around his coffin.

Grant habitually combined in action two things rarely brought together—quickness and perseverance. That could be said of him which Malcolm McLeod said of Charles Edward, the Pretender: "He is the bravest man, not to be rash, and the most cautious man, not to be a coward, that I ever saw." He lacked the conspicuous dash of Sherman or Sheridan; but in quickness of apprehension and action, he was not their inferior, if they were even his equals. He owed to these qualities his first conspicuous victory at Fort Donelson. He discovered that the knapsacks of the slain enemy held three days' rations, and he knew, therefore, that they were trying to get away. He renewed the attack, and the day was won.

In all his action as a commander he was essentially original—a man of initiative, not of routine. He was singularly free from the habit of depending on others.

To crown these qualities was personal modesty. When, at Hamburg, Germany, he

was toasted as "the man who had saved the nation," he replied, "What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the country." He said to Bismarck: "I am more a farmer than a soldier. I take little or no interest in military affairs, and, though I entered the army thirty-five years ago and have been in two wars—the Mexican as a young lieutenant, and later" [mark the exquisite moderation of that "and later"] "I never went into the army without regret, and never retired without pleasure." Such a remark from the greatest captain of the age disarmed even German criticism.

He was destined to enter on just one more campaign—against pain and disease combined with sudden poverty. It was a formidable coalition. It is sometimes said that it is easier to die well than to live well; but harder than either is to grow old, knowing that one's great period of action is past, and weighed down with the double weight of hopeless, financial failure and irremediable bodily pain. Either bankruptcy or physical torture has by itself crushed many a man morally and mentally; Grant's greatest campaign was when he resisted both. Upon such a campaign as this he might well, as he said, shrink from entering, but having been obliged to enter upon it, he was still Grant. Thousands of Americans felt a sense of nearness to him and a sense of pride in him during his last few months that they never felt before. Already a hero in war to us, his last months made him a hero of peace.

The supreme generals of the world were Cæsar, Cromwell and Napoleon. Grant was behind all three of these in variety of cultivation and in many qualities that make a biography picturesque and fascinating. He seemed a little prosaic, compared with any one of these. But in moral qualities he was above them all; more truthful, more unselfish, more simple, more humane. He fell short of Washington in that he was not equally great in war and statesmanship; but his qualities were within reach of all; his very defects were within reach of all; and he will long be with Washington and Lincoln the typical American in the public eyes. It is this typical quality after all that is most valuable. His fame rests upon the broadest and surest of all pedestals, as broad as common humanity. He seems greatest because he is no detached or ideal hero, but simply the representative of us all.

XVII.

AT THE PICNIC.

WHOOP!
Tag! You're it! Run!
Over the hill—by the brook—Sh!—Hide!
Here in the break of the wall!
Scat! Whew!
Did you see that?
That squir'l jumped
Clean through the bush!
Strawberries? What?
Um—um!
Say——
Isn't this just the greatest,
Most scrumptious,
All 'round picnic?
And the lunch—Well, say, Skin,
Don't say I told—Sh!
They'se sandwiches—all kinds! Sure!
Roast beef, corn beef, chicken, turkey!
Yes, Skin——
TURKEY!
No, I'm not lyin',
Skinny—true's you live and breathe,
They'se turkey!
And Pie—seventeen kinds—
I wouldn't fool youse, Skin! you'll see,
And—Sh! Ice cream—all froze
In big tin cans. Wish I may die! Say, Skin,
I know we're orfuns—
I'm an orfun,
And you're only a half orfun,
And we have to live in the Asyleum
And wear blue apurns like gurls,
But if they wuz a picnic
Like this
Evury day,
'Cept when it rained hard—
Say, Skin,
I wouldn't care,
Would you?

XVIII.

NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER give up! It is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical Care:
Never give up, or the burden may sink you,—
Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
And in all trials and troubles, bethink you
The watchword of life must be, Never give up.—*Martin F. Tupper.*

ENTERTAINMENTS

I.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MERRY BAND.

By STANLEY SCHELL.

Costume March and Drill with Tableau Finale.

[Suitable for April Fool's Day (April 1) or for any other occasion.]

CHARACTERS: Eighteen boys and girls.

GIRLS.	BOYS.
Bo-Peep.	Boy Blue.
The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.	Jack Horner.
Jill.	Jack.
Mother Hubbard.	Tommy Tucker.
Little Red Riding Hood.	Fool.
Queen of Hearts.	King of Hearts.
Mother Goose.	King Cole.
Mistress Mary.	Tom, the Piper's Son.
Fairies.	

COSTUMES.

Bo-Peep.—Short, pink quilted skirt, paniers of blue flowered goods; bodice of plain blue laced across the front; white gamp and white sleeves trimmed with plain blue and finished with ruffle of lace; hair flowing; hat turned up at left side, side turned up is to be filled with flowers, band around crown tied at right side, ends of band hanging over side of hat; pink stockings, blue shoes. Carries a shepherd's crook.

Boy Blue.—Blue suit; short full knee-breeches, bows at knees; long fitted waistcoat with rosettes at intervals around the belt; fancy slashed sleeves with puffs of white peeping through slashes; cuffs of white deeply pointed embroidery, collar of same; long blue stockings; blue slippers with rosettes; large blue felt hat, decorated with two large blue feathers drooping over front of hat which is caught up. Carries a horn.

The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.—Brown or blue skirt quilted stuff; red overskirt, large and full at back, like big panier, very short and round on hips, and just meeting at front; tight-fitting red waist decorated with shawl-shaped fichu draped about shoulders and fastened at belt front center; sleeves ending in ruffle at elbow; hair flowing; sweeping-cap of pure white; black stockings; high heeled shoes with large buckles covered with silver paper; fastened to back is an immense shoe filled with dolls. Carries a bunch of switches.

Little Jack Horner.—Loose, long belted purple blouse, finished with Elizabethan ruff at neck, lace ruffles at bottom of sleeves; brown knee-breeches with ruffle of lace at knees; red and brown-striped stockings; low brown shoes with large silver covered buckles; red cap with brown peak and green band. Carries large imitation pie, in which are plums and large raisins.

Jill.—Pure white gown, surplice waist, large full sleeves finished with ruffle; black sash about waist tied in back; long full skirt finished with ruffle; large deep ruffled sweeping-cap; hair flowing. Carries a pail.

Jack.—Dark jacket; amber vest; green cotton plush knee-breeches, with bow of ribbon at knee; amber stockings; black slippers; old straw hat. Carries long switch.

Mother Hubbard.—White muslin chemisette, black bodice cut low and decorated around top with amber puffing; white apron over plain amber skirt; blue cloak suspended from shoulder at back; very high pointed hat, trimmed with ribbon; colored hose; low shoes. Carries a very large bone.

Tommy Tucker.—Blue costume trimmed with gilt and brass buttons; sleeves finished with wide white cuffs; long embroidered vest; knee-breeches; long blue stockings; low shoes. Carries large slice of bread and butter.

RED RIDING-HOOD.—Gown of simple material; white apron with bib; white socks; low black slippers with straps of leather across ankle; bright red hood and cape made in one piece, gathered about face, and tied at chin with ribbon bows, cape slanting away toward back. Carries basket of goodies on arm.

FOOL.—Pure white costume, decorated with patches of red and blue, made like bathing-suit, but with ruffles at knees, at neck and at elbows; decorate suit with patches of red and blue; whiten face with chalk, paint patches of red and blue on cheeks and forehead; hat of white, tall and pointed; white stockings trimmed with red and blue; low shoes with big rosettes. Carries a stick with bells at top or big open book having large A, B, C, on cover.

QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Red gown, skirt full and long, trimmed with white hearts; waist plain, over it short white Eton jacket with rounding front; decorated with red hearts; hair flowing; pasteboard crown covered with gilt. Carries large gilt heart.

KING OF HEARTS.—Red suit; red tights, long red blouse, open at front to belt, in V shape; sleeves and bottom of blouse trimmed to resemble ermine with white cotton spotted with black; large chain with immense heart on it worn around neck and hanging low at front of waist; belt of same material (portiere chains will do); gilt crown. Carries gilt covered sceptre topped with large gilt heart.

MOTHER GOOSE.—Black suit; tight-fitting basque pointed front and back over skirt, cut low and square over bust, trimmed with white canton flannel; short skirt trimmed at hem with white canton flannel; large goose painted across front of skirt; panier overskirt untrimmed; tall fool-shaped hat of black, trimmed with white band and large silver-covered buckle at right side; stick-quill in band same side as buckle; white cap under hat fits close over ears. Carries rough splint broom such as old-fashioned street-sweepers used.

OLD KING COLE.—Loose tunic of royal purple belted with loose jeweled belt, tunic trimmed around hem with amber; large cape cloak of green lined with white, suspended from shoulders at back; large gilt chain with brooch worn about neck; red tights; low red shoes with big gilt covered buckles; crown of gilt bedecked with jewels. Carries gilt sceptre.

MISTRESS MARY.—Red and white striped skirt trimmed with green; bodice and panier drapery of blue; yellow apron; gamp and sleeves of white, sleeves finished with ruffle; large yellow hat trimmed with bells about edge and large red bow against crown at front; red stockings; brown slippers. Carries large wooden rake.

TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.—Pink or blue suit; long plaited blouse, sleeves very full or accordion plaited with deep cuffs, yoke-shaped collar; small, rounding top, skull-cap; short breeches finished with deep ruffle; black stockings; white high-heeled shoes, with rosettes. Carries stuffed pig under his arm.

FAIRIES.—Gowns of white gauze, spangled with silver; short full skirt; blouse waist, no sleeves; wings at back of shoulders; white stockings; white slippers; hair flowing; crown of silver paper. Each one carries silver paper-covered wand topped with silver star.

MUSIC.—Spirited 4-4 time for march. A schottische for drill. Dreamy music for tableau.

DIRECTIONS.—Boys enter stage at R. back corner and girls at L. back corner. They enter in the order set forth in "Characters."

NOTE.—When in stage-directions the terms "Right" and "Left" are used, right and left of the player is intended, as he faces the audience; by "down" is intended that part of stage nearest audience; by "up" that part away from audience.

MARCH.

1. March down sides of stage to front, across front to opposite sides, up sides to back, across back to back center.

2. Form couples (one girl and one boy, for example, BO-PEEP and BOY BLUE), march down center to front, separate, girls going around by way of R. side and boys by way of L. side. Pass to back corners of stage.

3. Turn an acute angle, and march diagonally toward stage center. Form couples, march to front, separate, march to R. and L. front corners.

4. At corners, turn an acute angle, march diagonally to R. and L. back corners, then march to back center.

5. Form couples, march to front center. First couple march L., second couple, R., third couple, L., fourth couple, R., etc. March around stage to back center.

6. At back-center, L. column separates allowing R. column to pass between them as they march. All march around to front center; here R. column separates and permits L. column to pass between them. Both columns march around to meet at back center.

7. Columns now unite to form one column as before, that is BO-PEEP and BOY BLUE lead followed by THE OLD WOMAN THAT LIVED IN A SHOE and JACK HORNER, etc.; march to front center, then round stage to back center, first couple marching L., second couple marching R., etc.

8. BO-PEEP with her line of girls turns L., and winds and unwinds a spiral on L. side of stage, while BOY BLUE and line of boys turn R. and do the same on R. side of stage. The two files meet at front center, after unwinding, and march to front corners of stage. Then they turn an acute angle and march diagonally to R. and L. back corners of stage (BO-PEEP is now at L. back corner and BOY BLUE at R. back corner). At this point a FAIRY appears at each entrance, and takes horn, crook, etc., from each of those taking part. The two lines then march toward each other, meeting at back center. They unite in fours and march to front. The second four halt two feet behind first four, third four two feet behind second four, etc. All stand two feet apart, facing audience.

DRILL.

DIRECTIONS.—The drill is with partners.

Play eight beats of music before first figure of drill.

Salute.—Join R. hands, hold them high, turn toward each other, make deep bow (8 beats).

Change to circles. Circles are formed of two couples each, making four circles in all, two circles at front and two behind them.

Forward and back. Each boy gives R. hand to partner and each couple advances four steps toward opposite couple, retreats four steps, advances four steps, retreats four steps.

Cross R. hands. Boys in each circle join R. hands. Girls join R. hands over partners' joined hands, and then circles walk around by way of L. or R. according to side of stage, but keeping within their part of stage until former position is regained.

Cross L. hands. Boys and girls join L. hands and do the same as when R. hands were crossed.

Forward and back. Same as before.

Forward and under. Front circles form arches. Back circles form couples and march down stage under arches to front, then up center and back to position. Back circles form arches; front circles form couples and march under arches, down the center to front and then into position.

Change to square. Original first and second couples form line across front, facing back; original third and fourth couples place themselves at center of sides R. and L. facing center of stage; original fifth and and sixth couples take positions at stage center standing back to back, seventh and eighth couples at back center facing front.

Circle round. Couples one, three, five, seven, and couples two, four, six, eight form two circles by joining hands. Both circles swing gaily round by way of R. until all are in place, then round by way of L. until all are in place.

R. and L. Partners half face each other, join R. hands. Boys pass to R., girls to L., all presenting their hands in alternation to those they meet (R. and L. all around, it is called in dancing) until original position is gained.

Forward and salute. Center couples move to sides. All couples form into one circle. Each couple trips four steps forward toward stage center, four steps back, four steps forward, then deep bow.

Fall in. All fall in making four lines of four each as before; girls standing at partners' R.

MARCH.

9. BO-PEEP and BOY BLUE lead off at stage R., LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD and TOMMY TUCKER lead off at stage L., followed by the couples behind them. Pass around stage by way of opposite sides, passing each other at front center; march around to back center, halt; form into single column couples with BO-PEEP and BOY BLUE in the lead. March to front center, halt; separate, girls marching round stage to back corners by way of L., boys by way of R. At corners each one receives from FAIRY horn or crook, or whatever else belongs to him; then marches across back to opposite sides, passing other line at back center, then around to front corners. Leaders halt and others halt so that four girls or four boys are along the sides, and four

girls or four boys along the back of the stage.

10. Front leaders and back corner leaders act as pivots. Lines at back and side swing out to center of stage, forming thus a spread out X. (Hold 8 counts.) Curtain. If no curtain, make stage dark and prepare a tableau with all the characters. As soon as tableau is ready, flash colored lights over it. Curtain. If no curtain, make stage dark for a moment, and then let posers stand in single file in two lines facing stage front. Relight stage.

11. March around stage in single file by way of L. and R. to back corners and then out.

II.

TRINITY DRILL.

For 18 Girls.

By JULE HAMILTON TUCKER.

THIS dainty and artistic drill is an appropriate bit of exercise for any occasion; but, when given in connection with Christmas or Easter, it becomes most impressive. Physical culture, when given without apparent aim, rarely elicits from a class that concert of action and interest which it merits. If some graceful arrangement of the necessary poses and exercises are assigned, and the pupils understand that their friends will be invited to commend their attainment in this division of the work, the result is apt to merit commendation.

COSTUME.—Soft white material, Grecian style, hair in loose, easy coil, or floating in soft waves about the shoulders.

CROSS.—White pine or similar light wood; cover thickly with box-wood or evergreen; avoid a flat appearance, having green equally thick on all sides of cross. Tie knots of white ribbon at equal distances on standard and cross-bar.

Use tableau light, white or blue, on Fig. 17. Marching should be slow and stately, in preference to the usual military form.

DRILL.

1. Lean gracefully to left, presenting cross, head inclined to left shoulder, eyes looking upward. (See Diagram I.) Hold sixteen counts.

Diagram I.

2. Lean to right, presenting cross, head inclined to right shoulder, eyes looking upward. (See Diagram II.) Hold sixteen counts.

Diagram II.

3. Clasp hands about a cross, head bowed, as in prayer. (See Diagram III.) Hold sixteen counts.

Diagram III.

4. Hold cross horizontally, lean well to front, pleading expression of face and body. (See Diagram IV.) Hold sixteen counts.

Diagram IV.

5. Outside rows turn and march to rear of stage, reverse so that on return to front all present appearance of columns of threes. Hold sixteen counts.

6. Outside columns incline crosses so that they touch the cross-bar of center crosses. Incline body so that head may rest easily on shoulder of central figure. (See Diagram V.) Hold thirty-two counts.

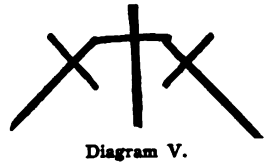

Diagram V.

7. All kneel, center cross is elevated, face and hands expressive of prayer; outside

girls place arms about cross which rests upon floor, heads bowed as in despair. (See Diagram VI.) Hold thirty-two counts.

Diagram VI.

8. Rise. March off by threes, alternate left and right, coming to position of 9 at rear of stage.

9. First six march left, second six march right, third six remain in position.

10. First six, having reached left corner of stage at rear, turn and march diagonally toward center of front. Second six, having reached right corner of stage at rear, turn and march toward center of front. When in position of triangle (see Diagram VII.), stop. First and second sixes kneel, hold crosses closely to heart, smile sweetly, looking down. Rear six stand, each girl resting against that of neighbor, so that the crosses form three frames, inside the frames head is bowed against head.

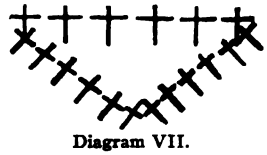

Diagram VII.

11. March to apex of triangle at front and separate, marching square around stage to form Diagram VIII.

The girls who form the main beam of cross should so graduate their heights that the line from the rear girl who stands upright to the first girl who kneels should be unbroken. The girls of the cross-beam should hold crosses well toward front, inclining bodies until they are of same height of No. 4 in main beam.

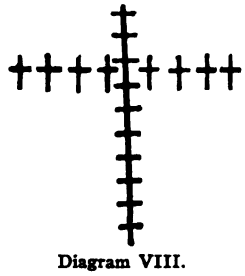

Diagram VIII.

12. Rise. March off from front, left and right alternately. Let line from center be a perfect diagonal to corner. (See Diagram IX.)

Diagram IX.

13. March toward center at rear. Reverse lines, marching diagonally to right and left corners. (See Diagram X.)

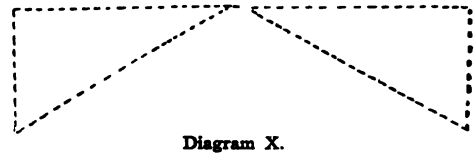

Diagram X.

14. March to rear. Come to front in two unbroken lines of nine each.

15. Break, and march slowly to position

Diagram XI.

of Diagram XI. Six girls should form each group. Hold crosses above heads in horizontal position. Form stars as illustrated.

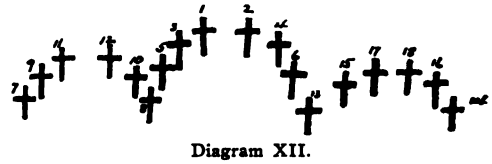

Diagram XII.

16. Gradually form position of three crescents. Hold crosses directly in front of forehead.

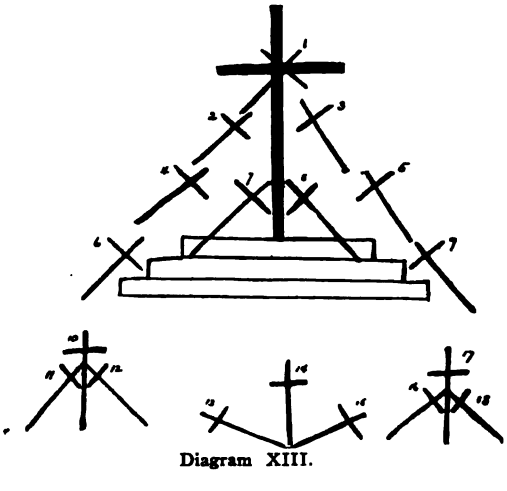

Diagram XIII.

17. The central cross should be fully seven feet tall, and fastened securely to wall and foundation of three steps. Girls quickly leave position 16 and each assumes her position as in Diagram XIII. Avoid the appearance of haste, but let transition be rapid enough to avoid delay. Number 1 should cling to cross; 2 and 3 should recline against cross; 4 and 5 same position, only one step lower; 6 and 9 should kneel, looking upward toward cross; 7 and 8 rest crosses upon step, and with arms entwined about waists kneel as in prayer; 10, 11 and 12, 16 17 and 18, assume positions indicated, all looking upward; 14 kneels, resting folded hands on top of cross, looking thoughtfully toward an invisible Trinity; 13 and 15 recline full length, resting weight on elbow holding cross as indicated; 13 faces cross at rear, 15 faces front. Hold thirty-two counts.

III.

EASTER LILIES.

QUOTATIONS.

[Quotations for nine girls gowned in pure white and carrying an Easter lily in right hand, except the first speaker, who carries a lily bulb. The girls form in horizontal line facing the guests and a table, on which is placed a bowl or jar. As each girl finishes her quotation she walks to table and places her lily into the bowl or jar, then walks back to line and waits until all are finished and are on line; then all bow and retire. The first speaker places her bulb on the table near the bowl or jar.]

First Girl.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver rest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.
—*Mary Tighe.*

Second Girl.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race.
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What King so shining! or what Queen so fair. —*Thomson.*

Third Girl.

They stand, as the angels of glory
Once stood by His wakening tomb;
With the gold of their hearts as an off'ring,
The fragrance of love in their bloom.
—*Arthur Lewis Tubbs.*

Fourth Girl.

The great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hushed hour,
Than yours, ye lilies, chosen thus and graced! *Mrs. Hemans.*

Fifth Girl.

The citron tree or spicy grove for me would never yield
A perfume half so grateful as the lilies of the field. —*Eliza Cook.*

Sixth Girl.

The lilies say: Behold how we
Preach, without words, of purity.
—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

Seventh Girl.

At the breaking of the Easter dawn the cruel thorn-crown lay.
But—thus runs the quaint old legend—at the Resurrection hour
Every thorn upon it bore a snowy, golden-hearted flower.
Ne'er before had mortal eyes been gladdened by such wealth of bloom;
Ne'er before had any flower yielded forth such rare perfume.
Wondering, they called it "Lily," and they tell unto this day,
How on Easter morn it blossomed where the cruel thorn-crown lay.
—*Edith V. Bradt.*

Eighth Girl.

The lilies were the first to see—
The lilies on that Easter morn;
Bring lilies—crowned with blossoms be
The head so lately crowned with thorn.

The lilies were the first to see;
They, watching in the morning gray,
Saw angels come so silently
And roll the mighty stone away;
They saw Him pass the portal's gloom;
He brushed their leaves—oh, happy dower!
Bring lilies—purest buds that bloom
His face reflected in each flower.
—*Clarence Urmy.*

Ninth Girl.

Messages of God's dear love
Do these flowers bear;
He who with gracious hand
Gives white so rare,
Will remember you and me
With as true a care.

So we bring love's offering
On this Easter day,
Lilies fair that to each heart
Softly seem to say:
"Death no more can over you
Hold eternal sway."

The Late Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Born in London, May 14, 1842; Died in London, November 22, 1900.

By J. T.

ONE'S mind goes back over the public life of Arthur Sullivan; to the young choir boy singing the "With Verdure Clad" anthem in the Royal Chapel; to his first published composition, "Teach Me, O Lord, the Way of Thy Statutes," for which he received £10. He was only 13; then working in London at the Royal Academy of Music under Bennet and Goss, winning the Mendelssohn prize that gave him a chance to study in the Leipzic Conservatory, and have the solid grounding in theory and technique of music that distinguishes German students. In Leipzic his masters were Moscheles, Hauptmann, Richter, Plaidy, and others. There an overture of his, "The Light of the Harem," was performed at one of the annual concerts by students of the institution. During the three years from 1858-1861, while studying in Leipzic, he composed an overture to "Lalla Rookh," some string quartets, and incidental music to Shakespeare's "Tempest." These productions marked him a composer of great promise, which, perhaps, was not fully carried out in his more serious music.

Sullivan followed the "Tempest" with music for "The Merchant of Venice," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Henry VIII.," "Macbeth," and "King Arthur," so that he is closely connected with latter-day revivals of these dramas.

Sullivan's best-known choral works are: "The Light of the World" (1873), "The Martyrs of Antioch" (1880), and "The Golden Legend" (1886). From 1880 he had been the conductor of the musical festivals at Leeds, controlling what is held to be the finest body of voices in Great Britain. He wrote the music for some of our best-known hymns. His setting of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" is sung all around the world. He was also well known as writer of songs. His "Let Me Dream Again," "Orpheus and His Lute," "Mistress Mine," "Doughty Deeds," and "The Lost Chord" are great favorites. Shortly before his death he was prevailed upon to set Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears" and "O Swallow" to music.

Sullivan rescued operetta in England from the depths of musical inanity and vulgarity, doing as much for that charming musical form there as Offenbach and Strauss did for it in France, Germany, and Austria.

Fame and fortune came to Sir Arthur through his collaboration with Gilbert, and it is a wonderful list of successful comic operas which they gave to the English stage. "Trial by Jury," composed in 1875, was the first

of a long list running over fifteen years, including "The Sorcerer" (1877), "H. M. S. Pinafore" (1878), "The Pirates of Penzance" (1879), "Patience" (1881), "Iolanthe" (1882), "Princess Ida" (1884), "The Mikado" (1885), "Ruddigore" (1887), "The Yeomen of the Guard" (1888), "The Gondoliers" (1889).

During the run of "The Gondoliers" Gilbert and Sullivan had a misunderstanding, brought about through a quarrel with their manager. The result was their parting. Gilbert sought new musicians and Sullivan a new librettist. The composer was supplied with a very unsatisfactory libretto by Sidney Grundy, entitled "Haddon Hall." A formal reconciliation was finally brought about between Gilbert and Sullivan, and the unfortunate "Utopia Limited," produced in 1893, was the issue.

The latest score of Sir Arthur's heard in this country was "The Rose of Persia," produced unsuccessfully at Daly's, early in the present season, the book being by Basil Hood.

At the time of his death Sir Arthur was working on the score of an opera he had named "The Emerald Isle."

Sullivan's one attempt in grand opera was "Ivanhoe," which was given in London, securing a *succès d'estime* only, and was not produced abroad. His lasting fame will doubtless rest on his comic operas, especially those written in collaboration with Gilbert. Words and music of these are admirably suited to one another, and the melodies are simple and flowing. "H. M. S. Pinafore" and "The Mikado" have been sung with great success in Germany. One wonders how Gilbert's lively librettos fared in the translation. "Pinafore" has been the most successful. During a "Pinafore" craze at one time in New York six different productions simultaneously invited the public. The opera is still a great favorite.

In London the Savoy Theatre was devoted to the production of their operas. Their manager, D'Oyly Carte, made his fortune. It is reported that at the time of their quarrel £270,000 was divided among the three men.

Sir Arthur Sullivan was a favorite in the best London sets, an affable man who told many interesting stories gathered in artistic Bohemian circles. His home in Queen's Mansions, London, was very beautiful. Formerly he entertained extensively, but of late years, by reason of failing health from over-work and good living, as well as by other personal considerations, life had narrowed relatively for the musician. The bachelor hall had become more of a home to him. The chief features of the apartments are three immense and sumptuously furnished reception salons, the general colors being red and black, and the library and music-room, a den of treasures; among them endless quantities of dedicated portraits and photographs of all the best people of art, society and government of all nations.

Sir Arthur was averse to sitting for either portrait or photograph, hence the frequency of the one picture with which we are all familiar. He was a friend of Dickens, of Tennyson, and of Gladstone.

Sullivan received the degree of Doctor of Music from Cambridge (1876), and Oxford (1879), and was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1883. He was also made a member of the Legion of Honor, and had received decorations from Germany and Italy. It had been hoped that his funeral would be from Westminster Abbey, but, by order of the Queen, the services were in the private chapel of St. James's, where he

sang his first song as choir-boy under the direction of Mr. Helmore. He was buried in Brompton Cemetery.

Sir Arthur made several trips to this country, of which, unfortunately, he had very unpleasant remembrances, as here he found his own personal property being used without his consent, while no share of the large profits was paid to him. He also found himself powerless and without protection of any kind to secure that which was justly his. These things naturally remained a heavy shadow on his residence and success in our land. One wealthy publishing house did send him a check for £100, which he accepted as the "first offer of any acknowledgment for the publication of my works, although my songs and other pieces have been reprinted in the United States for years."

All this did not prevent Sir Arthur from purchasing property in California, on which are now living nephews and nieces of the genial composer. On his first trip West he was hailed by a party of miners as the Champion of Champions, John L. Sullivan. When the mistake was cleared up in disappointment, one of the Westerners discovered he was the "man who put 'Pinafore' together," and the hearty Western hospitality was not withheld.

Ohio Elocutionists in Convention.

THE fourth annual convention of the Ohio State Association of Elocutionists was held Oct. 5, 1900, at Sandusky. Attendance was large, many different parts of the State being represented. The cordial attitude of the citizens of Sandusky toward the convention lent a charm to hospitality shown, and a special dignity invested the occasion in the Memorial Hour paying tribute to the late Moses True Brown.

Every one agreed that the standard of work was high. Papers were listened to with earnest attention, discussions were animated and results helpful.

We present the program:

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 5, 1900.

4.00—
Call to Order.
Invocation.....By Rev. C. G. Martin
Address of Welcome,
John T. Mack, of *The Sandusky Register*
Response by the President.
President's Inaugural Address, "The Place of Impersonation in the Art of Expression,"
Montaville Flowers
Discussion of the Address by the Convention.
5.00—
Social Session in the Parlors of Sloane Hotel.

RECITAL, FRIDAY EVENING—8 O'CLOCK.

1. Miss Agnes Early, "The Confessional,"
W. W. Story
2. Mr. Clare G. Olney, "The Dabate,"
From *Harper's Magazine*
3. Miss Tyler, "Cleopatra".....Original
4. Misses Julia and Rachel Monnette, a Duologue, "A Fair Encounter."
5. Mr. Edmund Vance Cooke, "Potluck with a Poet".....Original Poems

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6TH.

9.30—Opening of the Session,
Invocation by Rev. E. A. Steiner
9.45—
Paper, "Some Facts of Elocution,"
Robert Irving Fulton
Discussion.....Led by Frank S. Fox
Paper, "The Value of Climax,"
Miss Katharine S. Kennedy
Discussion by the Convention.
Paper, "High School Elocution."
Miss Katharine E. Junkermann.
Discussion by the Convention.
Interpretive Reading, "Saul," Browning,
Miss Laura E. Aldrich

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

2.00—
Paper, "Expression in English"..Clare G. Olney
Discussion by the Convention.
3.00—
Election of Officers.
3.30—
Memorial Hour, for the late Moses True Brown. Address by Robert Irving Fulton, followed by other members of the convention.

RECITAL, SATURDAY EVENING—8 O'CLOCK.

1. Miss Carrie B. McIntyre, "The Angels and the Shepherds".....Wallace
2. Miss Katharine E. Junkermann, "Henry Fifth's Wooing," "Uncle Remus."
3. Mr. Edmund C. Neil, "The Rivals"—Sheridan

Nothing could have been more hearty than the cordiality of Mr. Mack's address, nor the sincerity of his statement: "The profession of oratory, of elocution, of the speech-arts is advanced to a recognized, distinct and all-important department of learning. Your profession takes hold on the very foundation of all education—the power to interpret and express. It is yours to interpret mind and heart and soul, and to give to knowledge power—power for good to you and your fellow men."

President Flowers responded in earnest, well-chosen words. He defined the art of

expression to be the full and harmonious exemplification of the forms, qualities and states of the inner being, by means of the forms and activities of the outer being. From an analysis of the forms of literature and the purpose of each, he drew conclusions as to the field and province of impersonation. Three typical forms of delivery were illustrated by Shylock's reply to Antonio's request for a loan.

Mr. Edmund Vance Cooke and Miss Junkermann were each especially happy in the sympathetic relations they established with their audiences by sincere and clever work. Miss Aldrich commanded attention by her reading of "Saul," and Miss Tyler filled the place left vacant by the illness of Miss Jennie Mannheimer, reciting her original poem, "Cleopatra," with much effect. This poem appears in the Recitation Department of this issue.

Prof. Fulton, in his paper on "Some Facts About Elocution," pleaded earnestly for the study of elocution, and clearly distinguished between those forms of the art practiced by the reader, the reciter, the impersonator, and the actor, for purposes of entertainment, and the highest form of the art of oratory, the definite aim of which is to convince and persuade. The success of the impersonator, he declared, depended on a thorough knowledge of the art of reading and reciting before an attempt to impersonate, and a clear discrimination between the art of the impersonator and that of the actor. He urged the danger of trying to build up in colleges a department of public speaking without, at the same time, teaching elocution. The success of the orator, he said, depends on the greatness of his thought and theme, and his power to use all other forms of expression, even singing and gymnastics, though he must not display the art of all. Hence, the necessity for a thorough knowledge of the science of elocution, which underlies all forms of the art, a mastery of its principles, a practice of its precepts, a guidance of its criteria of criticism, a confidence in its truth, and a certain joy in the possession of its philosophy of universal expression.

Miss Kennedy read a helpful and well-put paper on "The Value of Climax."

"Teach boys and girls in the High School to talk more easily," was Miss Junkermann's plea, and she declared "this is done by teaching them to read more easily. Make them understand words and that they are merely signs for ideas. Then send them hunting for the idea." She deplored the High School pupils' "abnormal respect for punctuation marks," and urged that elocution must, in High School work, be a practical help toward practical life.

"Expression in English" was Mr. Olney's theme. He finds the English language in America to-day has fallen into disrepute, affected, he believes, by "yellow journalism street talk," and slip-shod social intercourse. He urges a conscientious enlightened study of our mother-tongue and rejoices that schools and colleges are giving the matter intelligent attention and that elocution takes a place in the curricula of schools and colleges side by side with other language arts.

OFFICERS 1900-1901.

President—Montaville Flowers.
First Vice-President—Mrs. Lucia Julian Martin.
Second Vice-President—Jean B. Elwell.
Secretary.—Katharine E. Junkermann.
Treasurer—Frank S. Fox.
Board of Directors—Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield Irving, Robert Irving Fulton, Helen M. Schuster, Lucia May Wiant, Clare G. Olney, J. H. Strong, Edmund Vance Cooke, Laura E. Aldrich.

At the close of the Memorial Hour for the late Moses True Brown, and after moving words spoken by Prof. Fulton, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, this Association realizes with overwhelming force the great loss it has sustained in the death of Professor Moses True Brown; be it

Resolved, That this Association voice its sorrow and sense of bereavement. He was one of its founders; its leader; its first president, and ever after its honorary president; its father; its counselor, and its friend.

He was a man of such broad culture and wide experience, such dignity of bearing, and yet so gentle and lovingly helpful, that when he came to Ohio to dwell among us, not only the profession of elocution, but every educational interest in the state felt the uplifting and ennobling power of his presence. He was poet, philosopher, artist and teacher in one, and he added to a grand soul the rich treasures of a ripe experience.

We rejoice that we were permitted to reap the benefit of his benign influence; we deplore his great loss, and we emulate his example.

Be it further *resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and to WERNER'S MAGAZINE, and the daily papers of Sandusky, for publication.

The convention of 1901 will be held Sept. 27 and 28, at Toledo.

Catharine, Empress of Russia, one day, when Gabrelli, her favorite soprano, had been exhibiting one of her accustomed fits of temper, said to her: "You are paid an enormous salary; you ought to do everything in your power to oblige. You receive five thousand rubles a year. That is the pay of a field marshal." "Very well, then," replied the singer, "if your majesty is not content with me, get one of your field marshals to sing!"

CURRENT THOUGHT

BREATHING, PHYSICAL CULTURE, AND DELSARTISM.

RIGHT BREATHING THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

A TEACHER, whose name is withheld, denounces physical culture as now taught, declaring it superficial.

"The lungs are the mainspring of man's organization. Therefore every other organ in his entire system is dependent upon the action of the lungs for vitality, or power to perform its work. In a word, man can only live by breathing, and the manner in which he breathes determines the manner in which he lives.

"The only natural, direct road to true progress, development and health is by the proper use of the lungs under the control of the will. Breathing is a common faculty, but breathing according to the directions of an enlightened will is something wholly unknown to the majority of mankind. That man can, by the right use of his lungs, compel his entire organism to expand and contract at will, thereby putting every atom, faculty, feeling, sentiment, thought, and act in vibratory relation, is a fact not understood.

"By right use of his lungs man can compel his entire organism to obey his will and thus gain complete control of himself; can polarize every atom in his entire system about his conscious will, and thus strengthen and increase all his powers and bring himself in harmony with his creator or source of life. This is the elixir of life that the world seeks, and, so far, blindly. To be in entire harmony with the Creator of this universe is a privilege man possesses but does not use, because he is ignorant of his power.

"Everything below man is operated upon by the law of attraction and repulsion, but man has a conscious will by means of which he may take hold of this law, and to a limited extent control and direct it. By right use of his lungs he can unite his will with the supreme creative will, and become one with its unfoldment. Controlling his lungs by his will man can prolong his life far beyond where it would otherwise terminate, and increase the blessings of life a thousandfold. Right breathing, therefore, is the art of all arts, and the most important act of life. Possessing this power one can live in harmony with the law, which means supreme happiness.

"Right breathing opens the door to all that is needful. In complying with the law of attraction and repulsion man gets the full benefit of the law in all its bearings. It vitalizes, refines, and spiritualizes all his life forces, and controls them in wisdom for his good."

To his pupils he says:

"The process of breathing forms the bedrock for your physical building. You do not breathe enough fully to expand the lungs, nor take sufficient oxygen into your system to purify your blood, or furnish sufficient vital force to run the human machine in proper manner. You must control the action of the lungs, and the way to do this is by compelling them to expand and contract equally."

Here are a few of his rules, preceded of course by the command that loose clothing be worn:

"After retiring at night release body and mind from all tension and take full and regular inhalations through your nostrils. Hold the breath about one second; take all the time you can to exhale it. Keep this up till you are weary or fall asleep.

"When you awake in the morning repeat the exercise at least five minutes; longer if time permits.

"During the day take as many full respirations as possible, exercising care with the exhalations."

Great stress is laid upon the necessity for holding in mind the thought that each exercise is a step toward a new life. Among early exercises the pupil is expected to strike or pound the lungs during five minutes of breathing, the pounding extending soon to abdomen and all over the body; the thought to be held that this extra motion assists the movements in breaking up and overcoming inertia, and increasing the activity of the heretofore dormant organs. It is promised that persistence in the following exercise will raise the physical standard to perfect harmony:

"Lie on the back. Relax tension of body and mind; breathe as though panting for breath. When this is done as often as possible, then draw in slowly a long breath and expire it slowly. By such breathing one can generate vital force and make nimble the stiffest muscles. This, like nearly all the exercises taught, should be done in the morning before rising, five minutes. Repeated during the day, and again after retiring. A final exercise is voluntary expansion and contraction in the region of the solar plexus while the breath is held.

"The elasticity of body and clearness of mind that follow the continuance of these exercises are beyond credibility, and the poise and comfort that succeed repay those who understandingly take them."

UNCONSCIOUS DELSARTISM IN COLORED WOMEN.

A Southern physician, commenting on perfection of form found among Southern colored women, which he finds conforms closely to Greek standard, offers in explanation the existence of unconscious Delsartism among negroes:

"These ignorant people have been forced by the exigencies of their labor to the employment of principles which were a religion with the Greeks, and which to-day are a fad with women striving to do away in their own bodies with the effect of centuries of violated natural laws. Perfect poise of the head and flexibility of the throat and neck are due to weights carried on the head while the body is in motion. This practice was compulsory with the Greeks. I have seen a woman, scores of them for that matter, walking rapidly with one pail of water on her head, while in each hand she carried a bar on which two buckets were suspended, carrying in all five buckets of water, and moving as easily and as gracefully as a juggler.

"When a woman beats clothes with a paddle, which is the primitive form of laundering, all the chest and abdominal muscles are brought into play just as they are by the club exercise of Delsartism. The movement is naturally cruder, but in its elementary requisites it is the same. The position of vulgar ease which every stage-trainer so abhors—the hands on hips, thumbs outward—is a favorite one with the negress. The physical culture matrons embrace a series of exercises in which, with arms placed in the position referred to, the body is swung from one side to the other, the weight of the body resting entirely on one hip, the other hip, in culture parlance, being entirely given up. This motion induces beautiful carriage of the body and perfect control of poise, but is forbidden to actresses outside of the training-room. The motion is conducive to grace, but is supposed to be not graceful as a pose. But a negress swaying to and fro in this position is as sinuous and willowy as a panther in its native jungle. It rests them, they say.

"The bread-makers and the cake-beaters have most perfect pliancy and control of wrist and fingers. In such work the upper arm never moves from the side of the body and all the power is concentrated at the wrist and communicated thence to the fingers."

PUT THE SOUL IN COMMAND.

"New thought" rapidly invades art, and the fields of esthetic interests. Horatio W. Dresser throws light upon expressional power as follows:

"The soul expresses itself through the body by means of the mind, or consciousness. The soul can be master of its states of consciousness, and through them master of the body. The mind need not be swayed by emotion and passion; it need not be the slave of fear or of physical sensation, if the soul comes to consciousness of its power. So, little by little, the soul may not only master the mind, but with equal success extend its dominion to all parts of the body. Find the quiet center within. Rise in the strength and confidence of the spirit, the master of the mind.

"We contend for a recognition of both the physical and mental factors, for a sound mind in a sound body, a mind which draws upon its own resources and acquires mastery over the body. The equilibrium of the body is maintained through the equilibrium of the emotions, through equanimity, and through the proper care and development of the body. Man must control both his mind and his body if he wishes to be sound. The only way to keep the mind habitually even is by living a poised life. Poise is thus the keynote of all the harmonies of the body. This is the price which nature demands of man; and if he is unwilling to pay it, he must suffer. Whenever the equilibrium of the body is disturbed, seek poise, then let nature restore harmony. It is foolish to fear. Nature is competent. But one must meet her demands. Remember that the disturbance originated in your own body, and that the resident forces of the body are able to restore you, if you maintain equanimity."

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

SPEECH OF SOUTHERNERS AND CANADIANS.

Francis B. Hayes, speaking of the distinguishing features of a Southerner's speech, writes:

"There are three especially noticeable—his soft pronunciation of 'i' and 'ou' in such words as 'vice' and 'house,' the use of 'like' for 'as,' and 'do like I do,' for 'do as I do,' and his 'reckoning' where a New Yorker would 'guess,' and a Bostonian 'suppose' or 'think.' At least, this is a generally accepted rule, but some things have happened recently to discredit it in my estimation.

"I was in the home of some fellow-Southerners recently, and there met a young lady from Ontario, whose Southern-like pronunciation of 'ice,' 'like,' 'wife,' 'house,' 'south,' etc., caused remark. Several of us went to hear a lecture delivered by a Canadian scholar and were much impressed by the softness of his 'i's' and 'ou's.'

"In the current issue of one of our medical journals are articles written by a Canadian in which this expression occurs: 'The pus becomes thin and whitish, like it was at first.' That reads 'like' it had been written by a Southerner.

"It has been said that the English heard in Virginia and the Carolinas is more like the classic language of the Albion Isle than

anything else spoken in this country. Can it be that the old English pronunciations and expressions are preserved in the Far North and the South, while the 'American' language has been developing in the more 'hustling' communities?"

RULES FOR PUNCTUATION.

The De Witt Clinton High School, New York City, has so compactly and logically aranged rules for punctuation and capitalization that we herewith reprint the outline:

I.—A comma is used—

1. To mark the omission of a word.
2. To set off any long element which, as a whole, bears some relation to some other part of a sentence, *e. g.*, a subject containing many words, or a relative clause not restrictive.

II.—Commas are used—

3. To set off elements in the same construction forming a series.
4. To set off transposed elements.
5. To set off interposed elements.
6. To set off independent elements.
7. To set off appositive elements of more than a word or two each.
8. To set off short quotations informally introduced.
9. Sometimes to separate the members of a compound sentence, not themselves subdivided by commas.

III.—A semicolon is used—

10. Between members of a compound sentence that are themselves subdivided by commas.
11. Between members of a compound sentence when the connection is not sufficiently close to admit of the use of a comma.
12. Before *as, viz., namely*, etc., when they introduce examples.

IV.—A colon is used—

13. Between the members of a compound sentence that are themselves sub-divided by semicolons.
14. Sometimes before an explanatory proposition that makes the sentence compound.
15. Before a quotation introduced formally.
16. Before an enumeration introduced by *as follows, the following*, etc.
17. After a formal phrase of address.

V.—A period is used—

18. After a declarative or an imperative sentence.
19. Generally after an abbreviation.
20. After a heading, or a figure used to number a heading.

VI.—An interrogation point is used—

21. After a direct question.

VII.—An exclamation point is used—

22. After an element that expresses strong feeling.

VIII.—Quotation marks are used—

23. To enclose words used by another.

a) The enclosed quotation should be punctuated within the marks.

(b) A quotation within a quotation with double marks is indicated by single marks.

(c) A quotation within a quotation with single marks is indicated by double marks.

IX.—A dash is used—

24. To indicate a sudden change of thought.
25. At the end of an element to show that the sense is incomplete.
26. After a side heading.
27. After an extract, before the name of the author.

X.—Dashes are used—

28. Sometimes instead of marks of parenthesis.

XI.—Marks of parenthesis are used—

29. To set off expressions that form no necessary part of the sentence.

XII.—Brackets are used—

30. To enclose words not the author's, inserted to explain the meaning or to supply an omission.

XIII.—An apostrophe is used—

31. To indicate with or without *s*, the possessive case of a noun.
32. To form, with *s*, the plural of a letter, sign, or other character.
33. To indicate the omission of one or more letters or figures.

XIV.—A capital letter is used—

34. To begin the first word of a sentence.
35. To begin the first word of a line of verse.
36. To begin the first word of a direct question.
37. To begin the first word of a direct quotation introduced formally.
38. To begin a proper noun or a name derived from one.
39. To begin the word *North, South, East*, or *West*, when used to denote a part of a country.
40. To begin the name of a month or a day (but not of a season).
41. To begin an adjective used without a noun to represent God or any other person.
42. To begin a title when used as a part of a proper name.
43. To begin the name of a thing personified.
44. To begin the first word, and, frequently each important word, in a title.
45. In the monoliteral words *I* and *O*.

AMERICANISMS.

Brander Matthews has a good word to say for slang. He declares:

"Its function as a true feeder of language is certain to get itself more widely recognized as time goes on; and there is no better nursery for these seedlings of speech than the teritory west of the Mississippi and east of the Rockies. To say this is not to say that there are not to be found east of the Mississippi many interesting locutions still inadequately established in the language. Actual speech of the people, whether in Rome or in London or in New York, is the real language, of which the literary dialect is but a sublimation. Language is born in

the mouth, although it dies young unless it is brought up by hand. Language is made sometimes in the library,, it is true, but far more often in the kitchen and on the sidewalk; and nowadays the newspaper and the advertisement record for us the unstilted and simple phrases of the kitchen and the sidewalk The most of these will fade out of sight unregretted; but a few will prove themselves possessed of sturdy vitality. The ideal of style, so it has been tersely put, is the speech of the people in the mouth of the scholar. One reason why so much of the academic writing of educated men is arid is because it is as remote as may be from the speech of the people. One reason why Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling are now the best-beloved authors of the English language, is because they have each of them a welcome ear for the speech of the people."

THE COMING LITERARY CENTER.

Brander Matthews calls Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling "the two most widely-known authors of the language," and comments that neither is located in London, the town which "for six centuries has been the heart ot English literature." He adds:

"A time will come, and probably long before the close of the twentieth century, when there will be in the United States not only several times as many people as there are in the British Isles, but also far more literary activity. In other words, the most of the leading authors of English literature will be American and not British in their training, in their thought, in their ideals. That is to say, the British in the middle of the twentieth century will hold to the Americans about the same position that the Americans held toward the British in the middle of the nineteenth century.

"Because, in the nineteenth century, our group of authors—Irving, Cooper, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Poe, Whitman, Thoreau—could not, though brilliant, shine equal with the contemporary English group, therefore, in the middle of the twentieth century the British group will probably not lack striking individualities; but, as a whole, it will probably be surpassed by the American group. The largest portion of the brain, as well as the largest body of the English-speaking race, will have its residence on the western shore of the Western ocean."

BROAD "A."

"The broad sound of 'a,' so common in the European languages, we designate as the Cavalier 'a' in English and American speech, because of the extravagant reaction against Puritan simplicity which followed the Restoration, and which continued to mark the educated speech of the age of Queen Anne and of the court and aristocracy during the eighteenth century. This speech, became a shibboleth, distinguishing the aristocracy from the common folk in England and in Virginia, and was recognized as the most elegant of English sounds until the cockneys appropriated and applied it promiscuously in classes of words where it was a graceless intruder. It was then, as it passed into the folk-speech of London, that a second reaction set in, which continued until the true sounds of 'a,' as now differentiated in educated speech, gained literary acceptance."—*S. D. McCormick in the "Bookman."*

ACTORS AND ACTING.

RACHEL'S ACTING.

Charlotte Bronte says of this creature, who was,—

"Neither of woman nor of man. . . . Hate, and murder, and madness incarnate she stood. It was a marvelous sight, a mighty revelation. . . . She stood, not dressed, but draped in pale antique folds, long and regular, like sculpture. A background, and entourage, and flooring of deepest crimson threw her out, white like alabaster—like silver—rather be it said, like death. Wicked, perhaps she is; but also she is strong, and her strength has conquered beauty, has overcome grace, and bound both at her side, captives peerlessly fair, and docile as fair. Even in the uttermost frenzy of energy is each varied movement royally, imperially, exceedingly upborne. Her hair, flying loose in revel or war, is still an angel's hair, and glorious under a halo. . . . I have seen acting before, but never anything like this; never anything which astonished hope and hushed desire; which outstripped impulse and paled conception; which, instead of merely irritating imagination with the thought of what might be done, at the same time fevering the nerves because it was not done, disclosed power like a deep, swollen winter river, thundering in cataract, and bearing the soul like a leaf, on the steep and stately sweep of its descent."

HOW ACTRESSES MAKE UP.

Gallant Mr. Franklyn Fyles not only believes in the actress's native beauty, but is able to disclose the secrets of her stage-made beauty.

"It is a mistaken idea that actresses are as a general rule handsomer on the stage than off. The reverse is as likely to be true. Nevertheless, all theatrical faces have to be painted. It may be assumed safely that none of the complexion is genuine. An exceptionally clear and pink skin may require no falsity, and a dark one may chance to suit the character to be assumed, but these exceptions to the rule are rare. The glare of artificial light would make most faces ghastly white or unpleasantly sallow if bright hues were not laid on. The art of

coloring a pretty visage just enough and not overdoing it, is one which all actresses should learn. Many do not, and so we see beauty disfigured instead of enhanced. Others are very expert. There are two distinct processes. One makes use of colored powders applied dry, and the other mixes the same powders with grease, making a substance called grease-paint, which comes in sticks, varying in size from a stick of shaving soap to a lead pencil. It adheres like paint until washed off with vaseline. The colors range in the flesh hues from the palest pink of a baby's face to the copper brown of an American Indian. Between these two every tint can be found.

"The actress first covers her face with cold cream and rubs it into the pores, in order that none of the paint may get into them and injure her own complexion. Next she takes a stick of grease-paint of the flesh color which she has selected and dabs it on in four or five places. From these spots she rubs the stuff over the face until it presents an evenly colored skin. It is with the reds, blues, and black pencils that attempts to vary the features are made. The second step is usually to apply the red. If she is a brunette with dark hair and eyes, the tint is likely to be carmine. If she is a blonde, it will have more of a brick-dust hue. The stick is applied to the cheeks about the top of the cheek-bone. There the color is deepest. Then with the fingers it is spread over the first layer of grease paint. It is made lighter and lighter down to the jaws. Under each eye a blue line an eighth of an inch wide is drawn with a dark stick of the grease-paint. This throws the eyes into relief. In the glare of the footlights they are dulled and lustreless. The eyelashes are emphasized by blackening them with paint soft enough to adhere. If the eyebrows are not strongly marked, it is customary to darken them also. Close to the corners of the eyes small drops of bright red give an appearance of freshness and health. The ears are brushed with a hare's-foot filled with dark flesh-colored powder. Sometimes bright red is used. The lips are reddened with a carmine pigment.

"A majority of the younger women of the stage use dry powders instead of grease-paints. In this process the face is first rubbed all over with vaseline to protect the skin from injury. The powders are in various colors, corresponding to those of the paints. They are applied with a puff and blended with a hare's-foot. The effect obtained is so similar to the one above described that to audiences there is no discernible difference. But the actress with grease on her face will say that the colors are deeper and more mellow than can be produced with powder. It is certain that an appearance of youthfulness can be obtained by it, and age concealed. There are face-washes made in many tints of flesh color, exaggerated and deepened to suit the purposes of the theater, and some actresses use them instead of either paint of powder. The preparation of a woman to look her best on the stage is little more than the heightening of color. The hands are merely whitened, as a rule, though the tips of the fingers are sometimes reddened a little. The arms and neck, if exposed by evening gowns, are tinted with powders, washes, and even with grease-paints.

"If an actress's features are irregular, she has to treat them specifically. When an actress is called upon to 'make up for a character part,' which means preparing herself to represent an old or eccentric woman, her methods are much the same that men use under the same circumstances."

TAKING PICTURE-PLAY PICTURES.

Edward Owings Towne is making a success of the picture-play idea advanced some time ago in WERNER'S MAGAZINE. A complete play is represented by projecting stereopticon pictures, while lines of the play are at the same time recited in imitation of the various characters. He speaks of the way pictures are taken thus:

"It was no small task to secure pictures of the comedy. Not a single theater in the world is built with light enough to allow the taking of photographs upon the stage except by flashlight. Flashlight photographs are very unsatisfactory. It was found necessary to construct a stage out of doors. The scenery was adjusted as at a regular performance, with all stage-properties and accessories. Immense canvas reflectors were properly placed, the actors and actresses dressed in their stage-clothes, and began a regular performance of the comedy. Two cameras were trained on the performance, and the quick click of the instruments took the place of the applause which usually greets the performers. The exposure for each picture did not last more than one or two seconds."

VOICE CULTURE AND MUSIC.

THE LATE SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

"The printed eulogies on the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, written chiefly by musical critics, seem to have ruffled the susceptibilities of literary men in England. It was natural, perhaps, for musicians to lay stress on the more serious work of the composer, the overtures, the anthems, the 'Golden Legend,' and, dealing with a British public, even the 'Lost Chord,' and to speak with less respect of the light operas by which he is best known. That was hardly fair to Sullivan, who can not be made to rank with the great composers, even in England, and whose distinctive title to fame rests on the delightful products of his collaboration with Mr. Gilbert. They were charming, original entertainments, with an individuality of their own which needed the talents of both artists in their creation, for neither partner accomplished anything comparable to them after the break in their partnership.

"In speaking of the successes of 'Pinafore' and 'Patience,' and the rest, however, the musicians gave the lion's share to Sullivan. They showed how the geniality of Sir Arthur's music tempered the sardonic asperity of Mr. Gilbert's lines. So Mr. Herman Merivale in the *Spectator* rushes in to defend the latter. There seems to be more than a discussion of the relative credit due to each partner in his letter. It brings up the old question whether the music is a mere accompaniment to the words, as in the old days of the opera, when Metastasio wrote the texts, or the words are mere vehicles of vocal utterance subordinate to the music, as in so many modern operas. The idea of a protest by the literary authors is supported by a plaint from Mr. F. C. Burnand in the same journal, that nobody gives him credit for launching Sir Arthur Sullivan on his successful career, by turning 'Box and Cox' into an opera. He gives an interesting account of the first performance of 'Cox and Box' with George Du Maurier as Box, and likewise of the remarkably complicated parentage of the play, but throughout the note of sorrow of the injustice done to the author of the words dominates.

"It is a question that can never be solved. For some it is Goethe who wrote 'Faust' and for others it is Gounod. Some gifted beings have been able with greater or less success to evolve both the words and music out of their own brains, but the generality must put up with a partner and the more obscure partner will continue to be sensitive about his lesser briliancy."—*N. Y. Sun.*

MUSICAL PROGRESS IN RUSSIA.

An article published in Chicago credits Peter the Great with first stimulating Russia to an improvement in her music. He established a musical fund for the assistance of native music. The Empress Anna followed up the good work by encouraging the presence and activity of foreign musicians in Russia. She built an opera house and had Italian opera performed. The Empress Elizabeth potently encouraged music, and the first opera, with Russian words, was produced in her time. Its composer, Pietro Araja, was an Italian composer of eminence, but the words being Russian the people adopted credit for the work.

Russian music reached its prime under the great Catharine. She built a magnificent opera house (Anna's long since having been burned), and established the Royal Theatrical School, training young Russian aspirants in all branches of music, singing, acting, and dancing. Catharine was especially interested in singing and spent money freely to induce foreign singers to make their home in Russia. Many musical celebrities located there. Sarti composed an opera in the Russian tongue—Catharine at her own expense sent deserving young musicians to foreign lands for study. Thus Alexander Ablesimoo, the creator of vaudeville in Russia, was assisted. Under such fostering music found new impetus. The musical club of St. Petersburg was founded in 1772, and music became fashionable.

THE PSALTERS A MEANS OF INSTRUCTION.

Sir John Stainer finds the Psalters were used as an early means of providing musical instruction. He says:

"They give a clear insight into the various methods of practical music in vogue during a long period. We can trace efforts to record pitch, key, time; we discover the source and growth of several systems of solfeggio; and incidentally, we can read, though it has been quite unconsciously recorded, the story of the marvelous hold which the 'ancient' has on the human mind, even when it has become obsolete and useless.

"Two efforts were made to aid congregations. Instruction in rudiments were given to those who cared to learn, and in the staff the sol-fa name of each note was printed under each note. The Sternhold Psalter (1561) contains 150 psalms, and 'Short Introduction to the Skill of Music,' undertaking to teach 'in a few houres, easelye with out all payn, a sufficiente knowledge to synge anye salme contayned in this booke, by an easy and most plaine way and rule, of the order of the Notes and Kayes of singing, which commonly is called the Scale of Musike or the Gamma ut.' A table is given of an eleven-line staff, showing a seven-column modulator with the letters ut re mi fa sol la, the first column beginning with ut on the bottom line, G, next with ut in the second space, C (whence this C was called C fa ut. reading across the table), ut on F, ut on G, ut on C, ut on F, and ut on G. An expression in the book 'signed keys,' or 'signing a key' is a forerunner of our useful word 'signature.' But the author still used the words clef, key, and note rather indiscriminately. The words 'lines of a stave' had not yet displaced the older name 'rules,' and they were reckoned from the top downward, the first rule being our fifth line, and so on. We find no allusion to bars, none are used in the Musica Transalpina (1588), but they show themselves in Morley (1597), and in his Part II. they are introduced into the specimens of Descant without any remark. The rudimentary forms of our modern rests also appear in Sternhold.

"Trifling and contemptible as our learned author considers the amount of labor required by his Introduction, we who read it nearly 350 years later can not be surprised

that the 'poor, unlearned, and rude' demanded some much simpler method of arriving at the art of singing the mere melodies of psalm-tunes. In 1570 this learned Introduction is turned out to make room for a short Preface of one page; the first letter of the sol-fa name stands by the side of every note in the Psalter. The simplicity of this system secured its success."

MARCHESI'S SINGING-LESSONS REPORTED BY HERSELF.

"My method for the cultivation of the voice is the same for all sorts of voices; yet, because of physical conditions, modifications are unavoidable. A deep contralto, two high sopranos, and two mezzo-sopranos are the class. Attend closely. giving heed not only to that addressed to yourself and intended directly to advance your studies, but to all. Thus, should circumstances compel you to teach, you may thoroughly understand the first instruction, the foundation of singing, as well as the rules of declamation, pronunciation, etc. I hope that you have imprinted in your memory what I told you concerning the singer's bearing, breathing, last time, opening of the mouth, and so on. Stand on the platform, my little contralto, and begin. What! You wish to sing standing near me, at the piano? This I can not permit. If you stand behind me I can not see if you open your mouth properly—if you make grimaces, if you raise your eyebrows,—in a word, I can not watch your bearing. Quick, climb upon the platform and loose no time; do not cry! I do not like tears. There, you are courageous, I see.

"With deep contraltos I begin the attack with a B flat (si bemol), and thence go upward to E natural (mi naturel) in the medium register. In the initial studies, to prevent fatigue, I avoid using the voice to its furthermost limits.

"Deep contraltos hardly ever possess head-tones; attain, exceptionally, to G in the medium register, and hence are only fitted to sing orotorios or to appear in the concert-room. The range of the chest-tones often changes, too, according to physical conditions. I have taught contraltos that had only six or eight chest-tones. The registers must not be overstepped through undue forcing.

"Now it is your turn, my dear. Why Will you carry the chest-voice upward? Nature has endowed you with a fine rich and strong medium register, why not use it? Why force it? If you proceed to G natural (sol) with chest-tones, the passage to the medium register will sound very ill; so make the change of register on the scale on E natural (mi), and only take F natural (fa) as a chest-tone, when the tone is to be used with a dramatic significance, and, demanding strength, can not be avoided. Good, you have understood me, the passage from the chest-register to the medium register is scarcely perceptible; the main thing is that the last tone of each register, on account of the passage, be not forced.

"Contralto and mezzo-soprano voices require very careful cultivation, and great knowledge and experience on the part of the teacher. As contralto voices are less flexible than soprano voices, they tire more easily, and hence one must be more prudent in respect to vocalizzi.

"Now comes your turn, my pretty blond soprano. Ascend the platform. No harm befell your predecessor, so quick, do not waste precious time. One learns less, when one stands ever in presence of one's self. Your high soprano voices are easier to develop than the unwieldier contraltos and mezzo-sopranos, but you have a less extended chest-register. In many countries the wrong opinion prevails that cultivation of the chest-tones not only damages the development of the high tones, but entails their complete loss. A voice without chest-tones is like a violin without a G string. So, my blond Bertha, bravely bring out your chest-tones as far as D or E flat (re or mi bemol), and then proceed to the medium. Believe me, no injury will be done your voice. In the scale, you can change before this, if necessary. Why do you try to go on C (do) from the medium to the head voice? The medium voice from F natural (fa) to F (fa) on the fifth line is the foundation of the female voice. We speak in medium tones. How can one sing an andante, a cantilena, when one proceeds to the head-voice on C (do)? The registers must be completely cultivated and united before one sings on words. Good, very good! You see that the use of the medium presents no difficulties; the passage to the head-tones, too, is excellent. You wish to sing higher and still higher. This you must not do. You must not continually fret the limits of the voice. Prudence is the mother of wisdom. Do not forget it! When I hear the twittering on the highest tones, that people like in your native country, but that they admire less in Europe, I am always reminded of a remark of Rossini's, who was wont to call the high tones not head-tones but 'skull-tones.'

"Now for the second soprano. Rose, your voice is of roseate delicacy. To work; attack the tone! Capital! you have turned to advantage all that has been told you and your classmates. Good, excellent! You see, children, that with attention you can learn much and quickly in classes. One word more, my dear Rose: do not study at home. You are not yet thoroughly versed in my method and might lose what you have acquired to-day. A little patience, I beg. I fancy you are anxious to progress a trifle fast. Bear in mind the Italian proverb: 'Chi va piano va sano, chi va sano va lontano.' And again: when you are in company and people ask you to sing a romance or a song, say simply 'Madame Marchesi forbids my singing until I am more advanced in my studies.'

"Commence, Valentine, attack the tone. You attack it with the open glottis; this will not do. Don't worry! Try again. The passage from the chest to the medium register is excellently managed, but why does your voice shake? Every tone is trill. What a shame! It is ruin to the voice to carry up the medium tones and the reason why, nowadays, most voices are tremulous. Your studies must be carried forward with the greatest prudence until the vicious tremolo is overcome. Let us now try and attack F sharp (fa diese) with the head-voice. Excellent! The tone has resonance and power. You must sing *very little*, that your rich and beautiful voice, with its great compass, may speedily recover.

"Now for my two mezzo-sopranos. Louisa 1, you purpose studying for the concert-room? Let me hear your voice. Good! The resonance is excellent, but the compass insufficient; you are not fitted for the operatic stage, but need not complain, for concert singers nowadays rival operatic singers in point of success, but have less exertion to make and fewer annoyances. Remember, however, that a knowledge of languages is absolutely indispensable, for songs by Mozart, Taubert, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, etc., must be sung in the original text, many of the translations being unserviceable. Now, sing me some scales. Louisa 2, quick to work! Bravo! The attack of tone, connection of registers, and agility are well regulated, the voice is not tremulous, but resonant and of good compass. The lesson is over, good morning, dear pupils."—*Harper's Bazar.*

ADVICE TO SONG WRITERS.

Leontine Stanfield, a clever newspaper woman, graduate from a successful career on the stage, and a writer of popular songs, declares:—

"Harmony is about in the air everywhere, waiting to be caught and imprisoned by him whose ear is attuned to the music of the universe and whose soul communes with nature and with nature's god."

She tells song-writers that the vogue of coon rag-time music is over, and that coon ballads or love songs bordering on the pathetic are at the moment in high favor. She gives the following as an example of what is wanted in the way of words, and generously adds that as yet it is without musical setting:

DEAH CHLO.

I'se lef ma home away down Souf behind me,
Kase I'se poo an work dare somehow didn't find me.
Now I'se all alone an lonesome,
No one heah I cares ter kno,
An ma heart am mighty heavy,
Fo O Deah Chlo,
I longs ter see yo so,
Yes, longs ter see yo so,
Deah Chlo.

Refrain.

I can heah de pine-tops sighin,
An de whip-poo-will a cryin,
I kin smell de orange blossoms in de air.
When I shuts ma eyes I dreams it,
All so plain it really seems it,
Den I wakes an fines dat dare is nuffin dere,
An all de time ma heart am achin so,
An all de time I'm longin fo yo, Chlo.

I'd like ter kno jess how yo dose wiffout me,
I wonders if you really cares about me.
I has got a steady job heah,
But de time it pass so slow,
An I'se always thinkin of yo,
An O, Deah Chlo,
I longs ter see yo so,
Yes, longs ter see yo so,
Deah Chlo.

Duets arranged for male and female voices are also wanted. Dainty, ideal love songs like "The Rosary" and "Elaine" will always be in vogue, and songs of sea-action are of standard value. Descriptive and story songs are to be relied on. Occasionally a lullaby or barcarolle. She adds:

"Success depends altogether on the music, words count for very little. 'Bad words' will not kill good music, but bad music will kill the best set of words ever written. There isn't much satisfaction in writing words for songs, for they seldom appear as they are submitted to the composer. The composer feels at liberty to cut and mutilate 'mere words' in any way he sees fit, offering no reason or apology for so doing, and the song is published with all manner of discrepancies, for which, of course, the author of the words may be held responsible."

TRAIN THE NOSE.

The nose may be trained, like the palate, to a fine sense of discrimination and be taught to reject that which is in the slightest degree offensive or inimical to health and cleanliness, as well as to enjoy with rare satisfaction an atmosphere filled with life-giving ozone.

It should be as repugnant to breathe stale air as to eat stale food, or enjoy stale flowers. The olfactory nerves of a majority of people need cultivating. Many cater fastidiously to their stomachs who habitually feed their lungs upon poisonous, offensive, and devitalized air.

The atmosphere which some houses offer to their guests is a positive affront to discriminating nostrils. A self-respecting or sane host would not proffer vitiated food, nor water for baths which had been previously used, yet foul air which has been breathed and rebreathed is served through ignorance or carelessness, without regard to its offensiveness.—*Ledger Monthly.*

Echoes from the Elocutionary Battlefield.

Editor Werner's Magazine:

On reading Miss Mary S. Thompson's startling assertion that Mr. S. H. Clark had in the September number of WERNER'S MAGAZINE characterized "in phrases of low music-hall slang one of the great inventions of the age," I hastened to hunt up that issue, wondering how Mr. Clark could have fallen into such shocking ways of speech. Fancy my surprise on discovering, in lieu of some excitingly scandalous expression, the comparatively colorless and quite innocuous word "frills!" The objectionable term in Mr. Clark's article is "Put less time on frills, like Visible Speech (which is very well in a school for deafmutes), etc."

However, the greatest injustice to Mr. Clark was the statement that he "put forth as entirely original a few well-worn methods." With due deference to Miss Thompson, he did nothing of the kind, but very modestly suggested a plan which he said had produced "fairly good results."

To me, Mr. Clark's article was a source of satisfaction. It is pleasant to find people, whose opinions are worth something, agreeing with one; and as I had, long ago, stated in print my conviction that voice-development was the neglected factor in most elocutionary training, and also that it was impossible to do this work properly in large classes, it was a pleasure to read these ideas so finely put by Mr. Clark.

I had another reason for being pleased with Mr. Clark's present views, for I well remember when he did not entertain them. Some years ago an article by him appeared in WERNER'S MAGAZINE. He quoted then, as he did in his September letter, a sentence from the preface of Mr. James E. Murdoch's "Analytic Elocution" to the effect that vocal culture is what is most needed in the study of elocution. Mr. Clark studied Mr. Murdoch's work carefully, but was dissatisfied with the result. Soon after, however, he came across a treatise by Mr. Alfred Ayres, which announced that the greatest need in elocution is to *get the thought.* This seemed to strike Mr. Clark with the force of an original idea, and it at once put him on the right road. I remember that he became quite fervid in praise of Mr. Ayres,—a remembrance which came to me very distinctly while reading the latter's recent severe criticism of Mr. Clark.

Now, Mr. Murdoch's statement, taken by itself, is likely to cause misconception in the minds of those who read it, not knowing that it was intended entirely in a technical sense; but had Mr. Clark quoted from the same preface the following all would have been clear:

"The theory and practice of a true method should develop the vocal powers, side by side with the *growth of the mind,* and by the time the student has reached the high schools and institutions of advanced learning, he should be able to deliver his essays and papers with the same proficiency that he displays in their verbal or written form."

This plainly shows that mental training was taken as a matter of course by Mr. Murdoch, whose pupils will testify to his unceasing efforts to make them "get the thought" before aught else, and that the opening sentence in his preface was simply meant to call attention to a much-neglected side of elocutionary technical work.

Mr. Clark states in his September article that "it seems hardly necessary for anyone to go through the endless routine that is demanded of the pupil in Mr. Murdoch's treatise." Yet, a little farther on, speaking of a few fundamental exercises for daily practice, he suggests that they might be, from the student's point of view, "dry as dust, uninteresting, and apparently useless," and yet he directs that they be practiced during the entire period of training. Now, such excellent exercises as are found in "Analytic Elocution," beginning with the very simple and, as the student develops, gradually working to the more complex and difficult, if properly taught and explained, can *never* be "dry as dust" or "uninteresting."

As the pupil sees his voice developing week by week and day by day; when he finds that he can express a conception today as he could not a month ago; that he is actually building into himself something that was not there—nothing can equal his delighted interest.

I know that many misconceptions—most of them idiotic—prevail in the minds of some people regarding the Murdoch-Rush method. For instance, one well-known elocution teacher once gave me to understand that the whole process of developing qualities of voice was positively pernicious. Questioning him, I found he fancied that we practiced reciting long extracts in the guttural and pectoral qualities as daily regimen. He said this would ruin any voice, and I quite agreed with him.

Another elocution teacher was convinced that when we studied selections we labeled them in all sorts of ways and then recited them with all those labels constantly before our minds! This, of course, is quite untrue; but, if true, it would not be more absurd than that form of alleged entertainment in which young creatures in Greek costume assume various emotional attitudes while—in order that the audience may make no mistake—a mysterious voice issuing from behind a curtain calls off the title of each pose as it makes its appearance! This is dangerous ground, so I better not venture further.

Let me in closing, after again thanking Mr. Clark for his insistence on the need of better voice-training, suggest to those who follow Miss Thompson's advice and from this time forth give their "days and nights to the study of Bell," that it would be wise to become more catholic in their methods and expend a part of their working energy on those other great masters—Rush and Murdoch.

Chicago. MAY DONNALLY KELSO.

READERS AND SINGERS

Miss Amelia Martin, Dec. 5, recited "Laddie" at the graduating exercises of the Elkhart Normal School.

Miss Love Jones and Mr. John Miller Drake were married Jan. 17, in Tennessee. WERNER'S MAGAZINE extends congratulations.

Miss Saidee Vere Milne gave two recitals in January at the Waldorf-Astoria, presenting a cutting of "Ben-Hur," and a mixed program.

Miss Bessie May Bowman, daughter of the eminent music teacher, Edward Morris Bowman, is making a success as a vocalist of pronounced merit.

Mr. Frank C. Drake is author of "The Crown and Locket," the second Children's Theater play produced this season at Carnegie Lyceum, New York.

Miss Lillian K. Baron made her platform debut, Jan. 12, in Wellsville, reciting "Mr. Traver's First Hunt," at the first Christian Church entertainment.

The University of Michigan debating team, instructed by Prof. Thomas C. Trueblood, lately won another victory. This time over the Minnesota team.

Mr. Edwin Star Belknap and Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis assisted at the musicale given Jan. 1 by the Women's Philharmonic Society, Carnegie Hall, New York city.

Mr. Clayton D. Gilbert staged an entertainment for the Free Kindergarten Association, given Dec. 10, in the ball-room of Mr. George H. Partridge's residence in Minneapolis.

Miss Isabel Kerr includes in her repertoire "By the Love," "The Soul of the Violin," "A Boy's Revenge," "How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost," and "Ursus and the Aurochs."

Miss Sarah Boude Barber is delivering a series of practical talks this season on "The Speaking-Voice," "Every-day Bearing," "Harmonizing Movements," and kindred subjects.

Mrs. Belle McLeod-Lewis and Dr. J. B. Harmon were married Dec. 26 in Pueblo. Mrs. Harmon is an accomplished musician and elocutionist. WERNER'S MAGAZINE extends congratulations.

Miss Ida M. Moore includes this season in her repertoire selections from Shakespeare, Browning, Tennyson, and Southern and Western writers. She presents "An Evening with Modern Authors."

Mrs. Gwyneth King Roe, under the patronage of Miss Emma B. Shields, gave in New York, Jan. 8, a personally illustrated talk on "Psycho-physical Culture, as Applied to Every-day Life."

Mrs. G. Maude Bronson Purdy includes in her varied repertoire "Life of Ages," and "America" by Richard Watson Gilder. She appears in the Men's League Entertainment Course, Conn., Feb. 10.

The Maryland School of Expression presented, Jan. 23, its third monthly recital of this season. The pupils offered selections from Shakespeare, a clever Shakespearian burlesque closing the program.

At Highlandville, Jan. 16, the beginning pupils of Mrs. Charlton D. Miller were presented by her in recital. "The Broken Doll," "The First Party," and "The Minuet" were among the recitations.

Miss Nettie K. Oppenheimer gives a patriotic recital on Washington's Birthday for children in the Auditorium, Cincinnati. In January she read before the McMicken Symposium and Forum Society.

Miss Charlotte Sulley presented before the army branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, New York, Jan. 25, the story of "Ursus and the Aurochs," and "The Coming Out of Miss Cummings."

Miss Anna B. Chidester is trying to open to business women in Washington State an opportunity for physical culture, and is establishing evening classes for clerks, teachers, students, typists, stenographers, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel, at Mendelssohn Hall in January, gave two song recitals, making their selections from Cimarosa, Handel, Arthur Foote, Schumann, Liszt, Mendelssohn, and other high-class composers.

Miss L. May Haughwout presented her pupils in recital, Dec. 21. Among the selections were "Aunt Peggy and High Art," "Mis' Randolph's Misery," "The Lady or the Tiger," and "Penelope's Christmas Dance."

Miss Maude Willis has recently added to her repertoire an arrangement of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and of "Rupert of Hentzau." She is now instructor of elocution and physical culture in Liberty Ladies' College.

Mr. Charles T. Grilley, assisted by Rosa Weldhorn, violinist, presented in his program at the Congregational Church, Waltham, Mass., Jan. 10, his recitation "Jes' a Line to Riley" which WERNER'S MAGAZINE publishes in this issue.

In January Miss Lillie Selig presented her pupils in recital at Conservatory Music Hall, Savannah. Among the selections given were: "How We Beat the Captain's Colt," "A Telephone Romance," "The First Snowfall," and "Sweet and Low."

Mr. George Riddle's series of readings under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, covered Jan. 18, 19, 25, and 26. He presented "Lucretia Borgia" with orchestral accompaniment, and "The Merchant of Venice."

Mrs. Bessie Brown Ricker, Jan. 15, at a St. Louis Y. M. C. A. Hall read "A Picnic Time," "Runaway Boy," "School Boy's Favorite," "Lorraine, Loraine, Loree," "Old Snow Man," "Village Dressmaker," and "Views of Life in a Hotel."

Miss Carrie Victoria Lynn has this season been giving an evening from Holland's "Seven Oaks." In December she read a sketch from Hall Caine before the Reading and Physical Training Section of the State Teachers' Association in Des Moines.

Miss Fanny Robinson arranged the Randolph College program, Dec. 13. "Other Side of the Moon," "Naughty Zell," and "Diamond Cut Diamond," were among the selections presented. A dramatic sketch, "Our Aunt Robertina," closed the program.

Mrs. Genevieve Stebbins at her recital in New York city, Jan. 14, recited "Rhyme of the Duchess May," "Count Gismond," "Aux Italiens," and "Guinevere." Further interest was given the occasion by esthetic drills and poses. Music was by Miss Mary Ewer.

The Pinkley School of Elocution, Oratory and Dramatic Art pupils, Cincinnati, were presented Dec. 21 in a Christmas program. "Carol Bird's Christmas Dinner," "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," and scene from Ibsen's "A Doll's House" were among selections given.

Miss Virginia M. Harrington, who has been teaching successfully the last three years in the Red Wing Seminary and St. Paul Park College, of Minnesota, has changed her plan of work for the winter and is giving and arranging entertainments through Minnesota.

Miss Minnie Swayze, of New York, gave two lecture recitals in December before the Hemstead Woman's Club. Selections from Eugene Field, T. B. Aldrich, Emerson, and Longfellow were included. This is the second season Miss Swayze has been called upon by the club.

In Melbourne, Victoria, Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal A. Williams, of New York, are being presented by Messrs. Giesen & Clarke in a series of subscription Shakespearian recitals. Dec. 14 Mr. Williams read "King Henry IV," and Mrs. Williams, Dec. 18, read "As You Like It."

Mr. J. C. Stephenson, of New York city, and Mr. J. E. Ryan, assisted by Miss May Perin and Miss Margaret E. Walton, lately presented in Covington, Ky., a dramatic program including "A Morning Call," "Two Old Cronies," and a scene from "The School for Scandal."

Mrs. Louise Preece has lately returned in good health from her trip abroad. During her stay she visited the schools of London and Berlin, investigating especially the physical culture work done there. "The Preece Method of Physical Culture" is in use in many American schools.

Miss Fannie Mason, principal of the Chaffee-Noble Training School of Expression in London, is making a great impression by her recitals, and at homes. Among her recitations are: "Father Phil's Collection," "Little Mabel at Long Branch," "A House-Top Saint," and "Mary Maloney's Philosophy."

Miss E. Esther Owen, of Chicago, read, Jan. 5, before the Catholic Women's League a paper on "Reading in the Home." Jan. 17 she began a series of "Reading Conversations" on the "Growth of Literature in the Nineteenth Century" at the Lyman School of Elocution and Dramatic Art.

WERNER'S MAGAZINE is glad to welcome news from Mrs. Mary Hogan Ludlum of St. Louis, assuring us of her returning health. Since the illness that came upon her two years ago at Chautauqua, during the convention of the National Association of Elocutionists, we have been in receipt of constant inquiries concerning her welfare.

In a late issue of WERNER'S MAGAZINE Miss Edith Marsh was inadvertently referred to as director of the Chaffee-Noble School of Expression in London. The error was obvious and therefore quite harmless. Miss Marsh is a charming reciter, but every one knows that Miss Fannie J. Mason is principal of the school and has been since the school's instalation in 1888.

Mr. Charles Roberts will recite "High Tide at Gettysburg" at the Lincoln Birthday celebration exercises to be given under the auspices of the Lincoln Memorial University, Feb. 11, at Carnegie Hall, N. Y. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) will preside. The address will be delivered by the Hon. Henry Watterson. Walter Damrosch will direct the 5th U. S. Artillery Regiment band.

Mr. G. A. Dobinson is pushing the development of the Los Angeles School of Dramatic Art. Mrs. Florence Amy Young and Mrs. Isabel Wyatt presented the pupils of the junior grade, Dec. 17, in a program including among the selections: "The Boot-Black," "Marriage of the Flowers," "The Love Knot," scene from "Merchant of Venice," quarrel scene from "School for Scandal." Lately pupils from the school entertained the Friday Morning Club with a comedietta, "Men Were Deceivers Ever."

Mr. Henry G. Loeber, who last season assumed the name of Henry Fransiola, and under a suitable makeup played the Keith-circuit as an "illusionist" and magician, plans for next season a program of magic, psychological experiments, and readings from the higher classics. He is a pupil of Mrs. Harriet Webb, and Jan. 25 assisted the entertainment of the Junior Guild Concert, by exhibit of magic, and recitation of Schiller's "The Battle."

Mrs. S. Etta Young assisted lately the program of the Winnebago Hive by recitation of "The Slave's Lullaby," and "Behind the Curtain." The regular program of the Algoma Horticultural Convention was in her charge and she presented her pupils to their credit. "Molly," "The New South," "My First School," "The Unknown Speaker," "Hanging a Picture," and "Jimmie Brown's Steam Chair" were all received with applause. Mrs. Young herself recited a scene from "Oliver Twist." WERNER'S MAGAZINE is promised a program of a Longfellow's Birthday Celebration which Mrs. Young has in preparation.

Miss Alice May Youse, principal of the Shaftesbury College of Expression, who has lately published her poem "The Power of Prayer" illustrated by poses by herself, has been reciting this season "Naughty Zell," "The Soul of the Violin," and "Grandma at the Masquerade." At a Y. M. C. A. hall entertainment lately she introduced a series of "Dramatic Attitudes" and "Emotional Changes."

Mr. Grenville Kleiser at a musical and literary entertainment given by the Young Men's Hebrew Association, New York, Jan. 16, recited "The Hat," by Coquelin, and "Wolsey after His Fall." Jan. 19, in New York city, Mr. Kleiser gave his dramatization of "David Copperfield." His program was assisted by music from Mr. Johannes Ziegler, Mr. Karl Grienauer, and Miss Caroline Anderson.

Mrs. and Miss Coombs presented their pupils in a recital Dec. 11. "The Leaflets," and "The Angels of Buena Vista," a pantomime, were among the numbers offered. These ladies find WERNER'S MAGAZINE invaluable in the work of their training school of expression and physical culture. Dec. 10, our "Graded Physical Exercises" were presented in public by the class. "Santa Claus Caught" was another number of the program.

Miss Julia F. Ayer and Miss Grace Wells Heagle presented a musicale and reading in Brooklyn, Jan. 24, for the benefit of the Rainbow Cot, St. John's Hospital, Miss Laura Wheeler, violinist; Miss Helen Marie Burr, harpist; and Miss May Colson, pianist, assiting. Miss Ayer gave, Jan. 14, an evening of Scotch authors at the Memorial Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. "Through the Ford" (Ian Maclaren); "A Race for a Wife" (Barrie); and "She Likes Him Rale Well" were among her selections.

Miss Emma Field was included by the Oriole Mandolin Club, Philadelphia, in their program, Jan. 24, reciting the Christmas story from "David Harum," and "Our Wedding Day." Miss Field includes in her repertoire "The Triumph of Fate," "The Bishop and the Caterpillar," "Samantha Sees a Banshee," "The Swan Song," and "De Cake Walk 'fo de Wah." She reports the success of a little pupil whom she instructed in "My Faith Looks up to Thee," from poses given in November WERNER'S MAGAZINE.

Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson has signed a contract under the terms of which he continues his work in the Emerson College of Oratory as long as he is able and willing. He has determined to devote his life to this interest in the future as he has for the last twenty years. The college is to have a new and finely appointed college home, at Huntington and Mass. Aves., Boston, in the new Chickering Hall building, thus completing gloriously the wanderings which first took it from the little rooms in Pemberton Square to Wesleyan Hall.

Miss Louise M. Graff has been giving a series of Thursday afternoons in Brooklyn, reading from various authors. "The Revolt of Mother," "Seventor's Ghost," "One Good Time," and "An Object of Love" were chosen from Mary E. Wilkins. Other numbers of her repertoire are: "Lockerbie Street," "Old Fashioned Roses," "The Brook," "The Clover," "A Life's Lesson," "Over the River and Through the Wood," "A Christmas Memory," "Bud's Fairy Tale," "The Boss Girl: A Christmas Story," and "God Bless Us Every One."

Miss Jennie Mannheimer's C. S. E. Dramatic Club of Cincinnati, has been presenting dramatized cuttings from popular novels. The club offers two entertainments each month and has appeared in many Western and Southern cities. Miss Mannheimer is planning a visit to New York in February or March. Her fifth recital is dated Feb. 14. Feb. 26 her Dramatic Club appears at the Odeon. At the Young Women's Club Miss Mannheimer, beginning Feb. 16, gives three recitals. One of her programs includes Kipling's "Light That Failed," arranged in monologue.

Prof. Henry Lawrence Southwick's acquaintance with the Emerson College of Oratory began when the Institution was five years old, being graduated from the College course in 1887. He was invited by Dr. Emerson to join the faculty. This, however, he declined that he might test himself by efforts not under the wing of his alma mater; but in 1889 he accepted the offer of a life-interest in the business of the college, gave up his position in the Penn Charter School of Philadelphia and a salary of $3,000 and became again associated with the Emerson College. From that time his business connection with the college has never ceased, though he has tried some professional experiments, and done some teaching outside. This year Mr. Southwick has purchased the control and assumed the responsibility of the business management of the institution. Dr. Emerson will be freed from business details and will devote himself entirely to lectures and class-work.

The American Academy of the Dramatic Arts presented its fourth matinee season 1900-1901, at the Empire Theater, New York city, Jan. 29. "During the Ball," a one-act comedy translated by Joakim Reinhard from the French, was cast with Charlotte Huntington and Rachel Crown. "The Tragedy of Death," produced for the first time on any stage, was rendered from the French by Edwin Star Belknap. Music by Harvey Worthington Loomis. Principal parts were taken by Teresa Toube, Harry M. Goldberg, and Julia Marie Taylor. An adaptation in English from Feuillet, made by Mrs. Burton Harrison. "The Portrait of the Marquise," was produced with Robert Sanford, John Le Roy Atwell, and Virginia Loring in the cast. A farce from Molière, "The Jealousy of Le Barbouille," translated by Charles Heron Wall, was played by Eleanor Lawson, Wallace Worsley, and others. Mr. Charles Jehlinger was general stage manager and Mr. Wilfred Buckland was art director.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

Spring courses in both Junior and Senior departments will be inaugurated March 4. They will cover the most important subjects taught in the school, including vocal and physical culture, recitation, drama, literary interpretation, etc.

Advanced pupils entering at this time and passing satisfactory examinations may enter the graduating class of 1902. Others will receive credit on the Junior work of next year, according to the degree of advancement.

Dr. George F. Laidlaw is giving a series of lectures on vocal anatomy, with demonstrations of the larynx, Fridays, at 2.30. We cordially invite all who are interested to attend these lectures free of charge.

A condensed arrangement of Longfellow's "Spanish Student" is in preparation for the commencement exercises.

NOTES OF THE WORK.

Miss Charlotte Sulley ('95) has done very valuable work in our department of recitation, holding two classes weekly during the fall and December. Miss Sulley has charge of the Physical Culture and Elocution in Miss Moses's school in this city, and holds classes in Montclair and Orange, beside a number of private pupils. She has made a specialty this year of half-hour programs for small clubs and societies, averaging one engagement each week. Besides these, her two appearances at the National Suffrage Bazaar were very successful, the consensus of opinion of the committee being that her work was the most attractive of the week. Beside appearing at the Alumnæ entertainment on Dec. 8, Miss Sulley directed and read at a recital in Harlem, Dec. 11. Of her immediate engagements she writes: "Dec. 13 I gave an evening at Unity Hall, Montclair, N. J., with a program of statue impersonations, pantomime and miscellaneous readings. On Dec. 2 I gave readings at Christodoro Home, to boys. My selections were 'The Fight of the Armstrong Privateer,' 'The Ruggleses' Dinner Party,' and selections from James Whitcomb Riley. To-morrow afternoon, Jan. 3, I have another of those half-hour engagements; the following Thursday evening, the 10th, another; and Feb. 1, a large entertainment in Jersey City."

The Virginia City (Montana) *Times* says, of a recital by Miss Mabel M. Gormley ('97): "The entertainment was an intellectual treat, far surpassing anything of the kind ever given in this city."

A recital was given by the New York School of Expression, assisted by Miss Lucille Presby and Miss Margaret De Forest Anderson, under the direction of Miss Charlotte Sulley, for the benefit of the Young People's Asociation of the New York Presbyterian Church, 128th Street and Seventh Avenue, at Y. M. C. A. hall, Harlem, on Tuesday evning, Dec. 11, 1900.

The performance netted a considerable sum. The school is prepared to furnish entertainers, or a whole evening's program similar to the above, on very reasonable terms, and we are booking several dates for the near future.

Miss Margaret Dills ('97) has an engagement with Richard Mansfield's Company. Miss Dills has been cast for important parts in several plays and is understudying one of the leading rôles. It is a pleasure to state that her very rapid progress is largely due to the fact that she was trained in expression rather than coached in plays. Her present engagement, secured after scarcely two months on the stage, was due to her exceptional elocution. This fact is gratifying to us, not merely because of her connection with our school, but as once more illustrating the value of elocution to the actor as well as to the orator and reader.

The *Daily Argus*, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., says, of one of our Saturday morning classes:

"Miss Johnston then responded to the call for another recitation with a very effective one which won a hearty encore. It was beautifully rendered, and delighted the audience."

The Wheeling (W. Va.) *Press* speaks in complimentary terms of Miss Louise Hubbard ('99), "whose beautiful reading is attracting great attention."

The North Tarrytown *Daily News* says:

"Miss Martha Rockefeller ('99) appeared as elocutionist at the member's monthly reunion at the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City last Monday night and achieved a marked success. Miss Rockefeller is now fairly launched on her professional career, and her many friends in this neighborhood will wish her the prosperity which her talents should secure."

A dramatic performance was given in Berkeley Lyceum, Dec. 20, 1900, under the management of Miss Katherine Johnson, of the class of 1901, in association with Miss Alice Howland and Mrs. Edward S. Beadle. The following plays were presented, staged by Miss Johnson: "Cups and Saucers," by George Grossmith, Jr.; "Gentleman Jim," by W. K. Walker. "The Three Miss Biddles," by Alice Grant Yates and Edwin Star Belknap, was also given, staged by Mr. Belknap.

It received several favorable press notices, among them the following from the New York *Tribune*: "All the plays went off with great éclat and the acting was admirable."

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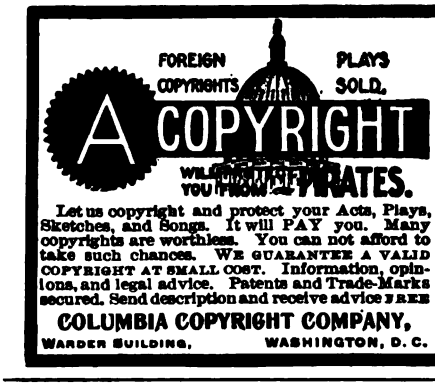

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Death of King Philip. WR10. Prose.
Columbus Landing in the New World. WR5. Prose.
Renowned Wouter Van Twiller, The. WR5. Prose.
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Automatic Woman, An. Saidee V. Milne. WR15. Most humorous entertainment in prose. A man exhibits his twitching wife; and, when she dies, he makes an imitation woman. Full directions and music are given.

Old Ballad, An. S. Lover. WR14. Lanty Leary is willing to follow his sweetheart anywhere—except to the other world. Humorous.

Birth of St. Patrick. S. Lover. WMmar99. Short poem giving humorous account of contending factions deciding upon the seventeenth as the saint's birthday.

Cook, The. Pauline Phelps. (25c.) Humorous prose narrative of how a servant girl and a cat turn things topsy-turvy in a household.

Corpse's Husband, The. ("Elocutionary Studies," 35c.) Bridget attends a funeral, and before leaving becomes engaged to the widower. Humorous prose.

Courting of Dinah Shadd, The. Rudyard Kipling. WMapl99. Humorous prose account of how Mulvaney fought Dempsey, his rival, and thus won Annie Bragin.

Daniel O'Connell's Humor. WR7. Scene between him and Biddy Moriarty, a virago, whom he calls various geometrical names, which she interprets as grave insults. Very humorous prose.

Dawn on the Irish Coast. John Locke. WR3. Soliloquy of an Irish exile on his return. Charmingly told in verse.

Gold-Bug in a Silver Convention, A. WMapl99. Humorous prose encore.

Hoolahan on Education. WR3. Mr. Hoolahan, a member of the "Quarryman's Society," holds forth on the great value of "iddication." Humorous prose.

How Pat Went Courting. ("Elocutionary Studies," 35c.) Humorous prose account of how Pat Murky wins the consent of Nellie McCusker.

Irish Lover, The. WMmar93. Short humorous poem. A lover, told by a girl to raise a beard and get more money before proposing, returns with both, she pretending not to recognize him.

Katie and Me. E. V. Cooke. WR22. Humorous short poem, telling of the miseries of a man whose engagement is broken.

Katy's Letter. Lady Dufferin. WMsep99. Musical recitation. A girl's modesty keeps her from putting her lover's name on a letter; and, not getting an answer, thinks it is because he can not read or write. Music given.

Mickey Coaches His Father. E. Jarrold. WR12. Humorous prose account of a boy who prepares his father for civil service examination.

Little Ikey and the Porter. WMsep99. How Mike's sonorous voice causes little Ikey to ask useless questions. Humorous prose.

Mickey McDuff's Vision. (25c.) Prose report of the ludicrous muss Mickey gets temperance performers in by exhibiting him as a sample of the good work they are doing.

Miss Maloney Goes to the Dentist. WR21. Humorous prose account of how she has a tooth pulled.

Mrs. Magoogin on Spring Bonnets and Spring Poetry. ("Elocutionary Studies," 35c.) Prose humorous dialogue between two women, wherein they set forth their views on poetry and bonnets.

Mr. Dooley on Golf. F. P. Dunne. WMnov99. Humorous and satirical description of the game of golf.

Not Willin'. WR15. Short poem of how Biddy, on hearing the missis coming, hurries up Barney's kiss.

Only an Irish Washerwoman. Stanley Schell. WMsep98. Exceptionally fine humorous prose monologue for a woman, who, dressed as a washerwoman, comes into the parlor and at first makes believe she does not know what a piano is, but ends by playing finely.

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Paddy Dunbar. Sir We-Alter Scott. WR13. Parody on Scott's "Young Lochinvar."

Paddy Moore. F. E. Brooks. WR16. Humorous poem telling of an Irishman, who, going to arrest a man for wife-beating, finds the culprit has hanged himself, and makes an address to the corpse.

Pat Magee. WR14. Short poem, telling of the rapidity Pat proposes and arranges for the wedding.

Pat's Confederate Pig. F. E. Brooks. WMoct1900. During the Civil war, a sentry fires on what he supposes is the enemy, but finds it is only a pig. Humorous poem.

Pat's Perplexity. WR3. On returning from a fishing excursion, Pat becomes hopelessly mixed up when trying to tell who his companions have been. Prose encore.

Suggested Essay on St. Patrick. WMmar99.

Sale of the Pig, The. Jessie F. O'Donnell. ("Elocutionary Studies," 35c.) Poem telling of the sorrow a man feels on being obliged to sell his pig to pay the doctor.

Will My Soul Pass Through Ireland? Dennis O'Sullivan. WR6. An Irishman, dying, prays that his soul may pass through his dear native land on its way to heaven. Poem.

Teddy O'Rourke. Malcolm Douglas. WR4. A street-gamin tells how his chum saves a little girl from drowning. Poem.

Thanksgiving Episode Jessie F. Cline. WMnov96. Long, humorous prose reading, describing the tribulations of a young housekeeper when Biddie strikes Thanksgiving. The husband comes to the rescue by secretly raising the cook's wages.

That Fire at the Nolans'. WR21. Humorous prose description of the havoc wrought by a green servant girl, who, mistaking the reflection from a bon-fire for a fire in the house, breaks a lot of hand-grenades in her attempt to put out what she thinks is fire.

There's a Rogue in the Breast o' your Coat. Jennie E. T. Dowe. WMjuly92. A persistent lover succeeds after seven years' courtship. Dainty poem.

Little Honora Mullally. WMoct92. Short poem telling of the gratitude of a poor little girl, who, on Thanksgiving, gets the gizzard and neck of a hen and some potato skins.

Mickey's Proposal. Mrs. Findley Broaden. WMfeb93. A girl plays the coquette and, after teasing her lover, accepts him.

What Dooley Says. F. P. Dunne. WR21. Mr. Dooley gives his opinions on war. Humorous and satirical prose.

Recitations Suitable for Lent

AND OTHER OCCASIONS.

In Lent. Kate Masterson. WMfeb93. Poem telling how a young man's sweetheart used to dance and flirt, but now during Lent she is demure and daily goes to church, all of which makes her more attractive.

Saint and Sinner. WMmar92. Poem telling a lover's thoughts as he sees his sweetheart sitting demure in church, and of her thoughts, which are frivolous and humorous.

Lenten Sacrifice, A. WMmar92. Humorous, romantic poem telling of a girl being glad it is Lent because she is tired of social dissipations. She decides to give up her lover as a Lenten sacrifice. She speaks of her Easter clothes and exclaims: "These men—though they are fools, what should we do without them?"

Lent. WMjune90. Poem. She tells him Lent is no time for nonsense, and since he hasn't a cent, he stands no chance against the new rector's attractions. Her heart is "lent."

Lenten Prayer. Mrs. A. L. McGrew. WMmar94. Poem. Religious and worldly thoughts alternate as she sits in church, until the service is over, and she wonders what the text was!

It's Lent. WMfeb96. To his proposal she replies that she no longer is a coquette, and had he proposed earlier she might have accepted, but that now her heart is "lent."

New Lenten Catechism, A. WMfeb96. Humorous replies of a girl to profound questions propounded by a man.

True Lent, A. Robert Herrick. WMmar98. Short poem arguing that not merely to fast and to be sober-minded, but to give to hungry souls, is a true Lent.

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Lent. F. W. Lee. WMfeb98. Short poem telling that a woman will listen to love's call, no matter where or when it may be.

Lent, Essay on. WMmar99. Prose.

Because 'Twas Lent. Julia F. Brinckerhoff. WMmar99. Short poem. She dresses in penitential garb and keeps a mite-chest, but takes the contents to buy an Easter bonnet.

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Crucifixion, The. Lew Wallace. WR12. Long, dramatic prose description of the Crucifixion.

Sackcloth and Ashes. Henry Baldwin. ("Robert H. Hatch's Recitals," 30c.) Humorous prose society skit reporting a Lenten dialogue that takes place at Mrs. Washington Swagger's afternoon tea.

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Recitations for Easter

AND OTHER OCCASIONS.

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Eastertide Deliverance, An. M. H. Bulfinch. WMmar92. Pagan soldiers spend the night in reveling and boasting, while the Christians pray, and on the morrow rout the enemy by shouting "alleluia." Poem.

Salute of the Lilies. WMjuly95. Beautiful statue-posing by ten young ladies in Greek gowns, each girl holding a lily.

Crowning of Easter, The. Lucy H. Carpenter. (15c.) An entertainment with full music. The days observed by Christian churches convene to do homage to Easter. Requires five girls, but two boys added would be more effective.

What the Bells Say. Mary L. Gaddess. WMapl92. Poem introducing various bells. While they are rung behind the scenes suitable text is recited either by one or by eleven persons.

Easter Fantastics. Use "Revels of the Naiads." (25c.) Decorate hoops with white Easter lilies, real or paper ones.

Easter Drill. Use "Scarf Fantastics." (25c.) Make scarfs of smilax and Easter lilies.

Message of Easter, A Marion R. Riche. WMmar94. Poem. Women having brought spice to Christ's tomb and finding it empty, are comforted by an angel telling them "the Lord is risen, go tell the glad tidings."

Prince Eric's Christ-Maid. Emma Dunning Banks. (15c.) With lesson-talk. Eric offers to wed her who sends the fairest Easter lilies. A plot of rivals results in Constance's supposed death; and she, covered with lilies and about to be buried, is restored to life. Poem.

Easter, "The Sunday of Joy." Prose essay. WMmar99.

Suggestive Easter Recitation Program. WMmar99.

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Recitations for Easter—*Continued.*

Easter Flowers. WMmar96. Poem. Man, weary and melancholy, is comforted by glad tidings borne him by lily, passion-flower, violet, and jasmine.

Birth, Death and Resurrection of the Flowers. Mary Hebard. WMmar1900. Entertainment and tableaux for Easter.

Easter Tableaux. Stanley Schell. WMmar99. For 12 girls in white costume. In the movements the girls form the different letters of the word "Easter," each letter making a tableau. At final letter the whole word "Easter" appears over the posers.

In Paradise. WMmar99. Poem telling of Jesus, crucified, now drawing all men to Him in adoring faith and gladness to rest with Him in Paradise.

Mary's Story of the Crucifixion. Edwin Arnold. WR12. Suitable for Good Friday or for Easter.

Easter Sermon, An. WMmar98. Humorous poem telling of a woman's gladness because of the admiration her new bonnet and clothes will arouse when she goes to church.

Kitty's Easter Offering. Marion Dickinson. WMmar96. Violinist foregoes playing for a famous singer on Easter in order to play for a dying cripple.

Born, Crucified, Risen. Ida G. Rust. WMmar97. Poem telling of Mary and Joseph coming to Bethlehem and being compelled to sleep in the barn, where Christ was born; then of the Crucifixion and of the Resurrection.

Saved by an Easter Egg. WMmar97. Prose romantic story of a man, who, after several years of frivolous life, is reformed and brought back to his youthful sweetheart.

Old Bell-Ringer, The. WMmar99. Prose Russian tale of an old bell-ringer dying among the ropes in the belfry, whither he had gone to ring the bell on Easter eve.

Legend of the Lily. WMmar98. Imaginative poem of how God looks on the assembled host each carrying a flower, and of a child, sorrowing because he can find no flower, being permitted to return to earth, and there finds the fairest flower—the Easter lily.

Legend of the Lily, The. Annie Wall. WR6. An angel, weeping because he can not find on earth a flower white and pure enough to offer to his King, finds that lilies spring up where his tears fall.

Calpurnia. H. H. Boyesen. WR5. Most dramatic poem suitable for church entertainments. A maiden, whose parents have been cast to the lions in the arena, by her courage, trust and devotion, converts the Roman prætor.

Where the Lilies Bloom. H. L. Piner. (15c.) Pathetic blank verse temperance monologue for a man, although any one may give it. A man is restored to his wife by a song. Opportunity to sing, with guitar accompaniment. Music given.

Vision of Handel, The. P. L. Blatchford. Poem. The great composer prays for inspiration to finish the oratorio of "The Messiah," and is visited by an angel, who helps him to write "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and the "Hallelujah Chorus." A beautiful recitation with musical accompaniment from "The Messiah."

Last Night, The. Virna Woods. WR12. Poem. A condemned man, on the night before he was to be executed, has a vision of the Saviour's birth and Crucifixion, and, remembering the words, "To-day be thou with me in paradise," dies peacefully in his cell.

How the Gates Came Ajar. Helen I. Bostwick. Through a child-angel's pleading, Heaven's gates are set ajar so that the bereaved mother will be comforted.

Considering the Lilies. Humorous imitation of the way a fashionable church choir sings an anthem. Cute encore.

On Board the Victory. Ednah Robinson. WR22. Amid a ship-load of adventurers, gamblers, etc., who flaunt irreligious sentiments, a little girl, when asked for her belief, startles all by reciting the Apostolic creed. Prose.

Aunt Deborah Hears "The Messiah." WR25. Yankee dialect prose, telling the sensations an old countrywoman has on hearing "The Messiah" sung in the city. Suitable for religious and other occasions.

Flowers Sleep, The. Annie Moore. WR17. A Delsartian entertainment for any number of little folks. The poem, telling where flowers go in winter, and how they awake at Easter, may be recited or sung while the children pantomime it.

Easter Altar-Cloth, The. Julia H. Thayer. WMapl98. A nun spends her leisure for years working lovingly and faithfully on an altar cloth, but is often called away to perform some duty, until finally, on returning from hospital work, she finds her cloth has been completed by miracle.

Ivory Crucifix, The. G. W. Miles. WR6. A monk, having undertaken with holy purpose to carve a crucifix, is inspired by heavenly vision to make the work perfect.

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   (2) Whether he has ever taken elocution lessons.
   (3) State whether he wishes lessons for:
      (*a*) Social purposes.
      (*b*) For public reciting.
      (*c*) Or to qualify himself as teacher of elocution.
      (*d*) Any other information that will aid the teacher to arrange the exercises to suit individual needs.
   (4) Stage age; man or woman.

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Negro Dialect Selections.

Account of a Negro Sermon. John B. Gough. WR21. Humorous prose, with religious feeling. A plantation negro is represented explaining two texts to his fellow slaves.

Afore Yo' Daddy Comes. L. Mitchell. WR24. Humorous poem. A negress excitedly instructs her child to be good and tidy himself "Fo' hea' yo' daddy comes."

American Mother, The. WR16. (Not dialect.) Descriptive dramatic poem. A negress torn from her babe appeals to her master and dies under the lash of the slave-whip.

Aunt Anarky's Presents. "Magill's Pantomimes" ($1.25). Humorous prose. A lovable old negress brings presents to her former mistress and so ingenuously cajoles her that, after hearty meal, she takes away basket overflowing with return gifts.

"Apples Finkey"—The Water Boy. J. J. Rooney. WMsept98. Descriptive patriotic Cuban war poem. "Apples Finkey," a twelve-year-old negro, steals aboard a troop-ship, and during a two days' fight carries water, under heavy fire, to the wounded soldiers. When seized with yellow fever the grateful soldiers nurse him back to health. Suitable for any potriotic occasion.

Aunt Hannah's Letter. E. M. McCollum. WR21. Humorous prose. A young girl amuses her girl-friends by costuming herself and impersonating an old negress, for whom she has written a letter.

Aunt Merrandy. "Magill's Pantomimes" ($1.25). Humorous prose. Description of a real Southern darkey woman and reproduction of conversation held with her.

Aunt Sylvia's Geography Lesson. WMjuly96. Humorous prose. A little girl and a negro cook argue themselves into anger and tears and reconciliation over the shape of the earth.

Back Log Song, A. P. L. Dunbar. WMdec99. Negro slave describes preparation made by the white folks for Christmas cheer in the "quarters," and his happy anticipation of feasting and gaiety.

Bijah's Liza. H. R. Boyden. WMoct96. Prose. Pathetic. A sickly colored girl, slow at all except Bible study, becomes crippled. Unable to attend Thanksgiving service, she sends a humble offering, which proves, to her grateful joy, of unexpected value.

Birds at School. E. Shepherd. WMoct93. Short humorous prose. Negro describes wild birds in their school after summer is over.

Black Ankle Break-Down, A. H. S. Edwards. WMoct99. Humorous prose. Introduces dancing and singing. Describes a gay time among the negroes of Black Ankle town.

Borrowed Child, The. H. Weeden. WR25. Pathetic poem. A black mother tells how, since the death of her little one-year-old girl forty years before, she has always cared for an adopted child; as each child reaches its seventh year she changes it for one younger, thus keeping ever alive the memory of her little one.

Botts Twins, The. P. R. Stansbury. WR14. Humorous prose. One negro tells how another cajoles money out of various people by promising to name his twins to please them.

Brer Rabbit and Brer Bear. WMnov00. Humorous prose. Negro tells how Brer Bear threatens to punish Brer Rabbit for stealing his pigs. Brer Rabbit, warned by Mrs. Brer Rabbit, outwits Brer Bear.

Brer Rabbit and the Little Girl. J. C. Harris. WR7. Humorous prose. Negro tells how Brer Rabbit cajoles a little girl to admit him to the garden, and finally to aid his escape from Mr. Man.

Brudder Jones's Heterodoxy. WR21. Humorous poem. Negro addresses meeting called to bring doubting brother Jones back to the fold.

Bud's Charge. L. E. Van Norman. WR22. Dramatic pathetic prose. Story of negro boy's faithful care of his little mistress during war time. It costs his life, but he bars the Yankees' entrance, winning their respect and the child's safety.

Cabin Philosophy. WR21. Humorous poem. Darkey declares Scripture fashion changed and rations no longer miraculously provided. Full of quaint maxims.

Candle-Lightin' Time, At. P. L. Dunbar. WMsept99. Humorous poem. Darkey thinks that after a good supper "Candle-lightin' time" is the happiest, when the children gather round him and he makes shadow pictures on the wall.

Carmelita. J. M. Dunn. WR15. Dramatic poem. Negro tells how his young mistress stops a fight between Union and Confederate forces by making each believe the other is reinforced.

Character Sketch, A. WR22. Humorous poem. Negro tells of Uncle Abe's and Aunt Maria's distress at lack of Christmas Eve fire. She counsels "put yo' trust in de Lord." A coal wagon collapses at their door, and while the driver seeks assistance, Uncle Abe steals coal for all winter.

Charlie and the 'Possum. H. S. Edwards. WR14. Humorous prose description of trial of a negro charged with stealing a 'possum and trap.

Chant of the Cross-Bearing Child, The. J. W. Riley. "Elocutionary Studies" (35c.). Humorous poem with sincere religious feeling. Negro child tells of cross laid upon him and the Lord's instruction

Confused. WMmarch99. Humorous poem. Negress bids her pickaninny stay home and avoid corruption from "dese niggers talkin' white talk, an' de white folks talkin' coon."

Conjure Woman, The. WR25. Humorous poem. Negro child recounts with conviction the evil and awful doings of the "conjure woman."

Coon's Lullaby, The. WR22. Humorous poem. Negress croons to her baby, interrupting herself to abuse her other children.

Coquette Conquered, A. P. L. Dunbar. WMapril99. Humorous poem. Negro coquette dismisses her lover, but finding he intends to give the 'possum he carries to the girl who will marry him, recalls him.

Dancing in the Flat Creek Quarters. J. A. Macon. WR7. Humorous poem about dancing. Affords opportunity for dancing. Negro musician instructs and abuses dancers as he calls out the figures, finishing with declaration that for "reg'lar dancin'" negroes out foot the white folk.

ABBREVIATIONS—"WM" means "Werner's Magazine" (25c.). "WR" means "Werner's Readings and Recitations" (35c.).

Negro Dialect Selections—*Continued.*

Dat Gawgy Watahmillon. E. V. Cooke. WR22. Humorous poem. Darkey recalls in dreams of religious ecstacy the heavenly qualities of a "Gawgy watahmillon" and "de honey Gawgy gal."

Death of Uncle Tom, The. H. B. Stowe. WR16. Dramatic pathetic prose. The slave Uncle Tom is beaten to death by his master, but will not betray the whereabouts of fugitive comrades.

Debil, Mighty Debil. WR14. Humorous prose. Description of a negro preacher's extemporary elucidation of the text, "Debil, Mighty Debil."

De Donation Party fo' de Pastor of de Church of Brudderly Lub. H. T. Upton and E. Gillmer. WMjanoo. Humorous prose. Costume entertainment for any number of persons.

De S'prisé Pa'ty. J. E. Campbell. WMmay96. Humorous poem. Description of persons in attendance at party and some of their doings. Introduces banjo music, calling of figures, dancing.

De Valley an' de Shadder. H. S. Edwards. WMaug95. Lacking circumstantial proof in his favor, a negro is about to be condemned for unprovoked murder. A white man proves the prisoner's bravery by recounting a happening of years before, and he is discharged.

Discovered. P. L. Dunbar. WMnov99. Short humorous poem. Young negro teases colored girl about her flirtation the night before at church, and declares he will tell the man's "othah gal."

Disciplinin' Sister Brown. J. E. Campbell. WMjan96. Humorous poem. Old negress welcomes a friend, who tells with unction how he brought about the acquittal of Sistah Susan, brought "befor' de chu'ch" for dancing. He played hymns on his banjo, slipping into breakdown time, and "de pa'son and de decons jined hands right on dis flo!" and thereafter found Sistah Susan "not guilty."

Drawing the Society Line. WMaug94. Humorous prose. Colored man and woman discuss what persons shall be invited to a party in their set. Suitable for dialogue work.

Ebo. A. C. Gordon. WR7. Humorous poem. Old negro complains that his son learns the earth is round, and other foolish and dangerous doctrines at school.

First Banjo, The. I. Russell. "Delsarte Recitation Book" ($1.25). Humorous poem. Negro musician tells how the first banjo was made. Can be given with banjo accompaniment.

Florida Song, A. WMjuly99. S. A. Hamilton. Poem. Ex-slave nurse lullabies her charge to sleep while swinging a hammock.

Halloween. WMsepoo. Poem. Negro recalls Halloween good times, and how his Chloe, believing him a ghost, had let him kiss her.

How to Eat a 'Possum. WR7. Humorous prose. Negro tells with unction how truly to enjoy a 'possum feast.

Husking Song. A. W. Bellaw. WR15. Song sung by darkies while husking. Introduces plantation cries.

'Lijah's Call to Preach. M. E. Seawell. WMjan95. Humorous prose. Negro recounts the conversion of 'Lijah, a previously hopeless case, his call to preach, and his conversion of his dissipated master, who dies. Master's love story is told.

Mammy's Lil'l' Boy. H. S. Edwards. "Delsarte Recitation Book" ($1.25). Old mammy sings to her little white charge. Lullaby refrain.

Mammy's Story. S. A. Weiss. WR15. Poem. One who was nursed by a black mammy recalls the old days, and a wonderful story "jus' ez true ez true could be," the mammy used to tell of boy swallowed by an alligator, valiantly cutting his way out.

Minister's Housekeeper, The. Mrs. H. B. Stowe. "Delsarte Recitation Book" ($1.25). Humorous prose. Negro recounts the trials of the parson, who, bereft of his wife, tries to instruct Huldy in housekeeping, with disastrous results.

Modern Elijah. A. R. Yorke. WR7. Pathetic prose. Story (not dialect) of a negro boy's heroism. He bravely runs his elevator while the hotel blazes, saving a little white girl friend, though he loses his own life.

Mt. Pisgah's Christmas 'Possum. WWR25. P. L. Dunbar. Humorous prose. Account of the sad mischance that befell Parson Johnson's 'possum dinner for the church benefit. The brother, entrusted with fattening the 'possums, ate all but one of them.

My Chillun's Pietyah. A. V. Culbertson. WR7. Short poem. Negress delightedly assembles her children that their picture may be taken by a "man from town," who wants them just as they are.

Negro Boatman's Song, The. "Helen Potter's Impersonations" ($1.25). Negro sings song of praise upon news of emancipation. Chorus.

Negro Sermon on Memory, A. WR9. Humorous prose. Negro's satirical account of how people remember only what they want to.

New Deacon, The. W. Whipple. WR24. Humorous prose. Negro recounts circumstances of Zion church's loss when a newly-elected deacon escaped with collection first made. Now the parson holds a rope, at the other end of which the collecting brother is tied.

Norvem People. I. Russell. WR14. Humorous poem. A negro discants on disadvantages of Northerners as compared with Southerners.

No Royal Road to Victory. I. Glen. WR12. Humorous poem. Negro describes negro religious meeting.

Not Devoted Enough. WMnov94. Humorous prose. Negro married belle professes herself afraid to promise to take admirer for her second husband, lest he poison her present husband. The admirer eagerly declaring himself incapable of such business, is discarded for lack of devotion.

Oh! Come Along with Me. H. Avery. WMjuly 93. Humorous poem. Negro serenades his beloved one, begging her to come out and marry him.

Old Darkey's Defense, The. WR21. Dramatic and pathetic poem. Old negro, accused of non-payment of rent, and resistance to arrest, secures his discharge by ingeniously showing the wicked prejudice of the bailiff and his own devotion to a dead master's child.

Old Folks at Home; or, The S'wanee River. (Booklet, 25c.) Pantomimed by Fanny A. Meyers. For any number of children, with all necessary illustrations and music given.

Ole Pharo. E. H. Miller. WMmay97. A thoroughly discouraged teacher in negro Sunday school is rejoiced when she learns that her worst pupil has profited much in spirit.

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Negro Dialect Selections—*Continued.*

Old Slave's Lament, The. WR1. Short pathetic poem. "Old Pete" contrasts the good old days under the care of a master with the hard times of to-day.

Old-Time Negro, An. Bill Arp. WR15. Prose. A bragging darkey recounts his good old times when a slave.

One-Legged Goose, The. F. H. Smith. WR4. Humorous prose. Negro recounts his clever escape from punishment for stealing part of his master's dinner.

Pickaninny, The. WR7. Short prose. Little pickaninny, roused from bed by frogs croaking, wishes himself a frog and in the moon, and accomplishes both desires.

Pickaninny's Cyclone, The. H. L. Piner. WR23. Short, serious poem. Negro child warns his mammy of cyclone he sees coming. Both nearly die of fright.

Pickaninny Lullaby. V. F. Boyle. WMsep99. Short poem. Negro mother keeps baby on floor quiet by recounting in lullaby each task she performs.

Plantation Pictures. A. Wilkinson. WR4. Poem. Negro describes the misery of working in the morning and the delight of resting at night.

Pompey's Religion. WMoct94. Humorous prose. Pompey regrets he has no time to be religious, and has "kep' but a little on't—jes' to say my prayers, an' do my duty, an' lub de Lord an' ev'rybody."

Po' Little Jude. B. Hackley. WR15. Touching poem. Negress recounts doings of waif-child at its mother's funeral.

Rise Up Early in de Mawnin'. P. L. Dunbar. WMjuly99. A happy-hearted negro's philosophy of getting good out of life.

Sambo's Lullaby. WMjune99. Poem. Mother tells her child to shut his eyes and go to sleep, for soon the "nigger angels" will gather round his cradle.

Sambo's Prayer. S. W. Foss. WMaug99. Humorous poem. Negro counsels another that a prayer prayed right is always answered; proves it by telling how in the matter of sending chickens the Lord had discriminated in choice of prayer to be answered.

Sambo Washington's Vindication. S. W. Foss. WMjune95. Humorous poem. Sambo hauled up before the church vindicates himself.

Slave's Auction, A. W. A. Eaton. WR24. (Not dialect.) Dramatic poem. Slave girl offered for sale in Plymouth Church by the pastor (Henry Ward Beecher). More than enough money to buy her freedom is collected. Preface gives historical facts.

Southern Lullaby, A. P. L. Dunbar. WMjuly97. Humorous verse. Mother tells her little boy all the mischievous things he has been doing during the day, and between the lines calls him "Po' little lamb."

Stump Speech by a Colored Lady Suffragist. Col. W. V. and Miss A. B. C. WMjuly94. Humorous prose. Declaring the "day ob delib'ance am done come."

Supposin'. Eva Wilder McGlasson. Short humorous verse. Darkey tries to imagine himself boldly telling his love to Miss Chloe.

S'wanee River; or, Old Folks at Home. (Booklet, 25c.) Pantomimed by Fanny A. Myers. See "Old Folks at Home."

That Settled It. WMnov95. Humorous prose. Darkey dispatching a note offering marriage to his lady love, withdraws proposition with indignant scorn when he hears lady has just married. Could be used as dialogue.

Uncle Bob's Story of Daniel. WR12. Humorous prose. Negro tells about Daniel in the lions' den.

Uncle Dick's Version. WR2. Humorous prose. Uncle Dick's version of the flood.

Uncle Eph's Heaven. F. E Brooks. WR16. Dramatic poem. Old negro servant, while attending his master, asks about heaven. As he talks old master dies.

Uncle Isrul's Call. C. H. Stanley. WR21. Pathetic prose. Old colored preacher is set aside by his congregation for a more educated pastor. He humbly attends service the following Sunday, where he is shown affectionate respect by the new preacher. Coming home very happy he dies peacefully, understanding the new man will do better work than he.

Uncle Newton—A Pinchtown Pauper. A. C. Gordon. WR14. Pathetic prose. Describes a chance meeting between a poor old freedman and the daughter of his former master.

Uncle Peter's Masterly Argument. F. R. Stockton. Humorous prose. WR15. A darkey gives unique explanation when asked to prove that "Every woman has seven devils."

Unhappy Patriot, An. WMsep98. Humorous poem. A negro, enlisted to fight in the recent war, insists on fighting in his fashion with a razor, but is compelled to use a rifle, which makes him very unhappy.

Watermelon Season, The. E. N. Baldwin. WR21. Humorous poem. Negro declares there is nothing equal to the watermelon when it is in season and ripe.

Way Down Souf in Georgy. H. L. Piner. WR23. Humorous poem. Negro sings of the easy life in Georgia.

Who Broke Up De Meetin'? W. A. Dromgoole. WMaug96. Humorous prose. Negro tells how the preacher gave out a 'possum song instead of a hymn in church, the meeting being broken up in consequence. When tried, the preacher ingeniously begins tracing a long train of events till guilt is safely placed to the satisfaction of all on an irresponsible bird.

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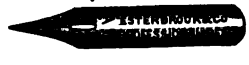

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